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THE

GARDEN OF FRAGRANCE

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THE

GARDEN OF FRAGRANCE

BEING A COMPLETE TRANSLATION OF THE

BOSTÁN OF SÁDI

FROM THE ORIGINAL PERSIAN INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

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PREFACE.

THE *Bostán* of *Sádi* is well known to educated Mohamedans, and is used in India as a text-book in the Government schools and colleges and for the examination of officers, civil and military.

I commenced the following translation of *Mohămed-Abd-ur-Rahman's* edition of the *Bostán*—printed at the *Nizāmiah* Press, Cawnpore, in 1869—in the spring of 1877; and since then it has pleasantly occupied some of my leisure time in the intervals of professional duty. I have endeavoured to make it as literal as possible, and, by imitating *Sádi's* metre (Anapæstic Tetrameters) and rhyme, to give it, in some measure, the ring of the original.

With very few exceptions, each line is the equivalent of the corresponding line in the Persian. This has not been accomplished without sacrificing to some extent elegance of diction; at the same time, I hope I have made the meaning fairly clear.

In addition to the wording of some of the passages in the original being rather doubtful, *Sádi* is occasionally

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obscure, and leaves a good deal to be implied or understood. I have translated such passages as correctly as I could.

I hope the work may be useful to those studying the *Bostán* in the original, and to English-reading Mohamedans; and interesting to readers who may care, with the exercise of a little forbearance, to get a glimpse of the state of Mohamedan Theology and Ethics in the days of *Sádi.*

I am indebted to the Rev. John Milne, M.A., Chaplain to the Forces, for useful suggestions.

In writing the following brief sketch of the life of *Sádi*, I have consulted *Adālat Khān's* introduction to his translation of the *'Ikd-I-Manzūm*, and my acknowledgments are due to the worthy *Munshi.*

DUBLIN,
March 15*th*, 1882.

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BRIEF SKETCH OF

THE LIFE OF SÁDI.

MUSLIH-UD-DĪN, better known under his poetical name of *Sádi* (acquired from his patron, the Persian king, *Sád-Atābak*), was born at *Shirāz*, in Persia, A.D. 1176. His father, *Abdullah*—supposed to be a descendant of *'Ali*, the cousin and son-in-law of the "Prophet"—was for some time in straitened circumstances; but having obtained a petty government appointment through an influential patron, his zeal, ability, and integrity raised him in the estimation of his superiors, gained for him promotion, and opened up a prospect of future advancement. Unfortunately, he died while *Sádi* was still a child, leaving him a trifling heritage, which soon disappeared, through the intrigues of false friends, and *Sádi* and his mother were obliged to live for a time on the bounty of a Saracen chief.

Sádi manifested from childhood, and maintained throughout life, a very religious disposition, and by his devoutness and attention to religious duties, acquired the title of *Sheikh*. He was passionately fond of learning, and, in pursuit of knowledge, determined to travel to *Baghdād*, at that time famed for its learned men and schools. On arrival at *Baghdād* his prospects were gloomy enough, as he was without money and a stranger. He was fortunate in relating his tale to a wealthy and benevolent inhabitant of the city, who sympathized with him, and provided for him at a private school. He worked hard, and when twenty-one years of age composed some verses of poetry, which he dedicated in verse to *Shams-ud-din-Abdul-Farah*, professor of Literature in the *Nizāmiah* College, *Baghdād*. The professor was so well pleased with the verses, that he gave *Sádi* an allowance from his private purse, and promised to assist him in his literary pursuits.

Soon afterwards *Sádi* gained admission to the *Nizāmiah* College, and by his intelligence and industry, aided by able instructors, obtained a scholarship, which enabled him to pursue his studies comfortably. He remained at *Baghdād* till he was sixty-four years of age, and acquired a great reputation as a poet, orator, and theologian.

Under the *Caliph*, *Mutăsim-Billah*, youngest son of the celebrated *Harūn-ar-Rashīd*, the court of *Baghdād* had become corrupt, and the government feeble. The Tartar

chief, *Haláku-Khán*, had overrun the neighbourhood, and hearing of the state of anarchy existing in *Baghdād*, besieged the city and, ultimately, captured it. His soldiers sacked the city and committed great excesses. *Sádi* was obliged to flee, and, in company with his tutor, *Abdul-Kádir* of *Gilān*, professor of Theology, made a pilgrimage to *Mecca*. It is stated that *Sádi* performed the pilgrimage to *Mecca* fourteen times on foot; and his writings show that he visited parts of Europe, Africa, and Asia, as far as India.

Sádi was twice married, but does not appear to have been happy in his choice of wives, and his experience of married life led him to speak occasionally in disparaging terms of the fair sex. The story of his first marriage is amusing. He had been living for some time at Damascus, and getting tired of the society of his friends there, wandered into the desert of Palestine. He was captured by Crusaders, and made to work, along with Jews, among the mud at the fortifications of Tripoli. A chief of Aleppo passing by, saw *Sádi*, and, recognizing him, inquired how he came to be there. The chief, on hearing his story, paid ten pieces of silver for his ransom, and took him with him to his own home at Aleppo. The chief had a daughter whom he gave to *Sádi* in marriage, with a dower of one hundred pieces of silver. She proved herself to be a vixen, and *Sádi's* home in consequence was not a Paradise. On one occasion she said to him, "Are you not the fellow whom my father

bought from the Franks for ten pieces of silver?" "Yes!" he said; "and sold to you for a hundred pieces!"

Sádi had a son and a daughter. The son, of whom he was very fond, died in childhood, and his untimely end was a source of great grief to him. His daughter afterwards became the wife of the celebrated poet *Hafiz.*

Sádi was held in great repute by his countrymen, and found a liberal patron in the King of Persia, *Sad-Atābak*, who encouraged learning, and was fond of the society of learned men. He made *Sádi* Court poet, and *Sádi's* gratitude was shown in his almost fulsome praise of the monarch.

Sádi has written numerous works, in prose and verse, on moral, theological, and amatory subjects; and the best known and most read of his writings are the *Gulistán* in prose and verse, and the *Bostán* in verse. He delighted in wit and repartee, and puns abound in his works. His moral and religious remarks show great depth of thought, correct observation, and knowledge of human nature. Judged by modern European ideas of propriety, he sometimes borders on the obscene in his remarks; but orientals do not guage their morality by European standards, and allowance must be made for *Sádi* accordingly. His style of writing is simple but vigorous, and the pride he occasionally displays in his conscious superiority in intelligence and eloquence over his neighbours is pardonable. He is credited with

having worked miracles, especially that of restoring to life a young lover, who had cast himself down from a tower, one hundred feet high, to the ground. If the young man survived the fall, it was certainly a miracle !

Sádi was modest in manner, and could not tolerate vanity in others. He dressed modestly, was short in stature and not handsome; but a face beaming with intelligence and a long-flowing beard gave him an engaging and venerable appearance.

He closed his chequered life at *Shirāz*, the place of his birth, A.D. 1291, having reached the ripe age of one hundred and sixteen years. He is honoured as a saint by Mohamedans, and his tomb—called the *Sādiya*—in the vicinity of the town of *Shirāz*, is visited by numerous pilgrims and travellers.

THE
GARDEN OF FRAGRANCE.

Introduction.

(I BEGIN.)

In the name of the Life-giving Guardian of Earth !
The Most Wise ! causing speech on the tongue to have
    birth !
The Bountiful Giver ! who aids when implored ;
The Kind, Sin-Forgiving, Excuse-Taking Lord !
So mighty, that all from His door who retired,
And went to another, no honour acquired !
The heads of great monarchs, with necks stretching high,
At His Court on the ground of petitioning lie.
He is tardy in seizing on those who rebel ;
And does not excuse-bringers rudely repel.
If wrathful at deeds that are loathsome to sight,
When you've penitent turned, "*It is past*," He will write
Should one seek with a father in strife to engage,
The father would doubtless exhibit much rage.
If kinsman with kinsman should jangle and fight,
Like an alien, he drives him away from his sight.
If a slave who is active should useless appear,
The lord of the work will not reckon him dear.

If a man towards comrades should sympathy shun,
Any comrade a league from his presence will run.
Should a soldier decline to serve longer the State,
The Royal Commander resigns him to Fate.—
But the Lord of the Sky and the Earth's rugged skin,
On none shuts the door of subsistence, for sin.
Like a drop in the ocean of knowledge, are seen
Both His worlds, and the faults, He sees, kindly, He'll screen.
The Earth's crust is His banquet, for "high" and for "low";
At this feast free to all, what of friend? What of foe?
Had He hurried in tyrannous acts to engage,
Who would have been safe from the hand of His rage?
His Person admits not of rival nor kin;
His realm needs not service from man nor from *Jinn.*[1]
To worship His mandates all men and things vie—
The offspring of Adam, the bird, ant, and fly.
So spacious a table of merciful fare
He provides, that the *Simurgh of Kaff*[2] eats a share.
The Creator is mercy-diffusing and kind,
For He helps all His creatures and knows ev'ry mind.
In Him self-reliance and grandeur you see,
For His kingdom is old and His nature is free.
On one's head He deposits Prosperity's crown;
Another to dust from a throne He brings down.
The head-dress of bliss may one's temples adorn;
On the breast of another Grief's blanket is worn.
Out of fire,[3] for the Friend, He a rose-garden makes;
To Hell-fire, from the Nile, He a multitude takes.

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[1] *Jinn*, a demon or fiend.

[2] The *Simurgh* is a fabulous bird of great size, corresponding to the Griffin or Phœnix, and supposed to be able to devour forty elephants at a meal. The mountains of *Kaff*, among which the *simurgh* lived, were supposed to surround the world.

[3] The story is that when Abraham, called "the Friend," was cast into the fire by *Nimrod*, God changed the fire into a flower-garden.

If the former, it tokens His grace to each one ;
If the latter, it signs that His will must be done !
In rear of the screen He perceives actions vile ;
With a goodness His own He conceals them, the while.
If to menace He seizes the sword of command,
The Angels around Him all deaf and dumb stand.
If He issues a notice of bountiful fare,
The Devil himself says, " I'll bear off a share."
On His threshold of favour and grandeur, the great
Have cast from their heads Earthly splendour and state.
To those who are helpless His mercy is near ;
And suppliants' prayers He is willing to hear.
The state of things hidden His knowledge lays bare ;
Of secrets unspoken His insight's aware.
By His power He holds Heav'n and Earth in His sway;
He is Lord of the Court of the Great Judgment Day.
Not a back can away from His servitude break ;
In His writings no finger can point a mistake.
The Eternal Well-Doer, admiring good ways,
In the womb with Fate's pencil a figure portrays.
The moon and the sun from the East to the West
He despatched, and spread land on the deep Ocean's crest.
From trembling, the Earth became feeble and shocked,
Through its skirt, then, the nail-looking mountains He knocked.
To the " *Water* "[1] a fairy-like form He imparts ;
Who else practised on water the sculptor's fine arts?
In stones He sets rubies and turquoise enow,
And the ruby-like rose on the turquoise-like bough.
A drop He cast down from a cloud to the Deep,
And brought seed from the loins to its uterine keep.

The story of taking a multitude to hell from the Nile refers to the Egyptians following the Israelites into the Red Sea and being drowned.

[1] *Water:* the word in the original means *semen*.

He makes from that drop a pearl shining so bright,
And a form from this seed, like the cypress in height.
Not an atom of knowledge from Him is concealed,
For the hidden to Him is the same as revealed.
He furnishes food for the snake and the ant;
Though some have no limbs and of pow'r are but scant.
He ordered, and something from nothing arose;
Who something from nothing but He could disclose?
Again to nonentity's hiding He flings us,
And thence to the plain of the Judgment He brings us.
A nature Divine, to Him people concede;
But His nature's true state all are helpless to read.
The extent of His glory, no mortal has found;
His exquisite beauty, no vision can bound.
O'er His nature the bird of swift thought cannot fly;
To the skirt of His praise Reason's hand comes not nigh.
In this whirlpool have sunk ships a thousand and more,
Of which not a plank ever got to the shore.
Many nights in this temple I've sat in surmise,
When Astonishment seizing my sleeve, said, "Arise!"
The Royal One's knowledge can ev'rything clasp;
Your conception wants scope to take Him in its grasp.
His nature, so subtle, perception can't trace;
The mind can't His worth by reflection embrace.
A man with *Suhbān*,[1] may in eloquence vie;
None, the Matchless and Holy, to measure can try.
For the Chosen have driven their steeds in this race,
And exceeding account, have been tired by the pace.
One can't gallop his horse over every field,
For at times he is forced to surrender his shield.

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[1] *Suhbān-Wail*, a poet and orator of Arabia, stated by *Sádi* in the *Gulistān* to be so eloquent that he never repeated the same word in a discourse. There is a play on the words *Suhbān* and *Subhān*, the latter word referring to God.

When the mystical secret a traveller knows,
The door that was open, behind him they close.
To a man in this feast they deliver the cup,
That the potion, depriving of sense, he may sup.
Stitched up are the eyes of one falcon with care;
The eyes of another are open and glare.
To the treasure of *Korah*[1] no trav'ller e'er hied,
Who, if he got there, could return when he tried.
The wise are afraid of this ocean of blood,
For no person has yet saved his ship from its flood.
If desire should allure you to travel this plain;
First, the horse-of-returning take care to retain!
If within the heart's mirror reflection you make,
Of Purity's fruit, by degrees, you'll partake.
Love's perfume, perhaps, so enamours your brain,
That from courting the "*Promise*"[2] you cannot refrain.
To the first, by the feet of Inquiring you'll hie;
And from this, on the wings of Affection you'll fly.
The curtains of Fancy are torn up by Truth;
A curtain, save glory, remains not, for sooth!
Should the charger of Wisdom fail pace to command,
Astonishment seizes the reins, saying, "Stand!
Save 'the Prophet,' no person has travelled this Deep;
He was lost who in rear of the Guide did not keep.
All those who in error have swerved from the way,
Heavy-laden with sorrow have wandered astray.
'Gainst the Prophet, whoever has chosen to strive,
At the refuge need never expect to arrive.
Oh, *Sádi!* don't think the pure path you can tread,
Unless by the good *Mŭstăphā*[3] you are led!"

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[1] *Korah* was supposed to be a cousin of Moses, noted for his riches.
[2] The Promise—*Alăst-bărbăkăm*—"Am I not thy God?"
[3] *Mŭstăphā*, the Chosen, a name of *Mohă'med.*

Praise of the Chief of Created Beings (*Mohămed*).

(ON HIM BE EXCELLENCE AND PEACE.)

Of kind disposition and nature refined!
The Prophet and Pleader of all human-kind!
The Chief of the Prophets! the Guide of the road!
Place of Gabriel's[1] alighting! the Trusted of God!
Mediator of men! Lord of raising the dead!
The Chief of the Guides and the Judgment Court's Head!
A communer with God, circling Heav'n in his flight;
All lights that have shown are but rays from his light.
The orphan who showed in his reading defect,
Abolished the churches of many a sect.
When the sabre of dread he resolved to draw out;
With ease, he bisected the scabbard of doubt!
When the mouth of the world was replete with his fame,
To the palace of Cyrus[2] a shivering came.
With "*la-illa*" he *Lat*[3] into particles crushed,
And before the grand faith *Uza's* lustre forth gushed.
Not alone *Lat* and *Uza*[3] beneath his feet fell,
He the "Gospel" and "Pentateuch" wiped out as well!
One night riding forth, he passed Heav'n's lofty sphere,
And in glory and pomp left the angels in rear.
In the desert so warmly to God he inclined,
That Gabriel was left in his mansion behind.

To him spoke the chief of the *Kāba*[4] divine:—
"Oh Gabriel! may higher enjoyment be thine!
When you found honest friendship in me to exist,
Why did you the reins from my fellowship twist?"

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[1] Gabriel always descended to *Mohămed* when he came to Earth with the commandments of God.

[2] Cyrus, King of Persia, and name of a dynasty.

[3] *Lat* and *Uza*, pagan idols in Arabia before the time of *Mohămed*.

[4] The *Kāba* is the *sanctum sanctorum* of the temple of Mecca, the chief of which was *Mohămed*.

He answered, "To me no more power pertained;
I stopped, for no strength in my pinions remained.
If but one hair's-breadth higher to fly I presumed,
By the blaze of your light had my wings been consumed."
From sin unredeemed not a soul can abide,
Who has such a leader before him as guide.
What suitable praises to you can I pen?
Upon you be safety, oh, Prophet of men!
May the blessing of God on your spirit remain!
On your comrades and all who belong to your train!
First, the aged disciple, *Abū-Băkăr*, stands;
Second, *Omar*, who twisted a proud Devil's hands;
Third, *Osman*, the wise, who made vigils his rule;
And fourth, *Ali-Shah* who rode *Duldul*[1] the mule.
Oh God! by the sons who from *Fatima* rose!
On the word of the Faith! I now draw to a close.
If my pray'r Thou accept or my prayer Thou shun,
My hand and the "prophet's"[2] son's skirt shall be one.
Oh leader of fortunate step! what decline
To the height of your glory at God's holy shrine,
If a few who belong to the mendicant race,
Should be guests and not pests at the kingdom of grace?
The Lord has commended and raised you up so,
That in front of your pow'r, Gabriel bows his head low.
Confronting your power the heav'ns shame display;
You had being when Adam was water and clay.
At first, as the root of existence you came,
And all who have lived, you as branches can claim.
I am doubtful what words unto you to address,
For you're higher than I can find words to express.

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[1] *Duldul*, name of a mule famous for its fleetness on which *Ali* was accustomed to ride.

[2] He would always cling to the skirt of the Prophet's son.

In your honour the glory of *Laulak*[1] will do;
And *Tah* and *Yasīn*[2] will be suitable too.
What praises can *Sádi*, the faulty, give thee?
Oh, Prophet! may mercy and peace on you be!

The Reason for Composing the Book.

Very much I have travelled in many a clime;
And with many a person have utilized time.
From many a corner I pleasure have gained;
And from many a harvest have corn-ears obtained.
Like the pure of *Shirāz*,[3] with humility crowned,
I have never seen one, mercy be on that ground!
My love for the men of this sanctified part,
From Syria and *Rum*[4] made me sever my heart.
I regretted, from all of those gardens so fair,
To my friends empty-handed again to repair.
I said to myself that from Egypt they bear
Sugar-candy to friends, as an offering rare.
If none of that candy I brought in my hand,
Words sweeter than candy are mine to command.
Not like candy in form, that for eating may serve,
But such as the thoughtful on paper preserve.
When this palace of wealth I designed and arrayed,
Ten doors for the sake of instruction I made.
First, a chapter with justice and counsels is stored;
Taking care of the people and serving the Lord.
In the *Second*, I've laid generosity's base;
For he who is good for God's favours gives praise.

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[1] *Laulaka:* "but for thee (the world would not have been created)."
[2] *Tah* and *Yasīn*, certain chapters of the *Kurān*.
[3] *Shirāz*, a city of Persia, the birthplace of *Sádi*.
[4] *Rum*, the south-eastern corner of Europe.

The *Third* is on love and on rapture of mind;
Not the love to which profligate men are inclined.
Humility, *Fourth.* Resignation, the *Fifth.*
On those choosing contentment is chapter the *Sixth.*
The *Sev'nth* is a chapter on discipline's sphere;
And the *Eighth* will to thanking for welfare adhere.
Repentance and probity's path, the *Ninth* shows;
And the *Tenth* brings to pray'rs, and the book to a close.
In a prosperous year, on a fortunate day,
And felicitous date that between two *'Eeds*[1] lay;
When Six Hundred and Fifty and Five years had flown,[2]
Replete with rare pearls was this treasure, well known.
Oh, wise One of affable nature, beware!
I've not heard that the cultured for fault-finding care.
Is a cloak *Părniān*,[3] or plain silk? you will find
That, of course, with a padding of cotton 'tis lined.
Are you *Părniān?* then, to harm show not zeal!
Be gracious, and all my coarse padding conceal!
I do not presume on my own virtue's store;
As a beggar, I come with my hands stretched before.
I have heard:—"On the day full of hope and of fear,
To the bad and the good God in mercy is near."
In my writings should you see depravity, too;
By the people God made! then, expose it to view!
If in one thousand couplets, of one you approve,
By manhood! in taunting, a hand do not move!
In Persia, my writings are, doubtless, thought nice;
As musk is in Cathay esteemed beyond price.
Like the noise of a drum, from afar was my fright;
In my heart, all my errors lay hidden from sight.
To the garden brought *Sádi*, with boldness, a rose,
As they do spice to India, where spice freely grows.

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[1] *'Eed*, a Mohamedan festival. [2] A.D. 1257.
[3] *Părniān*, rich painted silk made in China.

They resemble[1] the date with a sweet crusted skin,
Which when opened to view, has a hard stone within.

In praise of Atábik-Abū-Băkăr-Bin-Sád-Zangi.

(MAY THE EARTH LIE LIGHT UPON HIM !)

To desire such a nature I was not inclined ;
To eulogize kings did not enter my mind ;
Yet some verses I wrote, in a certain one's name,
And perhaps pious men will repeat oft the same :
That *Sádi*, who Rhetoric's ball bore away,
Was alive in *Abū-Băkăr-B'ini-Sád's*[2] day.
It is well I should honour his reign in my rhymes,
As did *Sāyed*[3] the poet—of *Náushirwān's*[4] times—
A king Faith defending, to do justice sworn—
Since *Umar*, like *Bū-Băkăr*, none has been born.
He's the chief of the noble and crown of the great ;
In his ruling with justice, oh World, be elate !
When a person from trouble to safe shelter goes,
No country but this has a place for repose.
As unto the Kāba's[5] *delightful abode,*
They travel by many a long valley road,
I've not seen such a Treasure, and Country, and Throne,
Which on child, poor, and agèd have equally shone.
No person approached him afflicted with grief,
That he placed not a salve on his heart for relief.
He's a searcher for good and is hopeful, likewise ;
The hope he possesses, oh, God, realize !

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[1] The writings of *Sádi* resemble the date.
[2] *Abū-Băkăr*, king of Persia, *Sádi's* patron.
[3] *Sāyed*, a poet who wrote in praise of *Náushirwān*.
[4] *Náushirwān*, a king of Persia famed for justice.
[5] *Kāba*, sacred mosque at Mecca.

His cap-corner perched in the sky may be found,
And his head in humility still on the ground.
(The exalted are good who humility show;
If a beggar be humble his Nature is so.
A subject may fall and it matter not much;
But a tyrant cast down is a man in God's clutch.)
The renown of his goodness remains not concealed;
Liberality's fame to the world is revealed.
Like him, one so wise and so happy in soul,
The world does not shelter, from pole unto pole.
In his days, one afflicted, no eye can behold;
Of oppression from one cruel hand, who has told?
None has seen such arrangement, such usage and rite;
Faridūn,[1] with his pomp, did not see such a sight.
In the eyes of the Lord his position is strong,
For the hands of the weak from his rank become long.
On a world such abundance of favour he shows,
That a *Zal*[2] from a *Rustam*[3] no anxiousness knows.
Some men, on account of the harshness of Fate,
Are ever distressed that the sky should rotate.
Oh, friend of the city! so just is your reign,
That none against Fortune has cause to complain.
In your age I see people enjoying repose;
After you, what may happen them God only knows!
It is due to your fortunate planet's bright rays,
That the writings of *Sádi* appear in your days.
While the sun and the moon in the sky shall remain,
So long shall this record your merits contain.
If monarchs a good reputation have earned,
The manner they have from their ancestors learned.

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[1] *Faridūn*, a celebrated king of Persia who reigned in the eighth century B.C.

[2] *Zal*, father of *Rustam*.

[3] *Rustam*, the Persian Hercules.

With qualities regal, so gifted's your mind,
That the monarchs of yore you have left far behind.
Alexander, with wall made of stone and of brass,
Brought Gog in the world to a difficult pass.
Your barrier to Gog's unbelief is of gold;
Not of brass, like the great Alexander's, of old.
If a poet, enjoying this justice and peace,
Does not speak in your praise, may his tongue ever cease!
What a sea of bestowing and lavishing mine!
For the poor are relieved by your presence benign.
Past counting, I see the king's merits remain;
And their record's too large for this limited plain.
Were *Sádi* to enter the whole of them in,
A new volume he, doubtless, would have to begin.
I fail in my thanks for such generous care;
It is better to stretch, then, my hands out in pray'r:
May the Earth and the Sky all your wishes befriend!
May the Maker of Earth to you safety extend!
By your high-rising star may the world be illumed!
And the low-falling star of your foe be consumed!
By grief from changed times may you never be pressed!
May the dust of sad care on your heart never rest!
(For if grief in the heart of a monarch should dwell,
The hearts of a world suffer anguish as well).
May your spirit be tranquil and prosp'rous your realm;
And never may ruin your state overwhelm!
Like the Faith, may your body for ever be sound!
And your foes' hearts, as weak as their counsels be found!
May your spirit be glad by the aid of the Lord!
On your heart, Faith, and State be prosperity poured!
May the mercy of God give repose to your mind!
(If more I should say, 'twould be fable and wind.)
From the Maker sublime, this for you should suffice,
That His grace makes your goodness continue to rise.

Sád-Zangi[1] departed this life without care,
For he named such a famed one as you, as his heir.
Such a branch is not strange from so holy a root;
For his soul is in Heav'n and his corpse underfoot.
Oh God! on the tomb of that famous one, deign
By Thy favour, a shower of mercy to rain!
If remembrance and tales of *Sád-Zangi* descend,
May Heav'n be, for ever, *Sád-Bū-Băkăr's* friend!

Praise of the Prince of Islām, Sád-Bin-Abū-Băkar-Bin-Sád.[2]

Oh promising youth with a luminous heart!
Young in fortune, but old when you counsels impart.
In knowledge profound; spirit reaching the skies;
Intrepid in arm, and in intellect wise.
Well done! the good luck of the mother of Time,
Since she nursed in her bosom a son so sublime.
With his generous hand the sea's sheen he effaced,
And, in highness, the Pleiades' mansion displaced.
How well for the monarchs, exalted in place,
That the eye of their fortune is fixed on your face!
You see that the shell which with pearls is replete,
With one Royal pearl can't in value compete.
You are that priceless pearl in its hidden retreat,
And an ornament bright to the Empire's fair seat.
Take care of him, Lord, with Thine own guarding eye!
And permit not the Evil Eye's stroke to come nigh!
Oh God! through the world make him famous appear!
By the grace of devotion, oh render him dear!

---

[1] *Sád-Zangi*, father of *Sád-Bū-Băkăr.*
[2] *Sád-Bin-Abū-Băkăr*, son of *Sád-Bū-Băkăr.*

In justice and grace keep him strong by Thy will!
In this world and the next all his wishes fulfil!
May he never be vexed by a rancorous foe,
And harm from the changes of Earth never know!
Fruit like you the rich Paradise tree has sustained;
The son seeks a name that the father has gained.
Consider them strange to that household, so fair,
Who to say a bad word of this household should dare!
Well done! faith and knowledge, and justice and right;
Well done! realm and fortune, ne'er pass from our sight!]

CHAPTER I.

ON JUSTICE, WISDOM, AND GOVERNMENT.

THE extent of God's mercies no mortal can guess;
The meed of His praises what tongue can express?
Oh God! cause this king who befriends the distressed,
And under whose shadow the people have rest,
On the heads of the subjects for long to survive!
By the grace of devotion his soul keep alive!
Keep the tree of his hope bearing fruit choice to sight!
Keep his head fresh! his face, in compassion, keep bright!
In the path of pretence walk not, *Sádi*, like some;
If you harbour sincerity, bring you, and come!
You are pious, and walking the King's road appear;
You speak truth, and to truths of the King you give ear.
What loss though the footstool of Heav'n [1] you don't put
As a rest under *K'izil Arslān's* [2] royal foot!
Do not say, "Grandeur's foot on the highest Heav'n place!"
But say, "On the dust put sincerity's face!"
In obedience, your face on the threshold place low!
For this is the highway all good people go.
If you are a slave, place your head at this gate!
And take from your temples the head-dress of state.

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[1] The footstool of Heaven as a rest for his foot, while he kisses the stirrup as a token of submission.

[2] *K'izil Arslān*, a king of Persia (red lion).

When serving the Lord, royal robes do not wear!
Like the Dervish sincere, let your cries fill the air!
You are patron of those who in riches excel;
And the pow'rful protector of paupers, as well.
I am lord of no country, no mandates are mine;
I am one of the seekers at God's holy shrine.
From my hand and my labour, what good can ascend,
Should the hand of Thy favour refuse to befriend?
Arise! oh Thou Helper! and make good my heart!
Else how can I good unto others impart?
Like beggars, with zeal in the night-watches pray;
If you exercise royal pursuits all the day!
The arrogant stand at your door with loins braced,
Your head on the threshold of worship is placed.
How well that the slaves have a lord of this kind!
And the Lord has a slave who is upright in mind.

Story

(OF SÁDI SEEING A MAN RIDING ON A LEOPARD).

From the plain of *Rudbār*[1] I beheld with dismay,
Some one riding a leopard and coming my way.
I was seized with such dread at this wonderful sight,
That I could not move foot from the spot, out of fright.
Smiling sweetly, his hand to his lip he upraised,
Saying, "*Sádi*, be not at this vision amazed!
From the mandates of God your own neck do not turn!
And the orders you issue no being will spurn!"
When Cyrus obeyed the Just Monarch's commands,
The Lord was his Guardian and strengthened his hands.
He cannot, since you are His friend, let you go
Away from His hand to the hand of the foe.

[1] *Rudbār*, a town on the Caspian Sea.

This truly's the road, to its tenets hold fast!
Step forward, and gain what you long for, at last!
Admonition will profit the person, indeed,
Who approves of the words that from *Sádi* proceed.

Kasra's[1] Advice to Harmūz.

Náushirwān, I have heard, ere his spirit had fled,
The following words to *Harmūz*, his son, said:—
"Take care of the hearts of the poor and distressed!
Do not be with your own selfish pleasures possessed!
In the view of the wise it is wrong, we are told,
That the shepherd should sleep and a wolf in the fold.
Go you and protect all the indigent poor!
For a king through his subjects his crown must secure.
Like roots are the subjects—like trees are the kings;
To the tree, oh, my son! the root permanence brings.
Do not make, while you can, people wounded in soul!
If you do, you but dig your own root from its hole.
If a path that is straight it behoves you to tread,
The path of the pious is hope mixed with dread.
He approves not of harm to the small or the great,
Who fears that misfortune may come to his State.
And if in his nature this mode is not found,
No odour of comfort exists in that ground.
If your feet are encumbered,[2] to Fate be resigned;
If free, you can wander wherever inclined.
For abundance of wealth in that realm do not pray,
Where you see subjects groaning beneath the king's sway!
Be afraid of the rash and the proud self-adored!
Be afraid of the person who fears not the Lord!

---

[1] *Kasra*, *Náushirwān*, a celebrated king of Persia.
[2] If you are married.

Other realms in his sleep he sees prosp'rous and blessed,
Who keeps all the hearts in his country distressed.
Decay and ill-fame by oppression are brought;
The sages have found out this saying by thought.
You ought not your subjects unjustly to slay;
For they are the Empire's protection and stay.
For the sake of yourself, show the peasant respect!
For a labourer pleased works with greater effect.
To injure a man is ungen'rous and mean,
For his kindness you many a time may have seen."

Khusrau's Advice to Sherōya.

I have heard that *Khusrau*,[1] ere his eyes closed in death,
Thus *Sherōya*[2] addressed with his last parting breath :—
"So live, that whatever may be your intent,
Your glance on the good of your subjects is bent!
True wisdom and knowledge, oh son, do not spurn!
That men from your orders their feet may not turn."
From oppressors the subjects take refuge in flight,
And revile them abroad in their stories at night.
But a very short time sees the structure effaced
Of him who an evil foundation has placed.
The tiger and swordsman can't make such a wild,
As that from the heart-sighs of woman and child.
The lamp which the poor widow woman illumed,
You may often have seen, has a city consumed.
In the regions of Earth, who more favour has gained
Than he, who in justice has lived and has reigned?
When his time for departing this life comes about,
"On his tomb vouchsafe mercy!" the people will shout.

[1] *Khusrau*, son of *Harmūz*.
[2] *Sherōya*, son of *Khusrau*.

Since the good and the wicked must pass as they came,
It is well when with goodness they mention your name.
A God-fearing man for your subjects select ;
For a continent man is the realm's architect.
He who in men's harm seeks to furnish your purse,
Is your own wicked foe and the people's worst curse.
It is wrong to bestow upon persons command,
From whose tyrannous acts men to God stretch their hand.
The patron of acts that are good sees no guile ;
You're the foe of your life when you cherish the vile.
In revenging a foe confiscation won't suit ;
It behoves you to tear up his stem from the root.
With a tyrannous agent you should not delay !
For because of his fatness, his skin you must flay !
It is requisite first to cut off the wolf's head,
Not after he has in the flock havoc spread.

Story

(OF THE MERCHANT AND ROBBERS).

How well spoke the merchant, a prisoner bound,
While spear-bearing robbers were standing around :—
"When in highwaymen courage arises, ah, then !
What avail troops of women and armies of men ?"
The monarch who brings on a merchant distress,
On the city and troops shuts the door of success.
When again will the wise in that kingdom appear,
Where the noise of bad actions alone they can hear ?
You must win a good name and must goodness elect,
And the merchant and messenger, likewise, protect !
The Great show for trav'llers solicitous care,
That their name linked with praise through the world they
may bear.

Very soon will the kingdom experience decay,
From which the poor stranger heart grieved comes away.
Be the stranger's companion and traveller's friend !
For a trav'ller will cause a good name to extend.
Show respect to a guest and the pilgrims revere ;
From their miseries, likewise, preserve yourself clear !
From a stranger's regard it is well to abstain ;
For a foe can the look of a friend eas'ly feign.
The rank of your agèd retainers upraise !
For those you have reared never show rebel ways.
When the sign of old age on your servant appears,
Forget not the right that is due to his years !
If age has the hand of his usefulness bound,
With you a rich hand showing kindness is found.

Story

(OF SHAPŪR [1]).

I have heard that *Shapūr* very silent became,
When the monarch *Khusrau* drew his pen through his name.
When his state was, from poverty, ruined and low,
The following story he wrote to *Khusrau* :—
"Oh king ! who hast justice in Earth's regions spread,
You in goodness will live although I may be dead.
Since under your shadow my youth I have passed,
In old age, from your sight do not drive me at last !"
The stranger, with mischievous thoughts in his head,
Do not hurt ! but expel from the country, instead.
It is well, if to show him your wrath you are slack,
For his own wicked mind is a foe at his back.

---

[1] *Shapūr*, a painter and match-maker between *Khusrau* and *Shīrīn*

If a native of Persia he happen to be,
Don't to *Rum* or *Sanaa*[1] or *Saklāb*[2] make him flee !
Even there, let his life not till breakfast time last!
It is wrong an affliction on others to cast!
For they'll say, "May the land suffer ruin and rout,
From which such a man is allowed to come out!"
When rule you confer, a rich person secure !
For no fear of the king has the man who is poor.
When a needy one's neck on his shoulder must lie,
Nothing comes from him afterwards, saving a cry.
When a Treasurer's hands to his trust are untrue,
You must send an Inspector to keep him in view ;
And if he, too, a facile accomplice should prove,
The Collector and Spy from their charges remove.
A man who fears God, to his charge will be just ;
The minister fearing yourself, do not trust!
Give money and reckon and vigilant be !
In a hundred, one faithful you rarely will see.
Two old, kindred spirits, who show the same bent,
To the same place, together, should never be sent !
How know you that they are not partners in cant ;
One a thief, and the other a thief's confidant?
When thieves 'mong themselves yield to terror and fear,
Through the midst of them passes the caravan clear.
If you've turned out of office a man for a crime,
Forgive his offence, in a moderate time !
To accomplish the wish of a faithful one's heart,
Is better than thousands of fetters to part.
Make a trusty accountant the prop of your sway ;
He falls not, and cuts not hope's tent-ropes away.
The king who is just to the Pillars of State,
Like a father with son, now and then is irate.

---

[1] *Sanaa*, capital of Arabia Felix.
[2] *Saklāb*, Sclavonia.

At one time he beats him, till pain through him flies,
At another, he brings the pure tears from his eyes.
When you exercise mildness, your foe becomes brave;
And when you show ire he submits like a slave.
Severity tempered with mildness is wise;
Like the surgeon who cuts and the plaster applies.
Intrepid, good-natured, and liberal be!
And sprinkle on all, since God sprinkles on thee.
When you think of the reigns of the monarchs of yore,
Think the same picture yours, when your *regnum* is o'er.
No person who entered this world has remained,
Save the man whose good name in the world is retained.
He died not who left, as a pledge in his place,
A bridge, well, or alms-house, or inn for his race.
When a man does not leave a memorial behind,
His tree of existence you fruitless will find.
If he went and no off'rings nor good left instead,
The "*Al-hamd*"[1] on his dying ought not to be read!
When you wish that your name in the world may endure,
The renown of your ancestors do not obscure!
The self-same desires, airs, and joys they held fast;
They departed and left them behind them, at last.
One man from the world bears a name that is dear;
To another, vile customs for ever adhere.
The ear of consent, to one's harm, do not lend!
And if talk you should hear, think of how to befriend!
The culprit's pretexts, to oblivion let go!
If he asks your protection, protection bestow!
If a sinner is able a refuge to win,
'Tis unlawful to kill for the very first sin.
If you threaten him once and he scouts all advice,
Give him prison and bonds if he dares to sin twice!

[1] *Al-hamdu-llillah* is the beginning of the first chapter of the *Kurān*.

And if bonds and advice are not likely to suit,
He's a very bad tree, dig him up by the root!
When you feel very angry at any one's crime,
Before you chastise him, delay for a time!
You can fracture a *Bādăkhshān* ruby in two,
But you cannot repair it again, if you do.

Story

(ON PRACTISING DELAY IN PUNISHMENT).

From the sea of *Umān*,[1] once a traveller came,
Who had crossed seas and deserts, too num'rous to name.
Turk, Arab, and Persian and Greek he had seen;
Ev'ry science was known to his intellect keen.
He had walked round the world and enlightenment gained;
He had wandered a deal and refinement obtained.
Like the trunk of a tree, his appearance was strong;
But, feeble from want, he could scarce crawl along.
Two hundred charr'd patches, together, are sewn,
And he being burned in betwixt them is shown.
From the side of the sea to a city he came,
In a land where the king bore an excellent name;
With a nature desirous of good he was graced,
And his head at the feet of the Dervish he placed.
The royal attendants got ready a bath;
From his body and head washed the dust of the path.
When upon the king's threshold his forehead he pressed;
According him praise, with his hands on his breast;
He entered the emperor's palace and gave :—
" May your fortune be youthful! may wealth be your slave!
At each stage in the realm, where I happened to rest,
Not a heart did I see from affliction distressed.

---

[1] Sea of *Umān*, the Arabian sea.

Not a person I saw, with head heavy from wine,
But the taverns, I saw in a state of decline.
To a realm such a king is an ornament rare,
For he likes not that any should suffering bear."

He discoursed and the gemmed skirt of Wisdom let loose;
Such his speech that the king uttered praises profuse.
At the man's pleasant speaking much pleasure he showed;
He called him beside him and honour bestowed.
For his coming gave money and jewels of worth;
Asked concerning his tribe and the place of his birth.
Regarding his life, he disclosed what was asked;
In the king's estimation, all others he passed.
To the mind of the monarch the thought became clear:—
"A person like this ought to be my vizier.
And yet, by degrees, lest the chiefs of the Court,
In ignorance, over my wisdom should sport.
To begin with, his skill must be tested, at least,
And befitting his merit, his rank be increased."—
By oppression, he bears loads of grief on his heart,
Who engages in schemes without knowing each part.
When a judge writes with care ev'ry case that he tries,
He feels not ashamed before men who are wise.
While the arrow is held in the thumb-stall, aim right!
Not after you've sent the winged shaft on its flight.
A person like Joseph, discreet and sincere,
In the space of a year should become a vizier.
Should the strife with adversity prove to be brief,
It is needless to fret about any one's grief.—

His habits he opened completely to view;
Found the man to be wise and his faith to be true.
He found him good-natured; sagacious, as well;
That he measured his words and a man's worth could tell.
When in wisdom he saw not a courtier his peer,
He placed him in office above his vizier.

Such science and knowledge he brought into play,
That a heart was not grieved by his absolute sway.
He brought under rule of the king a domain,
In a way that no person experienced a pain.
On the tongues of all critics he fastened a band;
For a letter corrupt did not come from his hand.
The envier who saw not one grain of deceit,
Without benefit toiled, like the fluttering wheat.[1]
The king from his luminous heart took a ray,
Which caused in the ousted vizier fresh dismay.
Not a flaw could he see in that sensible man,
In order to fasten upon him a ban.
The trusty and vile, are the basin and ant;
The ant tries its utmost to crack it, but can't!

Two sunny-faced striplings the monarch possessed,
Who were always at hand to obey each behest.
Like *Houri* and Fairy, two faces so fair;
Like the sun and the moon, not a third could compare.
Two such figures, that neither could preference claim;
In a mirror, appearing exactly the same.
The words of the sage of mellifluous speech,
In the hearts of the two charming youths made a breach.
When they saw in his nature good qualities rise,
In their hearts they became his well-wishing allies.
The love of mankind, too, on him had effect;
Not the love the shortsighted with vileness connect;
For whenever their faces attracted his sight,
He was conscious, at once, of a tranquil delight.
If you wish that your worth may not be on the wane,
From loving smooth faces, oh master, refrain!
And although you are free from a lustful design,
Take care, lest your dignity suffer decline!

---

[1] "Fluttering wheat," refers to wheat-grains dancing about when they are parched over a fire.

The vizier got an inkling regarding the thing,
And wickedly carried this tale to the king :—
" What they call him, I know not, nor who he may be;
In this country he lives not as suits his degree.
I have heard that to slaves his affections incline;
That he favours foul treason and worships lust's shrine.
All those who have travelled live fearless of fate;
For they have not been nurtured by monarch or State.
It is wrong that so shameless and ruined a wretch,
Disgrace to the halls of the monarch should fetch.
Of the king's gracious acts I'd forgetful remain,
Did I look on dishonour and silence maintain.
Do not think that I could not have told you before!
Not a word have I said till convinced, more and more.
One among my attendants beheld what took place,
That he clasped two, as one, in his wanton embrace.
I have told, and the monarch can judge for the best;
Such as I have examined, do you also test!"
In a nastier manner he argued like this :—
" May a wicked man's end have no odour of bliss!
When the evil disposed o'er a spark get command,
The hearts of the noble are burned with their brand.
You may kindle a fire with a spark from a torch;
And when it is done, the old tree you can scorch."
This news made the monarch so fiery and red,
That a burning, as sharp as a scythe, reached his head.
Fierce Rage held its hand in the Dervish's gore;
Yet Forbearance extended its hand out before :—
" To kill one you've reared is not manly nor bold;
And oppression succeeding to justice, is cold.
Do not injure the person brought up in your sway;
Smite him not with an arrow, since you are his stay!
To rear him in favour is wrong, I should think,
If you mean, by injustice, his life's blood to drink.

Until you were sure that his merits were sound,
In the Royal apartments no favour he found.
So now, till his vices for certain you know,
Desire not his hurt, on the word of a foe!"
The king kept this secret concealed in his heart;
For he treasured the sayings which sages impart.
The prison of secrets, oh sage, is the mind!
When you've spoken, you cannot the words again bind.
Ev'ry act of the man the king secretly spied;
In the wary one's mind a defect he descried;
For he suddenly cast on a stripling his eye,
And the "fairy face," furtively, smiled in reply.
When with soul and with life two, together, are bound,
They are telling fine tales, though they utter no sound.
The lover, you know, seems, when under love's will,
Like the dropsical man whom the Tigris can't fill.

The king was convinced of the guilt of the sage.
In a frenzy, he wished to give vent to his rage;
But with beauty of counsel and wisdom, the same;
He slowly addressed him:—"Oh man, of good name!
I thought you were wise, and was perfectly sure
That the secrets of State in your hands were secure.
I fancied you shrewd and intelligent, too;
I thought you not wicked and loathsome to view.
You do not deserve a position so fine.
The sin is not yours, but the blunder is mine;
For, no doubt, if I foster a villanous wight,
In my private affairs he'll think perfidy right."
The man of great knowledge erected his head,
And thus to the ruler sagacious he said:—
"Since my skirt from the staining of guilt is quite clear,
From wicked maligners, I harbour no fear.
My heart never nurtured a purpose so base;
I know not who told what has not taken place."

The monarch, perplexed, said :—" Behold, the vizier!
Do not think to evade ! Show no subterfuge here !"
His hand caught his lips, as a smile on them played :
" Whatever he states does not make me dismayed.
The envious man, seeing me in his place,
Could not say aught about me but words that disgrace.
I thought him my foe at the very same hour
That the monarch appointed him under my pow'r.
When the sultan confers on me favour, alack !
He is not aware of the foe at my back.
Till the great resurrection, me, friend, he won't call,
Since in my elevation he sees his own fall.
On this subject a suitable tale I'll relate,
If you kindly will hear what your slave has to state."

Story.

(SATAN APPEARS TO A MAN IN A DREAM.)

Some one saw in a dream the malevolent one ;
In stature a cypress ; in visage a sun.
He viewed him. " Oh peer of the moon," he then cried,
" With no news of your beauty are people supplied.
They fancy you having a face that appals,
And depict you as ugly, on bath-chamber walls."
The Devil said, smiling, " My form is not so ;
But the pencil is held in the hand of my foe.
Their root out of Paradise fearless I threw ;
In revenge, they now paint me most hideous to view."
" Though I, in like manner, possess a good name,
My foe out of malice refuses my claim.
Since my dignity caused the vizier's overthrow,
A league from his frauds it behoves me to go.

But the wrath of the king does not terrify me;
For bold is the speech that from baseness is free.
Since my letters all issue correct from the pen,
Why should I be grieved about fault-finding men?
If an agent has honestly followed his trade,
When checked by inspectors he is not afraid.
When the chief of police goes his rounds, he is sad
Whose weighing arrangements are found to be bad."
At his speaking the king's equanimity fled;
Snapping Sov'reignty's fingers in anger, he said:—
"The culprit with cant and glib words that allure,
From his guiltiness cannot expect to be pure.
The same that I heard from your foe with surprise,
At last, I have seen you perform with my eyes.
For at Court in the circle of people around,
Your gaze on these slaves, and none other, is found."
The man of rare eloquence smiled and thus spoke:—
"This is true: and the truth it is needless to cloak.
There's a meaning in this, if attention you pay;
Obeyed be your orders and strong be your sway!
Don't you see that the pauper in indigent plight,
With regret on the opulent fixes his sight?
My vigour of youth has departed at last;
In sporting and playing my life has been passed.
As I gaze on these two, no endurance have I;
For the sources of beauty and grace in them lie.
A similar rose-coloured face I did own;
Like the purest of crystal my body, once, shone.
But now, it behoves me my shroud thread to spin;
For like cotton's my hair, and I'm spindle-like thin.
Such night-tinted curls I at one time possessed,
And my elegant coat fitted tight to my breast.
Two strings of fine pearls in my mouth held a place;
Like a wall made of bricks with a silvery base.

And look at me now! While to speak I make bold,
These have fall'n one by one, like a bridge become old.
Why should I not look with regret on these two,
Since the life I have wrecked they recall to my view?
Those days that were dear have away from me flown,
And the end of this day, too, has suddenly shown."
When this pearl, full of meaning, the sage had pierced through—
"Than this," said the king, "none can utter more true."
The king on his Pillars of State fixed his eyes,
Saying—"Ask not for language and meaning more wise!
It is meet that a man on a charmer should gaze,
Who knows of such proofs to account for his ways.
By Wisdom, I swear! if I had not been slow,
I'd have punished him now, on the word of his foe."
He who hurriedly seizes the sword in a pet,
Bites the back of his hand with the teeth of regret.
To the talk of the int'rested, do not give ear!
If you take their advice, your repentance is near.
The position and wealth of the man of good name
He increased, and the slanderer suffered more shame.
By attending to what his wise counsellor said,
With goodness his name through his kingdom soon spread.
Many years he with kindness and equity reigned;
He died and his good reputation remained.
Such monarchs who foster the Faith in their sway,
By the arm of the Faith, Fortune's ball bear away.
Of these in this age not a person I see;
If one lives—only *Bū-Băkăr-Sád* he can be:
A prince, who is happy in nature and wise.
May the branch of his hope ever fruitful arise!
Oh king, you're the tree which doth Paradise grace!
Whose shadow falls over a marvellous space!

In my fortunate star, the desire I have fed,
That the wing of the *Sīmurgh* might soar o'er my head.
Said Wisdom—"The *Sīmurgh* none wealthy has made:
If you wish to be prosp'rous, come under this shade!"
Oh God, a most merciful look Thou hast shown,
Since over the people this shade Thou hast thrown.
For this state of prosperity, slave-like, I pray:—
"Oh God! never take this good shadow away!"
It is just ere you kill to confine for a space;
For the head that is severed you cannot replace.
The Lord of all wisdom and pomp and command,
From the clamour of man shows not weakness of hand.
To the arrogant head, of forbearance bereft,
It is wrong that the crown of a king should be left.
When you're warlike, I do not say, hold by your own
But, when you are angry, let wisdom be shown!
Whoever has wisdom can patience display—
Not the wisdom that anger can hold in its sway.
When the army drove Anger from ambush to light,
Faith, Justice and Piety vanished from sight.
Such a demon as this, I've not seen 'neath the sky,
From whom such an army of angels should fly.

Story

(ON MERCY TO THE WEAK).

To drink water is wrong should the law not permit;
And if blood you should shed by the law, it is fit.
If the law should decide that 'tis proper to slay,
Take care, that in killing no fear you display!
If some of the criminal's household you know,
Award to them freely, and comfort bestow!

For the man who committed the crime is to blame;
What have wife and poor children done, meriting shame?
Though your body be strong and your army be great,
Do not march with your troops through an enemy's state!
For he to a strong, lofty fortress will fly,
And harm to the guiltless dominion comes nigh.
Examine the men who in dungeons are bound!
For among them an innocent man may be found.
If a merchant should happen to die in your land,
'Twould be meanness to lay on his riches a hand!
For afterwards those who lament for him sore,
His household and friends, will repeat o'er and o'er:—
"This luckless one died in a far distant land,
And his chattels were seized by the tyrant's mean hand."
Let that fatherless child of your thoughts have a share!
Of the sighs from his heart, full of anguish, beware!
There are many good names with a fifty years' root,
That one mention of evil will hurl under foot.
Agreeable rulers, with permanent names,
On the people's effects make no tyrannous claims.
Should a man rule the world from the East to the West,
And plunder the rich, he's a beggar at best.
The generous man went, from poverty, hence;
He filled not his paunch at the pauper's expense.

Story

(ON SYMPATHY FOR SUBJECTS).

I have heard that a king who was just and devout,
Had a cloak, having lining both inside and out.
One addressed him:—"Oh monarch of fortunate reign!
A cloak of brocade, brought from China, obtain!"

He replied, "This for cov'ring and comfort will do;
And if this you exceed, 'tis for people to view.
From my subjects I do not the taxes collect,
That my person, my throne, and my crown may be decked.
Were I in the clothes of a woman to dress,
By manhood! when would I the foeman repress?
I also have longings, a hundred and more,
But not solely for me is the treasury's store."
For the sake of the army, are treasuries full;
Not for purchasing trinkets and toys, as a rule.
The soldier whose heart with the king is irate,
Is slow in protecting the bounds of the State.
When the foe bears the villager's ass from his pow'r,
The king should not taxes, and tithes, too, devour.
The foe stole his ass, and the king levied tax;
Could a State show prosperity, cursed with such racks?
'Tis ungen'rous to trample on one you supplant;
The miserly bird takes the grain from the ant.
The subject's a tree, unto which, if you tend,
The fruit you will eat to the joy of your friend.
With cruelty, dig it not up fruit and root;
For the fool on himself places tyranny's foot.
Those have tasted the pleasures of fortune and youth,
Who towards their subjects have exercised ruth.
If a subject should chance from his station to fall,
Take care! lest to God for redress he should call.
When a state can be peacefully gained for the king,
By war, the red blood from a pore do not bring!
By manhood! the realm with a world in its bound,
Is not worth, that a blood-drop should fall to the ground.

Story

(ABOUT JAMSHÉD).

I have heard that *Jamshéd*,[1] whose good nature was known,
On the head of a fountain inscribed with a stone :—
"At this fountain great numbers, like us, have drawn breath,
Who, within an eye's twinkle, have tasted of death.
I have conquered a world by my manhood and strength;
And yet, to the grave cannot bear it at length."
When over a foe you can pow'r exercise,
Do not gall him ! the sorrow for him should suffice.
A living foe near you, whose mind is a wreck,
Is better by far, than his blood on your neck.

Story

(ABOUT DARIUS AND HIS HORSEKEEPER).

I have heard that Darius, of fortunate race,
Got detached from his suite, on the day of the chase.
Before him came running a horse-tending lout;
The king from his quiver an arrow pulled out,—
In the desert, 'tis well to show terror of foes,
For at home not a thorn will appear on the rose ;—
The terrified horse-keeper uttered a cry,
Saying :—"Do not destroy me ! no foeman am I.
I am he who takes care of the steeds of the king;
In this meadow, with zeal to my duty I cling."
The king's startled heart found composure again;
He smiled and exclaimed :—"Oh most foolish of men !

[1] *Jamshéd*, a celebrated king of Persia.

Some fortunate angel has succoured you here;
Else the string of my bow, I'd have brought to my ear."
The guard of the pasturage smiled and replied :—
"Admonition, from friends, it becomes not to hide.
The arrangements are bad and the counsels unwise,
When the king can't a friend from a foe recognize.
The condition of living in greatness is so,
That ev'ry dependant you have you should know.
You often have seen me when present at Court,
And inquired about horses and pastures and sport.
And now that in love I have met you again,
Me you cannot distinguish from rancorous men.
As for me, I am able, oh name-bearing king!
Any horse out of one hundred thousand to bring.
With wisdom and judgment as herdsman I serve;
Do you, in like manner, your own flock preserve!"
In that capital anarchy causes distress,
Where the plans of the king than the herdsman's are less.

Story

(ON HEARING COMPLAINTS).

When will you give ear to a suppliant's cry?
Your bed-chamber roof is in Saturn, on high.
So sleep, that lamenting may come to your ear,
Should a suppliant carry his clamouring near.
He complains of the tyrant who lives in your reign;
For each wrong he commits unto you will pertain.
The skirt of the trav'ller, the dog did not tear,
But the ignorant peasant who reared him with care.
Oh *Sādi!* in speech you have shown yourself bold;
The victory win! since the sabre you hold.

Declare what you know! for truth spoken is best;
You do not take bribes; pious frauds you detest.
From the volume wash sense, if you keep your tongue still;
Let craving be snapped and declare what you will.

Story

(OF A KING OF BABYLON AND THE BEGGAR).

A king of *Irāk*[1] with the news was supplied,
That under his palace a mendicant cried:—
"You, too, at a door sit with hope in your eyes;
Hence, the hope of the poor at your door, realize!
The afflicted in heart, from their bondage relieve!
That your own heart may never have reason to grieve.
The implorer for justice, heart-broken from grief,
By the state of the provinces measures the chief.
You have slept cool at noon in your private retreat;
To the poor out of door say, 'Be burned in the heat!'
The Lord for that person will justice obtain,
Who has justice implored from the monarch in vain."

Story

(OF IBN-ABDUL-AZĪZ, AND HIS SIGNET RING).

Of people discreet, one among the grandees,
A story relates of *Ibn-Abdul-Azīz*:—
His ring had a stone in its centre, so rare,
That the jeweller could not its value declare.

[1] *Irāk*, Babylon.

At night, you'd have said that that world-lighting ray,
Was a gem that in brightness resembled the day.
It happened one year that a famine set in,
And full-moon-like men as the crescent grew thin.
When of comfort and strength he saw men dispossessed,
He thought it unmanly that he should have rest.
When in ev'ry one's mouth one sees poison, alas!
Adown his own throat when will sweet water pass?
He ordered, they bartered the jewel for gold,
For he pitied the orphan, the poor, and the old.
For the space of a week he gave money, like spoil,
To the poor and the needy and weak of the soil.
The censurers blamed him for doing amiss,
Saying, "Hope not again for a jewel like this!"
I have heard that he said—and a shower of tears
Trickled down his pale cheeks, as a candle appears—
"Very ugly an ornament shows on the king,
Whose subjects are tortured by Poverty's sting.
A ring without gems is becoming to me;
The people's hearts sad 'tis unpleasant to see."
He is happy who tries man and woman to please,
And prefers others' joy to his own selfish ease.
Those cherishing virtue no eagerness show
For delight to themselves, wrung from other men's woe.
If the monarch sleeps happy, reclined on his throne,
To the poor, I suspect, soothing sleep is unknown.
And if through the night-long he vigils should keep,
In comfort and pleasure his subjects will sleep.
And, praise be to God! this right nature and road,
On *Atábak-Bū-Băkăr-Bin-Sád* are bestowed.
Of tumult in Persia, one sees not a trace,
Excepting the moon-visaged's figure and face.
A song of five couplets I heard with delight,
That was sung at a musical party last night.

Song.

Last night I had pleasure in life for a space,
For that moon-visaged maiden was in my embrace.
On perceiving that sleep had bewildered her head,
"Oh slumber transported, beloved one!" I said;
"Wash slumber away from your eyes, for a while!
Like the nightingale sing! like the rose-blossom smile!
Oh plague of the world! why thus, sleeping, recline?
Come and bring with you some of last night's ruby wine!"
Bewildered through sleep, she beheld me and spake:—
"You call me a trouble, and say, 'Keep awake!'"
In the days of the monarch of luminous mind,
None again will the nuisance of wakefulness find.

Story

(OF ATÁBAK TUKLA, SON OF SÁD ZANGI).

In the records of monarchs of yore, it is shown
That when *Tukla* succeeded to Zangi's great throne,
In his reign not a person another could touch—
He excelled if he only accomplished this much.
He once to a pious believer thus spoke:—
"My life to the present has ended in smoke.
When country, position, and throne disappear,
From the world none takes riches, except the *Făkīr.*[1]
To sit in the corner of worship I'm fain,
And turn to account the '*five days*'[2] that remain."

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[1] *Făkīr*, a religious mendicant.
[2] "Five days," refers to the period between birth and death.

When the wise man of luminous soul heard this stuff,
In a towering rage, he said, "*Tukla*, enough !
Save in ruling your subjects, no path you possess;
Not in rosaries, carpets, nor mendicant's dress.
On your own royal throne you must tarry secure,
And the rank of a Dervish by virtues procure.
In intention and truth with your loins girt be found;
Let your tongue 'gainst desires and pretensions be bound !
It is right to advance in the Faith and not boast;
For to brag and not act, is a wind-bag, at most.
The nobles, who Purity's money possessed,
In tatters, like these, under mantles were dressed."

Story

(OF THE SULTAN OF RUM).

I have heard that *Rum's* Sultan with tears in his eyes,
Said in presence of one who was pious and wise :—
"By the hand of my foe of all strength I'm bereft,
There is nought, save this city and fort, with me left.
I have worked very hard that my child in my stead,
Should be chief of the Council as soon as I'm dead.
Now the foe of base breeding has put me to rout,
And my fingers of manhood are twisted about.
What course shall I follow ? what remedy prove,
That from body and soul I may sorrow remove ?"
The sage became vexed, saying, "Why do you cry ?
At such wisdom and pluck, it becomes one to sigh !
Your country ! What is it ? Subdue your own fears !
For 'tis sure to be better and greater by years.
This much is sufficient for you, to live on;
The world is another's as soon as you're gone.

Your son may be wise or he may be a muff—
Do not bother! he'll bear his own grief well enough!
It repays not the trouble to be the Earth's head—
To seize with the sword and let go when you're dead.
Take care of yourself! that as sapience shows;
And he who succeeds you will bear his own woes.
With the '*five days*' of grace that are left, do not play!
By reflection, arrange to depart on your way.
Of the monarchs of Persia, whom now do you know?
For they practised oppression on high and on low.
Whose kingdom and throne will not suffer decay?
No kingdom, except the Almighty's, will stay.
No person need hope to remain here secure,
For even the earth will not always endure.
If a person has silver and gold and supplies,
Under foot they'll be trodden, soon after he dies.
Hence, mercy incessantly reaches the soul
Of the person, whose goodness continues to roll.
The man of distinction, who left a good name,
Since he died not, could unto the pious exclaim:—
'That you nurse Liberality's tree, have a care!
And Felicity's fruit you will certainly share.
Bestow! that, to-morrow, when justice they mete,
Becoming your kindness, they[1] give you a seat.'
The man who, in running, has striven the most,
At the Court of the Lord gets the loftiest post.
If a man be a traitor and conscious of shame,
He conceals it as though he possessed a good name.
Till his teeth bite the back of his hand, let him sin!
An oven so hot and no bread shut within!
At the time of removing the grain, you will read
That it argues neglect, not to sow any seed."

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[1] "They" refers to the Fates.

Story

(OF A SYRIAN RECLUSE).

On the border of Syria a famed man of God,
Apart from the world, made a cave his abode.
Resigned in that corner—a gloomy retreat—
On Contentment's rich treasure, he planted his feet.
The notables laid their proud heads at his door,
For inside their portals his head did not soar.
The fair-dealing hermit has this in his eye,
That in beggary, greed from his spirit may fly.
When his breath ev'ry moment says—"Give me, in haste!"
They direct him from village to village disgraced.
In the land where this prudent recluse had his cell,
A tyrannical governor happened to dwell;
Who by violence twisted the fingers behind,
Of all the poor men he was able to find.
A tyrant unmerciful, void of all fear;
By his harshness a world's faces frowning appear.
A multitude fled from that outrage and shame,
And disclosed to the world his iniquitous name.
A number, heart-wounded and wretched, remained,
And in rear of their spinning-wheels, curses they rained.
In the place where the hand of Oppression goes far,
You behold not men's lips, from their laughing, ajar.
To see the old Saint, oft the chief would repair;
But the Pietest looked as if no one were there.
The chief once addressed him—"Oh favoured by Fate!
Do not harden your face on account of your hate!
That it is my design to befriend you, you know;
On my account, therefore, why enmity show?

I do not presume to be chief in the land,
But in honour, not less than the Dervish I stand.
To be ranked above others I do not lay claim;
As to others you are, unto me, be the same!"
The intelligent worshipper heard this remark;
He was angry and answered, "Oh governor, hark!
By your presence, distress to the people extends;
I reckon not scourges of people my friends.
You are hostile to those who are friendly to me;
That you are my friend, I'm unable to see.
Supposing I did on you friendship bestow;
What then? Since by God you are counted a foe!"
If from one of God's chosen the skin they should rend,
The enemy will not be friend of the *Friend.*
I'm amazed how that hard-hearted person can sleep,
Since a city through him lies in misery deep.
If virtue and wisdom and sense in you dwell,
Be ready in liberal acts to excel!

Story

(ON OPPRESSING THE WEAK).

Oh tyrant! from crushing the helpless refrain!
For the world in one mode does not always remain.
The fingers of one who is weak, do not twist!
For should he prevail, you will cease to exist.
Degrade not a man from his rank, I repeat!
For weak you will be, if you fall from your seat.
The hearts of friends, happy, are better than gold,
And a treasury, empty, than men in Grief's hold.
With another's affairs do not meddle at all!
For it may be that, oft, at his feet you will fall.

Oh weak one! be patient with one who is strong!
For you may be more powerful than he is ere long.
Bring destruction by pray'r from the tyrannous wight!
For pray'r's arm is better than hands that have might.
Bid not smile, the dry lips of the people oppressed!
For the tyrant's foul fangs from their sockets they'll wrest.
At the sound of the drum the rich man woke, at last;
Does he know how the night of the watchman has passed?
The traveller shows for his own load concern;
For his ass's galled back, his hard heart does not yearn.
I admit you are none of the down-fallen band;
When you see one has fallen why impotent stand?
On this topic I'll tell you a story I know;
For to pass from the subject would negligence show.

Story

(ON KINDNESS TO THE POOR WHEN YOU HAVE PLENTY).

Such a famine, one year, in Damascus arose,
That friends passed each other, as if they were foes.
The sky had so miserly been to the ground,
That moisture on fields or on palms was not found.
The fountains, that long had existed, were dry;
No water, save that in the orphan boy's eye.
If smoke from a chimney arose to the sky,
It was only the poor widow woman's sad sigh.
I saw that the trees, like the poor, were stripped bare;
That the strong armed were weak and in wretched despair.
The hills showed no verdure, the gardens no shoots;
The locusts ate gardens, and men ate those brutes.
I met an old friend, in this season of moans;
His body had shrivelled to skin and to bones.

I was greatly surprised, for his means were not small;
He had rank, and had money, and stores at his call.
I said:—"Oh companion! of character pure,
Explain the affliction you have to endure!"
He roared at me, saying, "Oh where is your sense?
When you know and you ask, you commit an offence.
Don't you see that affliction has reached to excess;
That no bounds can restrict the amount of distress.
From the heav'ns there descends not a shower of rain;
Not a sigh goes aloft from the poor who complain."
I replied:—"You at least have no reason to fear—
The poison destroys when no antidote's near—
If another through want has been vanquished by death,
You have food; does the duck heed the hurricane's breath?"
The holy man gave me a look, full of pain;
Like the look of the wise on the ignorant swain;
Saying, "Friend! though a man the sea-shore may have found,
He does not rejoice, when his comrades are drowned.
Not from absence of means has my face become pale;
Concern for the starving has made my heart quail.
I do not desire that a wise man should scan
A wound on his limbs, or the limbs of a man.
And praise be to God; though from wounds I am free,
My body still shakes, if a wound I should see.
Imbittered's the joy of a man who is well,
Who alongside a paralyzed patient must dwell.
When I see the necessitous poor go unfed,
On my palate, like poison and dregs is my bread.
If you carry one's friends to a dungeon and chains,
What pleasure for him in the garden remains?"

Story

(ON CONCERN FOR OTHERS).

The sighs of the people one night raised a fire;
Half *Baghdād*, I have heard, was consumed in its ire.
A person gave thanks, midst the smoke and the dust,
Saying, " Harm has not come to my shop from the gust."
A man of experience said : " Mine of disgrace !
In you, not a grief but for self, has a place.
That a town should be burned up by fire, you delight,
Although at the border there wanders a blight."
Who his stomach would stuff but the heartless, alone,
When he sees others' stomachs compressed with a stone?[1]
Will the rich man himself eat that morsel, so sweet,
When he sees that the poor their own blood have to eat?
Do not say that the sick nurse is hearty and whole:
For he twists like a patient, from anguish of soul.
When the friends of " Kind Heart " the wished resting-place find,
He sleeps not, for others are struggling behind.
The hearts of good kings become burdened, alas !
When they see in the quagmire the thorn-bearing ass.
If a man in Felicity's mansion reside,
One letter from *Sádi* suffices to guide.
It suffices for you, if observance you show—
"*You cannot reap jasmines if briars you sow.*"

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[1] It was the custom for poor people to tie a stone on the stomach to relieve the pangs of hunger.

Discourse

(ON OPPRESSION).

Of the Persian *Khusraus*[1] do you knowledge possess?
For all 'neath their sway, they did sorely oppress.
Their splendour and royalty suffered decay;
Their oppression of villagers vanished away.
Observe the mistake which the tyrant's hand sped:
The world lives and he, with his foul deeds, is dead.
Oh blessed is the king on the great Judgment Day,
Who within the throne's shade is permitted to stay!
To the tribe who appreciate goodness, the Lord
Gives a king who with justice and wisdom is stored.
When He wishes to change to a desert the land,
He delivers the State to the tyrant's harsh hand.
Pious men, full of cautiousness, therefore, suppose
That the anger of God, through the tyrant's hand shows.
From Him know that greatness and gratitude spring;
If ungrateful for favours, they'll quickly take wing.
In the glorious book, you yourself must have read,
That in thankfulness bounty continues to spread.
If you've tendered your thanks for your riches and state,
You'll get wealth and a kingdom that will not abate.
And should you be tyrannous during your reign,
A beggar's estate, after empire, you'll gain.
It becomes not a king, in soft slumber, to rest,
While the weak by the strong are unjustly oppressed.
On the people one grain of distress do not bring!
For they are the flock and the shepherd's the king.
When war and injustice through him they sustain,
He's a wolf, not a shepherd; of him they complain.

[1] *Khusrau*, name of a Persian dynasty.

The king who, on subjects, Oppression's hand laid,
Departed unhappy and malice displayed.
If you wish not that men should behind you revile,
Be good, so that none can declare you have guile!

Story

(OF THE TWO ROYAL BROTHERS—ONE JUST, THE OTHER TYRANNICAL).

I have heard that in one of the states of the West,
Two brothers once lived who one father possessed,—
Army leading and proud and of elephant size,
Good-looking and learned, clever swordsmen likewise.
The father found both of them terrible boys;
Fond of galloping horses and war's angry noise.
Forthwith he divided the kingdom in twain—
Gave a half to each son, over which he might reign—
Lest one 'gainst the other should rise up to fight,
And seize, to do battle, the sabre of spite.
The father then summed up his years in his mind;
To the Giver of Life his sweet life he resigned.
The Fates, then, his tent-ropes of hope cut away,
And death bound securely the hands of his sway.
Two kings were appointed to rule in that State;
For the treasure and number of soldiers were great.
Each, according to what appeared best, in his view,
Made arrangements his own special course to pursue.
One justice, to win a good name for himself;
The other, oppression, to treasure up pelf.
One made a good nature the guide of his reign;
Gave gold and took care of the indigent swain;

Built hostels, gave bread, and to soldiers was kind,
And for beggars, at night, a night refuge designed.
To perfect his army his treasure he spent—
Like holiday folks who on pleasure are bent.
To the sky rose, like thunder, the shouts of applause;
Like in *Bū-Băkăr-Sád's* time, the town of *Shirāz.*
A wise prince was he, with a nature serene;
May the branch of his hope ever fruitful be seen!
Hear the story about the magnanimous lad:
His footsteps were happy, his nature was glad.
He promoted the comfort of high and of low;
Praised the Maker at dawn and at evening's red glow.
All over the country, *Karūn*,[1] fearless, went;
For the monarch was just and the poor were content.
Not a harm at a heart, all the time he survived,
From a thorn, not to mention a rose-leaf, arrived.
By the aid of the Lord, hostile chiefs lost the day,
And the leaders submitted themselves to his sway.
The other desired to enrich throne and crown,
And by raising the taxes ground villagers down.
For the riches of merchants he avarice showed;
On the life of the helpless calamity strewed.
I mean not to say he wished ill to the poor;
But he treated himself like a foe, to be sure.
He, hoping for increase, nor gave nor ate food.
The sage is aware that his plans were not good;
For before he could gather that gold by foul play,
His army, from weakness, had dwindled away.
At the ears of the merchants the rumour arrives,
That abuse in the land of this worthless one thrives.
From that country all buying and selling they turned;
The fields became barren, the husbandmen burned.

---

[1] *Karūn* or *Kōrah*, cousin of Moses, noted for his wealth. A name applied to misers.

From his friendship when Fortune averted her face,
His foes, of necessity, worked his disgrace.
The warring of Heav'n his uprootal soon planned,
And the hoof of the enemy's horse ploughed his land.
In whom seeks he faith, since the treaty he tore?
From whom asks he tax, since the peasant's no more?
What good can that sinful one covet to share,
When, after him, curses resound through the air?
Since his fortune was bad, from the day he was born,
The advice of the worthy he treated with scorn.
And what said the good to that "virtuous" man—
"The fruit you can eat! for no wrong-doer can."
His thoughts were depraved and his plans came to nought,
For in justice dwelt that, which in harshness he sought.

Story

(ON OPPRESSION).

One was cutting the branches and trunk of a tree;
The lord of the garden his doings did see.
He said, "If the work of this person is vile,
Himself, and not me, he is hurting, the while."
Advice is salvation, if taken aright;
Overthrow not the weak with the shoulder of might!
For, to-morrow, to God as a king will be borne
The beggar, that now, you'd not value one corn.
Since you wish that you may on the morrow be great,
Do not sink your own foe to a humble estate!
For when this dominion shall pass from your grasp,
That beggar your skirt, out of malice, will clasp.
At oppressing the feeble, take care not to aim;
For, should they prevail, you'll be covered with shame.

E

In the view of the noble of mind, it is base
At the hand of the fallen to suffer disgrace.
Enlightened and fortunate men of renown,
Have obtained by their wisdom the throne and the crown.
In the wake of the true, do not crookedly steer!
And if Truth you desire, unto *Sádi* give ear!

[Story

(ON THE HAPPY TIMES OF THE CONTENTED POOR).

Do not say that no rank is than empire more great;
For the Dervish's realm is the happiest state!
The man lightly burdened will swifter proceed;
This is truth, and the good to the saying give heed.
The grief of a loaf, the poor beggar sustains;
To a world, the distress of a monarch attains.
When food for the ev'ning the beggar has found,
As the king of Damascus, he'll slumber as sound.
Both sorrow and gladness to end are inclined,
And will vanish together at death, from the mind.
What matters it then, whom the multitude crowned?
What matters it then, who the tax money found?
If a noble should soar over Saturn on high,
Or a destitute man in a dungeon should lie;
When both are attacked by the Army of Fate,
Which is one which the other no mortal can state.

Story

(ON THE TRANSITORINESS OF GREATNESS).

I have heard that a skull in the Tigris, one day,
Conversed with a servant of God, in this way:—

"The splendour of monarchy, once, I possessed;
By the head-dress of greatness my temples were pressed.
The sky gave assistance and Vict'ry was pleased;
With the arm of Good Fortune, I Babylon seized.
I had cherished a longing to conquer *Kirmān*,[1]
But the worms ate my head and so thwarted my plan.
From your mind's lug, the cotton of negligence clear!
For advice from the dead now arrives at your ear."

On Doing Good and Evil, and the Result.

A man who does good has no evil to fear;
No person does evil that good may appear.
The promoters of sin, also, wickedly roam,
Like scorpions, that seldom get back to their home.
If your nature is such that it benefits none;
The jewel and stone, in like manner are one.
I am wrong, oh companion, of temp'rament sweet!
In a face, stone and iron, you profit will meet.
Such a man's better dead than enduring the shame,
That a stone can than him greater excellence claim.
Not each son sprung from Adam surpasses the beast;
For a brute is less vile than a villain, at least.
A man who is wise, leaves the beast far behind—
Not the being who, brute-like, attacks his own kind.
When a man knows of eating and sleeping alone,
Over beasts, in what way is his excellence shown?
From the ill-fated horseman, who galloped astray,
The footman, in walking, the prize bore away.

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[1] *Kirmān* means worms, and *Kirmān* is the name of the capital of Caramania, famous for its steel. There is a play on the word *Kirmān*.

No person has sown generosity's seed,
Who reaps not, in harvest, befitting his need.
I never have heard, since my lifetime began,
That goodness comes forth to reward the bad man.

Story

(OF AN OPPRESSING CHIEF).

Down a well, once, had fallen a champion of fame,
From whose dread the male tiger a tigress became.
An ill-wisher of men, nought but evil could see;
He fell; and observed none more helpless than he.
The night-long, from wailing and weeping, awake;
Some one battered his head with a stone, and thus spake:—
"Did you ever the wrongs of a person redress,
That to-day you are asking for aid in distress?
You have sown all the seed, in atrocity steeped;
Take a look at the fruit you've in consequence reaped!
To your soul, sad and wounded, who salve would apply,
When hearts from your wounding still, suffering, cry?
Since you dug for our service a pit in the way,
Down into a well you have fallen, to-day."
Two people dig wells for the high and the low;
One of good disposition, the other a foe.
One to moisten the throats of the thirsty, withal;
The other that people down headlong may fall.
If you sin, do not hope any goodness to see!
For grapes will not grow from a Tamarisk tree!
Oh you who in Autumn your barley will sow,
I don't think you'll reap wheat when the time comes to mow!
If the thorny *Zakūm* with your life you should train,
Do not think that a *quince* from its boughs you'll obtain!

The rare, luscious date, or the colocynth fruit ;
In the seed which you scatter, your hope you should put.

Story

(OF HAJĀJ[1] AND THE RIGHTEOUS MAN).

Of one of the God-fearing people, they say
That he did not respect to *Hajāj-Yusuf* pay.
He gave the court headsman a look of command,
Saying, "Spread out his leather and sprinkle his sand!"[2]
When argument fails the tyrannical wight,
He draws up his face into wrinkles, for fight.
The godly man smiled, and then wept bitter tears ;
The hard-hearted dullard astonished appears.
When *Hajāj* saw him smile and again saw him cry,
He asked, "Why these smiles and these tears in your eye?"
He replied, "I am weeping, for Fate's at my door,
And of helpless young children, I'm bringing up four.
I smile, that by favour of God, the most pure,
I die the oppressed, not the heartless pursuer."
Some one said, "Oh illustrious king of the land,
Beware! and withdraw from this peasant your hand!
For a fam'ly in him have their succour and stay ;
It is wrong that a tribe, all at once, you should slay.
Magnanimity, pardon, and kindness pursue!
Keep the innocent age of his children in view!
Perhaps you've become your own family's foe,
Since, when harm comes to families, pleasure you show!

---

[1] *Hajāj*, a notorious tyrant who ruled over Arabian *Irāk*, under the caliph *Abdul-Mālik*, A.D. 685.

[2] When a person was to be executed he knelt on a skin of leather sprinkled over with sand to soak up the blood.

Do not think that with hearts sorely scorched by your brand,
When the 'last day' arrives you will justified stand!
The oppressed has not slept; of his sobs have a care!
Of the sighs of his heart in the morning, beware!
You fear not lest one of the holy, one night,
From his hot, burning liver should cry, 'Lord, requite!'"
In passion he flourished his hands on him, so,
That the arguing hand of *Hajāj* was bound low.
Did not Satan do ill and no good on him smiled?
Pure fruit will not spring from a seed that's defiled.
In the season of war, tear not any one's screen!
For to you may belong some dishonour, unseen.
Against tiger-like men do not enter the lists,
When you cannot prevail over boys with your fists!
I have heard that he list not and caused him to die;
From the orders of God, who can know how to fly?
At night, a wise man in that thought went to bed,
And saw in a dream the poor martyr, who said:—
"His torture of me, in a moment was passed;
But torture on him, till the '*Judgment*' will last."

Story

(ON OPPRESSION).

A person was giving advice to his son:—
"The counsels of those who are wise, do not shun!
Oh son! do not trample on those who are small!
For a giant, some day, on your own head may fall.
Oh short-witted boy! do you feel no dismay,
Lest a tiger should tear you to pieces some day?
In the days of my youth I was pow'rful in arm,
And the hearts of my subjects through me suffered harm.

I encountered a blow from one strong among men,
And the weak have not felt my oppression again."

Remarks

(ON THE RESPONSIBILITY OF RULERS).

Take care, lest you carelessly slumber! for sleep
Is forbid to the chief, with the tribe in his keep.
Take care, that the grief of your subjects you share!
And fear, lest the vengeance of Time you should bear!
Advice that, devoid of self-int'rest, one sees,
Is like drugs that are bitter, repelling disease.

Story

(OF THE KING AFFLICTED WITH TAPEWORM).

Of one of the monarchs, a tale they relate,
Who by worms was reduced to a spindle-like state.
His weakness of body had lowered him, so,
That he envied the meanest of those who are low.
Though the king has a name that is famous in chess,
When weakness arrives, than the pawn he is less.
A courtier *saláámed*[1] to the monarch, and said:—
"May the life of the sov'reign for ever be sped!
There lives in this city a man of blest life—
Among men who are pious, his peers are not rife,—
Not a person his burden before him has brought,
Who, at once, has not gained the intention he sought.
Bid him come! that a suitable pray'r he may try;
For mercy descends to the earth from the sky."

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[1] *Saláámed* here means that he kissed the ground before the king.

He so ordered, that servants exalted in place,
Went and summoned the Elder of fortunate pace.
"Oh sage," said the monarch, "a prayer repeat!
With the tapeworm I'm, needle-like, bound by the feet."
The crook-backed philosopher heard this remark;
With harshness he uttered a shout, saying, "Hark!
God favours the man who from justice won't swerve,
Grant pardon and God's own forgiveness observe!
In my praying for you, when would profit be found?
You hold captives oppressed, and in dark dungeons bound.
No act of forgiveness to men your life shows;
By riches, when will you experience repose?
Ask pardon, you must, for the laws you've transgressed,
And then, from *Sheikh-Sālih* a prayer request!
How can his beseeching be useful to you,
While the pray'rs of the wretched your footsteps pursue?"
The Monarch of Persia heard all this discourse,
And from anger and shame felt an ireful remorse;
He was vexed, and then turned the affair in his head—
"Why grieve I? 'tis true what the Dervish has said!"
He commanded, and all whom in bonds they could see,
By his order were quickly allowed to go free.
The sage, after two inclinations in pray'r,
The hands of beseeching, to God, thus laid bare:—
"Oh Thou who supportest the sky in Thy hand!
Thou hast seized him in war, now in peace let him stand!"
He was still in this attitude, praying profound,
When the fallen sick man jumped erect on the ground.
You'd have said that from gladness he wished to take wing—
Like the Peacock, who saw not his leg in a string.
He commanded; and treasure and jewels they spread
On the ground at his feet, also under his head.
The true for the sake of the false, do not hide!
He emptied his skirt of the whole, and then cried:—

" Do not travel, hereafter, in Tyranny's train,
That you may not be seized by the tapeworm again ! "
When once you have fallen, look after your feet !
That you may not again tumble down from your seat.
To *Sádi* give ear ! in this saying truth lies—
" The man who falls down, does not always arise."

On the Transitoriness of the World.

The world is a realm that is transient, oh son !
Do not hope for fidelity here, for there's none !
Did not Solomon's throne, on the wind swiftly fly,
Both morning and ev'ning (on him safety lie !),
And have you not seen that it vanished at last ?
Happy he, who with knowledge and justice has passed !
From the centre, the man bore Prosperity's ball,
Who laboured to comfort the great and the small.
The people were useful who held the fruit fast ;
Not those who collected and left it, at last.

Story

(OF AN EGYPTIAN KING).

I have heard that in Egypt a king who was great,
Was attacked in his prime by the army of Fate.
In his cheek, heart-illuming, the beauty decayed ;
Pale as bread he became, and then Fate he obeyed.
Philosophers learned bit the hand of Regret,
For in Physic, no medicine for death could they get.
Ev'ry kingdom and throne must submit to decay,
Save the kingdom of God, which will not pass away.

When the day of his life was approaching to night,
They heard, as he spoke in a voice very slight :—
"There has not been in Egypt a monarch like me;
Since the upshot is this, it was nothing, you see.
I conquered the world, but no fruit did I find:
I go, like a pauper, and leave it behind!"
One of praiseworthy wisdom, who gave and enjoyed,
The world, for the sake of himself, has employed.
Strive for that which will always beside you appear!
For all that is left you, is sorrow and fear.
The Magnate, reclined on the life-melting bed,
Shows one hand contracted, the other outspread;
When his tongue was by terror from speaking confined,
The meaning he then with his hands to you signed :—
"One hand in bestowing and kindness make long!
And the other contract, in oppression and wrong!"
Now that you have a hand, others' sorrow delete!
For when will your hand leave the white winding sheet?
The Sun, Moon and Pleiades long will illume,
Ere you raise up your head from its prop in the tomb.

Story

(OF KÍZIL-ARSLÁN AND HIS FORT).

King *Kízil-Arslān*[1] a strong castle once held,
The height of whose head that of *Alwănd*[2] excelled.
No concern for a soul, not a want did betide—
Its path was all twists, like the curls of a bride.
It stood in a garden, attractive and rare,
Like an egg on a platter of blue earthenware.

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[1] *Kízil-Arslān*, a king of Persia.

[2] *Alwănd*, a mountain in Persia, supposed to have been sixteen miles in height!

A person of presence benign, I've heard say,
To visit the king, came a long, tedious way.
A man of experience and versed in the true—
A person of skill, who had roamed the Earth through.
Kízil said, "'Mong the places in which you have been,
Such another strong fortress as this, have you seen?"
He, smiling, replied—"True, this fort lovely shows,
But that it is strong, I by no means suppose.
Did not chiefs of renown hold it previous to you?
For a time they existed, then vanished from view!
After you, in like mode, other kings will have sway,
And the fruit of the tree of your hope take away.
Remember the time of your own father's reign,
And your heart from the bonds of concern free again!
Fortune forces him so in a corner to sit,
That he has not the spending of one copper bit.
When hopeless of persons and things he had grown,
In the favour of God was his hope set alone.
In a wise man's opinion, the Earth is a weed
That remains with each man but a moment, indeed."

Story of a Madman.

(HIS REMARKS.)

A madman in Persia, the following said
To Cyrus: "Oh heir, of the realm of *Jamshed!*
If kingdom and fortune with *Jam* had remained,
The crown and the throne, when would you have obtained?
If the wealth of *Karūn* you were able to save,
It remains not; you take what in bounty you gave."

Story

(OF KIZIL-ARSĂLĀN'S FATHER).

When the spirit of *Alp-Arsălān*[1] to God fled,
His son placed th' Imperial Crown on his head.
Alp was borne from the throne to the tomb and there shut;
He had no sitting-place and no archery-butt.
A madman sagacious, was heard, thus, to say,
When he saw the son riding a charger next day—
"Well done ! State and Reign of the head the tomb mews;
The father has gone and the son's in his shoes."
The revolving of Time has but one tale to tell—
It is fleeting, unstable and lying, as well.
When the man, full of days, brought his life to a close,
The promising youth from his cradle arose.
Put no trust in the world ! for a stranger it roams,
Like the minstrel, who, daily, resides in fresh homes.
Unfit is the pleasure a sweetheart supplies,
With whom, ev'ry morning, a fresh husband lies.
Show kindness this year, while the village is thine;
To another, the village, next year, you resign.

Story on Oppression.

(THE TYRANNICAL KING AND THE VILLAGER.)

In the confines of *Ghor* an oppressor held sway,
Who by force, took the villagers' asses away.
The asses, unfed, under burdens of weight,
After two days of hardship, submitted to Fate.

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[1] *Alp-Arsălān*, a descendant of the Siljook kings of Persia.

When Fortune has wealth on a caitiff bestowed,
On the heart of the poor she deposits a load.
If a self-lover's roof should some altitude show,
He throws rubbish and pisses on roofs that are low.
I have heard that intending to hunt, round about,
The tyrannical ruler one morning set out.
In pursuit of his quarry he galloped amain,
And night overtook him, remote from his train.
Unattended, he knew not the place nor the way,
And was forced, for the night, in a village to stay.
He saw a fleet ass, that was fit for the road,
That was willing and strong and could bear a good load.
A man with a bone in his hand was so thrashing
And beating the beast, that its bones he was smashing.
The king waxing wroth, said, "Oh youth! I beseech!
You are harsh beyond bounds to this brute without speech;
Because you have strength, do not show yourself vain!
And from testing your might on the fallen, refrain!"
The ignorant swain did not like this remark,
And shouting with awe at the monarch, said, "Hark!
In adopting this measure I have an intent;
Since you know not, be off! and pursue your own bent!
Many men, at first sight, whom you would not excuse,
On inquiry, are found to be right in their views."
 The reproof he administered ruffled the king;
He said to him, "Come! are you right in this thing?
I'm afraid you're a stranger to wisdom, my lad:
You do not seem drunk, but you look as if mad."
He smiled, saying, "Ignorant Turk, not a word!
The story of *Khizir* you may not have heard?
Not a man called him mad, no one said he was drunk,
Then why were the poor people's boats by him sunk?"
The monarch replied, "Oh tyrannical one!
Do you know why that action by *Khizir* was done?

A tyrannical man had his residence there,
From whom, people's hearts were an ocean of care.
At his actions, the isles in lamenting engaged;
A world at his hand, like the ocean enraged.
Out of policy *Khizir* the boats all destroyed,
That they by the tyrant might not be employed.
To have property, damaged, within your control,
Is better than that, with your enemy whole."
The peasant of luminous mind smiled, and said :—
"Oh Chief! then, the truth is with me on this head.
I break not, from folly, the legs of the ass,
But because of a tyrant's oppression, alas!
A lame ass in this place, though enduring Care's sting,
Is better than that, bearing loads for the king.
That he seized all the boats, you've omitted to say,
And acquired a bad name, that will haunt him for aye.
Oh fie! such a king and the State where he reigns!
For a curse on his head till the Judgment remains.
Upon his own body, the tyrant works ill,
And not on the poor who submit to his will.
In To-morrow's assembly for all, when he stands,
He will seize on his collar and beard with his hands;
On his neck the vast load of his crimes he will place,
And he wont raise his head on account of disgrace.
His burden the ass carries now, I admit;
How on him, on that day, will the ass's load sit?
If you ask for the truth, then, ill-fated is he,
Who in others' distress his own comfort can see.
But a few days of pleasure to him will pertain,
Whose gladness depends on his fellow-men's pain.
If that heart without life did not rise, it were good;
For because of him, men sleep in sorrowful mood."
The king heard it all but no answer expressed;
Tied his horse, laid his head on his *Numda*,[1] to rest.

[1] *Numda*, a felt cloth between the saddle and horse's back.

He was wakeful all night, counting stars in the skies;
From passion and thinking, sleep closed not his eyes.
When he heard the cock crow, at the dawning of day,
The distress of the night quickly vanished away.
The horsemen, all night, kept patrolling around,
And at dawn saw his horse's hoof-prints on the ground.
They beheld the king riding his steed on the plain;
To his presence, on foot, ran the whole of his train.
In devotion they bowed their heads low on the sand;
From the surging of troops, like the sea was the land.
The courtiers sit down and refreshments demand;
They ate and a festive assembly they planned.
When the sound of the mirth on the king had effect,
On the swain of last night, he began to reflect.
He commanded, they searched for and bound him apace;
At the foot of the throne, threw him down in disgrace.
The headsman unsheathed his dire sabre, so keen;
By the doomed one, no way of escape could be seen.
He reckoned that moment of life as his last,
And boldly disclosed what within his mind passed.—
Don't you see, when the knife to the summit is laid,
That the tongue of the pen far more fluent is made.
When one knows that he cannot escape from his foe,
From his quiver, the arrows he, fearless, will strew.—
He raised up his head in despair, and thus said:—
"In the thorp you can't sleep, on the night you are dead.
On account of the heartlessness seen in your age,
The world knows the violence in which you engage.
I alone do not curse your tyrannical reign,
But the people; of them, see in me but one slain!
It is strange that my words should have rankled your will;
Kill away, if the whole of mankind you can kill!
And if my reproaches come harsh to your mind,
With justice, uproot all oppression you find!

Your work is to drive all injustice away;
Not, a helpless and innocent person, to slay.
When you practise injustice, the hope do not hold
That your name through the world will with goodness be told.
I cannot conceive how you manage to sleep;
For those you oppressed have had vigils to keep.
Know! when will a monarch be honestly praised,
In whose court, all the people have flatt'ry's voice raised?
What avails the assembly's demonstrative praise!
While spinning their wheels, people malisons raise?"
The tyrannical king, to this lecture inclined;
From the maze of neglect, he recovered his mind.
In the village, where Fortune the truth to him showed,
He the office of chief on that peasant bestowed.
Such wisdom and manners, you cannot procure
From the learned, as you can from the fault-finding boor.
From foes hear your qualities; not from allies;
For whatever you do will seem good in their eyes.
Those singing your praises are friends, but in name;
And those who reprove you, true friendship can claim.
A sour-visaged person much better rebukes,
Than a good-natured friend, who has sweet-smiling looks.
Than this, none can tender you better advice;
And if you have wisdom, a hint will suffice.

Story

(OF MĀMŪN AND HIS SLAVE).

When the turn of *Māmūn*[1] to be Caliph arrived,
To purchase a beautiful maid he contrived—

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[1] *Māmūn*, son of the famous *Harūn-ar-rashīd*.

In body a rosebush, in visage a sun,
With the wisdom of sages, a frolicsome one.
On the blood of beloved ones, her fingers impinged;
Her nails with the juice of the jujube were tinged.
There appeared on her saint-luring eyebrows a dye,
Like a rainbow arched over the sun in the sky.
In the night-time, that idol, celestial in race,
Would not yield herself up to *Māmūn's* fond embrace.
Within him, the burning of rage mighty grew;
Her head, like the twins, he would fain cut in two.
She exclaimed, "Lo! my head, with the sword strike it free!
But indulge not in sleeping and rising with me!"
He asked her, "By whom has your mind been distressed?
What habit have I, that you seem to detest?"
She replied, "If you kill me or split up my head,
From the smell of your mouth I am sick and in dread;
The arrow of war, and oppression's sword hit
In a moment, a foul breath destroys bit by bit."
The fortunate chief heard this honest address:
He was greatly afflicted and writhed, in distress.
Though his heart, for the time, at her speaking was pained,
He took drugs and a breath sweet as rose-blossoms gained.
He made comrade and friend of the fairy-faced maid;
"For my faults she has told and a friend's part has played."
To me, it appears that the man is your friend,
Who points out the thorns on the way you must wend.
You succeed very well by declaring what's wrong;
Oppression is perfect and tyranny strong!
Whenever they tell not your faults to your face,
You in ignorance reckon your fault as a grace!
Do not say that sweet honey's a drug, that will suit
Any person, requiring some scammony root.
How well spoke the man, who had medicines to sell—
"You must drink bitter draughts if you wish to get well,

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Well strained through the sieve of the knowledge divine,
With the honey of Piety blended up fine."

The Fakīr and the King.

A Fakīr, I have heard, who was holy and kind,
Vexed the soul of a king, who was haughty in mind.
Very likely, a truth from his tongue had transpired
Concerning his pride, and his fury was fired.
From the Court to a dungeon he sent him away;
For the arm of a monarch is able to slay.
A friend sought his cell and, in secret, thus spoke :—
"The sayings you uttered could only provoke."
"Devotion's fulfilling God's orders," he said,
"I fear not the dungeon—an hour and 'tis fled."
The moment this secret, in secret got vent,
Straight back to the ears of the monarch it went.
With a smile, he replied, "His assumption is wrong;
Does he know that he'll die in that dungeon ere long?"
This message, a serf to the holy man gave;
He replied, "Give this answer to Cyrus, oh slave!
The world, too, for more than an hour won't remain—
Grief and Joy, in the holy no footing obtain.
If you grant me release, you'd not make me feel glad;
If my head you should sever, my heart won't be sad.
If to you troops and empire and treasure pertain,
And I have my children, hopes blighted, and pain,
When we come in our wand'ring to Death's open gate,
Together, as equals, a week we shall wait.
On the realm of 'five days,' do not let your heart dwell!
Do not foolishly burn your own body in hell!
Did not rulers before you more treasure obtain!
By injustice they burned up the world in their reign.

So live! that your name may be mentioned with praise;
That when dead, on your tomb none may malisons raise.
A law to bad customs you should not apply!
For, 'A curse on that nature depraved!' they will cry.
And if the strong man to dominion should rise,
Won't the dust of the grave keep him down when he
dies?"

For Oppression's sad victim, the tyrant decreed
That his innocent tongue from its root should be freed.
The truth-recognizing philosopher said:—
"About this, too, you mention, I cherish no dread.
My having no tongue will not cause me a woe;
For I'm sure, what's unspoken, the Maker will know.
If want or oppression I'm fated to bear,
And at last I am happy, why foster a care?
The season of grief is a bridal to you,
If, when your end comes, you have gladness in view."

Story

(OF A HARD-UP PUGILIST).

A pugilist's means of support were not good—
For supper or breakfast no suitable food:
From his stomach's demands, he bore clay on his back,
For his fists could not find him in rations, alack!
He had ever, because of his sorrowful plight,
A load on his heart, on his body a blight.
At one time, he warred with the world's wicked power;
At another, harsh Fate caused his face to look sour.
From observing, again, the sweet pleasure of all,
The large, bitter tears down his gullet would fall.
Again at his wretched affairs he would cry—
"Has any one seen such a live wretch as I?

On honey and chickens and kids, some are fed;
Not a pot-herb is seen on the face of my bread.
If you ask about justice, it must be a slur,
That, whereas I am naked, a cat has its fur.
Alas! if the Sky had such sympathy shown,
As into my keeping some wealth to have thrown;
For a time, I would, likely, have revelled in lust,
And brushed from my body Adversity's dust."
I have heard that one day he was digging the ground,
When a lower jaw-bone, that was rotten, he found.
The links of the chain were divided, throughout,
And the fine pearly teeth were all scattered about.
The mouth, without tongue, truth and secrets thus spoke:—
"Oh sir! you must bear Disappointment's sad stroke!
Is this not the state of the mouth under mud?
It may have eat sugar or drunk its heart's blood.
On account of the changes of Time, do not grieve!
For Time oft will change and not say, 'By your leave'!"
The moment his conscience this meaning divined,
Grief carried her baggage away from his mind.
"Oh spirit," he said, "void of wisdom and will,
Endure sorrow's load, but yourself do not kill!"
If a slave has a load on his head to support,
Or his head at the top of the sky he should sport,
At the moment his state becomes altered by death,
Both conditions will go from his head, at a breath.
Grief and gladness are fleeting, and yet it is sure
That good names, and the meed of all actions endure.
Beneficence lasts, not the crown and the throne;
Oh lucky one, give! for this lasts when you're gone.
Put your trust not in kingdom nor troops and display!
For before you they were and behind you will stay.
Scatter gold! since the world you will have to forego;
For *Sádi* strewed pearls, if no gold he could strew.

Story

(OF AN OPPRESSOR).

Of a wicked oppressor, a tale they relate,
That he exercised sov'reignty over a State.
In his reign people's days were as dark as the night;
And at night, people slept not, from terror and fright.
At his hand, pious men were all day in despair;
The holy, at night, held their hands up in pray'r.
In front of the *sheikh* of that period, a band
Said, weeping, because of the tyrant's harsh hand,
"Oh guide! in whom learning and wisdom appear,
Advise this young man that the Lord he should fear!"
He replied, "I am loath to declare the Friend's name;
For all are not worthy His message to claim."
When you find that a man thinks the truth is not right,
Oh sir! do not talk about truth to that wight!
  The Truth, oh wise king! I explained to you well;
To a God-fearing person, the Truth you can tell.
At teaching fools knowledge, I care not to toil;
For the seed I but waste in a profitless soil.
They think me a foe when it fails to take root,
And grieve in their hearts and molest me, to boot.
  Oh monarch! your aim is to do what is right;
Hence the heart of the truth-speaking person has might.
Oh favoured! a seal has a feature well known—
It makes an impression on wax, not on stone.
No wonder the tyrant through me suffers grief,
Since I am the watchman and he is the thief!
You, too, are a watchman in justice and right;
May the watching of God be your guard day and night!

Not yours is the favour, comparison says ;
To the Maker be thanksgiving, merit, and praise !
That in doing good works, He has kept you employed ;
And not left you, like others, with effort destroyed.
Ev'ry one in the plain of exertion may play,
But, the ball-of-bestowing, each bears not away.
By striving, you did not obtain Paradise ;
God caused a good nature within you to rise.
May your heart be enlightened and tranquil your time !
May your footing be sure and your rank be sublime !
May your lifetime be happy ! your going be fair !
Received be your worship ! and answered your prayer !

Remarks

(ON DEALING WITH ENEMIES).

Until your diplomacy terminates right,
It is better to flatter your foe, than to fight.
When, by force, you're unable to vanquish your foes,
By favours, the portal of strife you must close !
If you fear lest you be by an enemy stung,
With the charm of munificence, tie up his tongue !
Give your enemy money ! not thorns from a hedge !
For munificence blunts all the teeth that have edge.
By skill, you can coax and enjoy earthly bliss ;
The hand you can't bite, it is proper to kiss !
By management, *Rustam* will come to the noose,
From whose coil, *Aŝfăndyār*[1] could not cast himself loose.
You can find the occasion your foe's skin to rend ;
Take care of him ! then, as you would of a friend.

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[1] *Aŝfăndyār*, a Persian king, son of *Darius-Hystaspes*, lassoed by *Rustam*.

Be cautious in fighting with one you despise!
From a drop, I have oft seen a torrent arise.
While you can, let not knots on your eyebrows be seen!
An opponent is best as a friend, although mean.
His foe shows delight, and his friend shows distress,
Whose friends are, in count, than his enemies less.
With an army exceeding your own, do not fight!
For you can't with your finger a lancet's point smite.
And should you be stronger in war than your foe;
To the weak, 'tis unmanly oppression to show!
Though you've lion-like hands and an elephant's force,
Peace is better than war, as a matter of course.
When the hand has by ev'ry deception been torn,
The hand to the sword may be lawfully borne.
Should your foe wish for peace, his request do not spurn!
And should he seek battle, the reins do not turn!
For should he resolve to resist in the field,
The strength and the awe of a thousand you'll wield.
If his foot he has placed in the stirrup of war,
You won't be arraigned at the Great Judgment Bar.
Be prepared, too, for war, should sedition awake!
For kindness to blackguards is quite a mistake.
If you talk in an affable way to a wretch,
His presumption and arrogance higher will stretch.
When your enemy, vanquished, approaches your gate;
Cast revenge from your heart and cast ire from your pate!
You should kindness bestow when he asks for your care;
Be gracious! and of his deceptions, beware!
From an agèd man's counselling turn not away!
For he knows his work well who has lived to be grey!
And should they remove from its site the strong-hold—
The youth with the sword and with wisdom the old—
In the thick of the fight, bear a refuge in mind!
What know you which side will the victory find?

When you see that your army has lost in the strife,
Alone, do not cast to the wind your sweet life!
Should your place be the border, make running your care!
And if in the middle, the foe's raiment wear!
If you number two thousand—two hundred your foe,—
When night has arrived from his clime you should go!
At night, Fifty horsemen from lying in wait,
Like Five Hundred, a noise on the ground will create.
When you wish to accomplish some marches by night,
First, look for the ambushes, hidden from sight!
When one of two armies has marched for a day,
The strength from his hands will have dwindled away;
At your leisure the army exhausted attack!
For the fool has himself placed a load on his back.
When you've vanquished your foe, do not lower your flag!
Lest again he should gather his forces, and brag.
In pursuit of the fugitives, go not too far!
For you should not lose sight of your comrades in war.
When the air, from war's dust, like a cloud to you shows,
Around you, with spears and with swords, they will close.
From searching for plunder, the soldier refrains,
Who, alone, at the back of the monarch remains.
To an army, the duty of guarding the king,
Is better than fight in the battle-field's ring.

Remarks

(ON CHERISHING THE ARMY).

If once a brave man should courageousness show,
Befitting his merits, promotion bestow!
That again upon death he may hazard his life,
And not fear to contend against Gog, in war's strife.

During peace, keep the welfare of soldiers in view !
That in times of emergency, good may ensue.
It is now, you should kiss the defender's rough hand,
And not when the foe beats his drum in your land.
If a soldier's profession should fail to give bread,
Why should he, when war happens, sport with his head?
The bounds of your realm, from the enemy's hold,
With your army preserve ! and your army with gold !
The king has the mastery over his foes,
When his troops are content and their hearts have repose.
The price of his head, the brave soldier but eats ;
It is very unjust, then, when hardship he meets.
When they think it a pity to give him their gold,
His hand from the sword he is apt to withhold.
What pluck will he show, when for battle arrayed,
Whose hand contains nought, and whose works are decayed?

Remarks

(ON THE SELECTION OF TROOPS AND LEADERS).

Send men who are brave to encounter the foe !
And lions, to fight against tigers, should go !
The wisdom of persons experienced, apply !
For the wolf that is agèd, in hunting is sly.
Of youths who can handle the sword, have no fear !
Of veterans grounded in science, keep clear !
Young men, who can tigers and elephants hold,
Do not know all the tricks of the fox become old.
The man who has travelled has knowledge in store,
For abundance of heat and exposure he bore.
Young men who are worthy, whom Fortune has sped,
From the words of the agèd avert not their head.

If you wish to arrange the affairs of a realm,
Appoint not a novice to manage the helm.
Let no one as chief of your army be seen,
Who shall not in many a battle have been.
The sporting-dog shrinks from the fierce leopard's sight;
The fox cows the tiger who never saw fight.
When a boy has been tutored to follow the chase,
He does not feel frightened when war shows its face.
By boating and hunting and polo and butts,
The war-seeking man, like a dare-devil struts.
One in warm-baths and pleasure and blandishments trained,
When the portal of battle is opened, is pained.
To support him in saddle, two men must be found;
And a boy, with a spindle, could beat him to ground.
If in battle a run-away's back meets your gaze,
Take his life, if the foe should not finish his days!
A *paed'rast* surpasses the swordsman by far,
Who, woman-like, runs in the season of war.

On Bravery.

How well spoke *Gurghīn*[1] to his son, on the day
That he bound on his quiver and sword, for the fray.
"If you harbour a thought, like a woman, of flight,
Do not go! and defame not war's heroes of might!"
The horseman who showed in the battle his back,
Not himself, but brave warriors extinguished, alack!
No valour, except in those two comrades, shows,
Who right in the centre of battle deal blows—
Two messmates, of similar language and race,
To their utmost will strive, in the fight's centre place;

[1] *Gurghīn*, name of a champion wrestler.

For the one feels ashamed from the arrows to go,
While his brother is seized, in the hands of the foe.
When you find that your friends are unwilling to aid,
Let arrangements for flight, and not plunder, be made!

On Cherishing the Army.

Two persons, oh conquering king, patronize!
The man who has strength and the man who is wise.
Those bear Fortune's ball off, from persons renowned,
Who cherishing sages and warriors are found.
If a man has not handled the pen or the sword,
Over him, should he die, say no sorrowing word!
Look after the writer and swordsman, with care;
Not the minstrel! for bravery in woman is rare!
'Tis unmanly that you, with the enemy armed,
Should with Bearers of wine and lute music be charmed.
Many prosperous people who sat down to play,
By gambling, have squandered their fortunes away.

On being always Prepared for an Enemy.

I don't bid you fear to wage war with a foe;
Of his talk about peace, greater fear you should show!
Many persons by day have the *verse of peace*[1] read,
Who, at night, marched their troops on the sleeping foe's head.
The conquering men sleep in armour complete;
For a woman, a couch is a sleeping-place meet.

---

[1] *Verse of peace*, a verse of the *Kurān* on peace.

A soldier in camp, on retiring to rest,
Does not sleep, as a woman at home does, undressed.
It behoves you, in secret, for war to prepare!
For the foe to attack you in secret will dare.
Taking care, is the business of men of good stamp;
The advanced guard's the brazen defence of the camp.

Remarks

(ON PLOTTING AND MUTUAL QUARRELS).

Betwixt two malevolent men, of short hand,[1]
To settle secure, does not wisdom command.
For should they, together, in secret conspire,
The short hands of both will extension acquire.
By deception, keep one of them fully employed:
Let the other's existence be quickly destroyed!
If an enemy makes his arrangements for strife,
With the sword of contrivance, deprive him of life!
To his enemy go, and your friendship declare!
For a dungeon would be like a shirt for his wear.
In your enemy's army, when factiousness shows,
You can let your own sword in its scabbard repose.
When wolves are determined each other to harm,
Betwixt them, the flock rests secure from alarm.
When your enemies, grappling each other, you find,
You may sit with your friends in composure of mind.

On aiming at Peace while engaged in War.

When you've flourished the sabre of battle on high,
On the pathway to peace keep, in secret, your eye!

[1] Insignificant, void of strength and stability.

For subduers of hosts, who have helmets destroyed,
In secret seek peace, while in fighting employed.
In secret, the heart of the warrior entreat,
For, perhaps, he may fall like a ball at your feet.
When an enemy's general falls in your way,
Before you extinguish him, practise delay;
For it may be, that one of your leaders is found
In the enemy's circle, a prisoner bound.
And should you this sore-wounded captive have slain,
You never will see your own captive again.
The man who on captives gives vent to his hate,
Is not frightened that Time will himself captivate.
A person to succour poor prisoners strains,
Who himself shall have been, once, a captive in chains
If a leader should tender submission to you,
And you treat him politely, another comes, too.
If you secretly gather ten hearts to your aid,
It is better than hundreds of night-attacks made.

On the Treatment of a Foe who has become friendly.

Should a foe, of himself, to you friendliness show,
From his frauds you will never security know.
From the hatred he bears you, heart-wounded, he sighs
When thoughts of his "Love" and relations arise.
To the sweet words of enemies never attend!
They're the same as when poison with honey you blend.
He saves not his life from the enemy's blow,
Who looks on the man who informs as a foe.
That robber, his pearl in a bag will conceal,
When he sees all the people accustomed to steal.

The soldier who will not his leader obey,
You should never admit to your service and pay!
His former commander he failed to revere!
Of you, too, from malice, he will not show fear.
To bind him by promise and oath do not try!
But a watchman, in secret, despatch as a spy!
You must give to a novice a good deal of rein;
If you snap it, you never will see him again.
When a foe's land and fortress by war you obtain,
Hand him over to those who in dungeons have lain!
Since the prisoner's[1] teeth in his heart's blood were stuck,
From the throat of the tyrant, the blood he will suck.
Seize the land for yourself, when you've cleared out the foe,
And on all of the subjects, more freedom bestow!
For should he attempt to knock War's door again,
The people will tear ruin out of his brain.
And if on the citizens, harm you impose,
Do not shut the town gates in the face of your foes!
Do not say that the sword-wielding foe's at your gate;
For the enemies' friends in the city await.
In arranging for war with a foe, work with zeal!
Consider affairs; but your object conceal!
Divulge not your secret to each passer by;
For I've oft seen a person hob-nob with a spy.
Alexander, who war upon Easterns once pressed,
Had the door of his tent, they say, facing the West.
When to march into *Zāwilistān*[2] *Băhmăn*[3] meant,
He rumoured the left, by the right hand he went.
If you cannot your purpose from any one keep,
As a consequence, Wisdom and Knowledge will weep.

---

[1] The prisoner who had to bear his own grief would revenge himself on his oppressor when he had the opportunity.

[2] *Zāwilistān*, a district of Persia.

[3] *Băhmăn*, son of *Asfăndyār;* the Artaxerxes of the Greeks.

Be gen'rous, and war and revenge from you fling!
And under your signet, the world you will bring.
When a work can be settled by kindness and peace,
Why should you rebellion and outrage release?
If you wish that your heart be not burdened with grief,
From their bonds, give the hearts of the wretched relief!
In the arm of a soldier, for strength do not seek!
Go and pray for a blessing from those who are weak!
The pray'rs of the weak who are hopeful and free,
Are more efficacious than man's arm can be.
Whoever seeks aid at a holy man's feet,
If he fought *Faridūn*,[1] would not suffer defeat.

[1] *Faridūn*, name of a celebrated king of Persia.

CHAPTER II.

ON BENEFICENCE.

To affairs of the spirit incline ; if you've sense ;
For the spirit remains when the body goes hence.
The man without knowledge, free-giving and grace,
Does not have in his body for conscience a place.
The person sleeps tranquilly under the ground,
Through whom, people sleeping in comfort are found.
Endure your own grief during life ! for your friends
Will neglect you when dead, for their own selfish ends.
Gold and affluence give ! while you have them in hand ;
For after you die, they're not yours to command.
If you wish not hereafter affliction to find,
Never let the afflicted escape from your mind !
You should scatter your treasure in bounty to-day ;
For to-morrow, the key will have passed from your sway.
In almsgiving, bear off your stores during life !
For no sympathy comes from a son and a wife !
Prosperity's ball, from the world he will bear,
Who carries away to the future a share.
In compassion, excepting my own nail's, alack !
Not a soul in this world thinks of scratching my back.
On the palm of your hand, all your wealth do not set !
Lest, to-morrow, you gnaw at the hand of Regret.
In concealing, the veil of the pious poor try !
For the curtain Divine hides from every eye.

Do not portionless turn the poor man from your door!
Lest begging at gates should for you be in store.
On the needy, a noble will favours bestow,
For he fears he'll be poor, if he fails to do so.
The state of the broken in heart, keep in view!
Lest you should, hereafter, be heart-broken, too.
To the hearts of the wretched, some gladness impart!
And let not the day of distress leave your heart!
As a beggar, at other men's doors you don't wait!
In gratitude, drive not the poor from your gate!

Story

(ON THE CHERISHING OF ORPHANS AND SHOWING MERCY ON THEIR CONDITION).

A shade o'er the head of the orphan boy put!
Disperse all his sighs and his sorrows uproot!
You know not why he has this helplessness seen?
Does a tree without root ever show itself green?
When you see the sad head of an orphan bent low,
On the face of your son, do not kisses bestow!
If an orphan should weep, who will purchase relief?
And should he be vexed, who will share in his grief?
Take care! lest he weeps, for the great throne on high
Will tremble and shake, should an orphan child cry!
By kindness, the tears from his pure eyes displace!
By compassion, disperse all the dust from his face!
If his own shelt'ring shadow has gone from his head,
Take him under your own fost'ring shadow, instead!
I at that time the head of a monarch possessed,
When I let it recline on my own father's breast;

If a fly on my body made bold to alight,
The hearts of a number were grieved at the sight.
If now, to a dungeon they captive me bear,
Not one of my friends to assist me would care.
The suff'rings of poor orphan children I know;
In my childhood, my father to God had to go.

Story

(ON THE FRUITS OF WELL-DOING).

In a dream *Khojand's*[1] chief saw a person out-root
A thorn, that had stuck in an orphan boy's foot.
He was saying—and strutting in Paradise, free :—
"What roses have grown from that thorn over me?"
While you can, from the practice of mercy don't go!
For on you they'll have mercy, if mercy you show.
When you do one a favour, don't swell with conceit!
Saying, "I am supreme with all else at my feet!"
If the sword of his Time has been driven beneath,
Is the dread sword of Time not still out of its sheath?
When a thousand men blessing your fortune, you see,
To God, for His gifts, let your thankfulness be!
For with hope fixed on you, a vast multitude stand;
And you are not hopeful at any one's hand.
Liberality's special to kings, I've expressed;
I've said wrong; it's a nature by prophets possessed.

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[1] *Khojand*, a town in *Turkistān*.

Story on the Nature of Prophets.

(ABRAHAM AND THE FIRE-WORSHIPPER.)

I have heard :—for a week not a son of the road,
At the liberal guest-house of Abraham showed.
From his sociable nature, he broke not his fast,
Hoping some needy trav'ller might share his repast.
Out he went and most carefully looked all around ;
His gaze travelled over the valley : he found
One alone in the wild, like a willow to sight ;
With his head and his hair, from the snow of age, white.
By way of consoling, "You're welcome !" he said ;
In the mode of the gen'rous, invitement he made :—
"My eye's tender pupil, oh stranger ! thou art ;
Be gen'rous, and of my provisions, take part !"
"With pleasure," he said, then arose and progressed,
For he knew the "*friend's*" nature (on him safety rest !).
The attendants of Abraham's charity *Khān*,[1]
In dignity seated the humble old man.
He ordered ; they sorted the trays on the ground,
And seated themselves in their places around.
When all at the board, the "*bismillah*"[2] began,
He heard not the phrase from the feeble old man.
He spoke to him, thus : "Oh old man, full of days !
I see not the old's faith and warmth in your ways.
Before you eat bread, does the rule not hold good,
That you mention the name of the Giver of food ?"
He answered, "I keep not the custom, at least ;
For it never was taught me by Magian priest."

[1] *Khān*, an inn.
[2] *Bismillah*, in the name of God.

Then the prophet, of prosperous lot, could detect
That the old wreck belonged to the Magian sect.
He instantly drove him away in disgrace ;
For in front of the holy, the vile have no place.
An angel came down from the Maker adored,
And with awe thus rebuked him : "Oh friend of the Lord !
Food and life I have giv'n him for one hundred years ;
Your dislike for the man, in a moment, appears.
Though a person should show adoration for fire,
Why cause Liberality's hand to retire ?"

On Well-doing.

On the purse-mouth of charity, tie not a knot !
Calling this, fraud and folly, and that, tricks and plot.
The religious expounder makes injury spread,
Who barters his knowledge and culture for bread.
How can wisdom with law give decision, indeed !
When a man who is wise, to the world sells the creed ?
And yet you should purchase, for he who is wise,
From those who sell cheap, with avidity buys.

Story

(OF THE HOLY MAN AND THE IMPUDENT POET).

To a good-hearted man came a poet, one day,
And said, "I am helplessly stuck in the clay
Ten *dírems* I owe to so squeezing a dun,
That one *dang*[1] from his hand, on my back is a ton.

[1] *Dang*, a small copper coin.

At night, on account of him, wretched's my state;
Like a shadow, all day at my heels he's in wait.
He has made, by harsh language which nature resents,
The core of my heart, like my house door, all rents.
Perhaps God, to him, since the day he was born,
Beside those ten coins, has not given a corn.
To A in Fate's volume, he could not attain;
He has read nothing else than the chapter on gain.
Not a day does the sun from the hills upwards soar,
That that infamous sneak does not knock at my door.
The kind benefactor I'm anxious to know,
Who will save me with coin from that hard-hearted foe."
The kind-natured man heard him chatter and grieve,
And loosened two gold pieces inside his sleeve.
The gold reached the hand of that rare, fabling one;
Out he went with his face shining bright, like the sun.
Some one said to the *sheikh*—"You don't know this black sheep?
Over him, when he dies, 'twould be folly to weep.
The beggar who saddles the tiger, indeed!
Gives the Knight and the Queen to the famed *Abuzīd*!"[1]
The servant of God, in a rage, said, "Desist!
You are scarcely a preacher; attentively, list!
If what I imagined, should prove to be right,
I have guarded his honour from people of spite;
If he practised deception and impudence, yet,
Take care not to think I experience regret!
For my honour I've saved, by the money I gave,
From such a deceitful and talkative knave."

On the good and the bad, lavish silver and gold!
One's an excellent work, th' other vice will withhold.
Oh happy is he who with wise men remains,
And the virtues of those who are pious, obtains!

---

[1] *Abuzīd*, a famous chess player.

If wisdom and knowledge within you appear,
With rev'rence to *Sádi's* advice you'll give ear;
For in this manner, chiefly, his eloquence rolls;
Not on eyes nor on curls, not on ears nor on moles.

Story

(OF THE MISERLY FATHER AND THE GENEROUS SON).

One departed and left earthly treasure behind;
His successor was gen'rous and prudent in mind.
He did not, like misers, clutch greedily gold;
Over it, like the free, he relinquished his hold.
His palace was filled with the needy and poor,
And travellers lived in his guest-house secure.
He made kinsmen and strangers, in spirit, content;
And was not, like his father, on hoarding-up bent.
A reprover addressed him: "Oh squandering hand!
Do not scatter, at once, all you have in command!
In a year you can one harvest, only, obtain;
It is silly to burn, in one moment, the grain!
If you do not have patience in times of distress,
Look to your accounts when you plenty possess!"

Maxims and Remarks.

To her daughter, how well spoke a village-chief's wife:—
"Prepare for distress when provisions are rife!
At all times, a pitcher and cup brimful show!
For the stream in the village will not always flow."
With the world, you can doubtless Futurity gain,
And the claws of the Devil, with gold you can sprain.

From a hand that is empty, no hope will arise;
With gold, you can gouge out the White Devil's[1] eyes.
Do not visit your Love, if you own not a thing!
And if you have silver, oh come thou, and bring!
Do not turn empty handed the door of the Fair!
For a man without money is valueless there!
If you place on your palm all the wealth you possess,
Your palm will be bare, in the time of distress.
By your efforts, weak beggars will never get strong,
And I fear, you yourself will get weak before long.

Continuation of the Story of the Miser's Son.

When this story, discouraging good, he had told,
Chagrin made the blood in the youth's veins run cold.
By these callous remarks, his kind heart was unstrung,
He was vexed and exclaimed, "Incoherent of tongue!
My father once said that the wealth I've obtained,
As a heritage from my forefathers remained;
Did they not, before that, protect it with care?
They died, with regret, and left all to their heir.
The wealth of my father has fallen to me,
So that, after my exit, my son's it should be.
It is better that men should consume it to-day,
For, to-morrow, they'll bear it as plunder away."
Eat and dress and bestow, and remove others' care!
And know that your wealth is for others to share!
From the world it is borne by possessors of mind;
Mean wretches regretfully leave it behind.
Give gold and life's joys, while you have them in hand,
For after you die, they're beyond your command!
With the world, you can surely Futurity get,
Then purchase, my soul! or you'll suffer regret.

[1] The White Devil, Satan as an angel of light.

Story

(ON SHOWING KINDNESS TO NEIGHBOURS).

A wife, shedding tears, to her husband thus said—
"From the merchant near by, do not purchase more bread!
Henceforth, to the market of wheat-sellers go!
For he sells only barley, though wheat he may show.
Not from customers, but from the number of flies,
His face, for a week, has been hid from men's eyes."
In consoling, the husband, a master of pray'r,
Replied to his wife, "*Roshanāi*, forbear!
Expecting our favour he opened shop there;
To withdraw now our custom would scarcely be fair."
The path of the good, and the gen'rous, select!
And since you have a footing, the fallen protect!
Be forgiving! for people who study the Lord,
Are buyers at shops where no glitter is stored.
If truly you wish to know one gen'rous mind,
It's the liberal *Ali*, the chief of mankind!

Story

(OF THE PILGRIM TO MECCA).

I have heard that a man did to Mecca repair,
And made, at each step, two prostrations in pray'r.
So zealous a walker in God's path, to boot,
That he plucked not th' Acacia thorn from his foot.
At last, by a conscience deluded inspired,
His own foolish doings he greatly admired.

By the Devil deceiving, he walked to a pit,
For he could not discover a pathway more fit.
If he had not been found by the mercy of God,
His pride would have made his head swerve from the road.
In this manner, a voice from above, him addressed :—
"Oh man of good fortune! whose nature is blessed!
Do not think that because you have worshipped so fine,
You have carried a gift to this Presence Divine!
To soothe by a kindness one heart has more grace,
Than a thousand prostrations at each halting place."

Story

(ON FASTING).

The wife of a government officer said :—
"Rise *Mabārak*, and knock at the door of life's bread!
Go, and ask them to give you a share from the tray!
For your children are in a deplorable way."
He answered, "The kitchen to-day will be cold,
For the Sultan, last night, said a fast he would hold."
The wife in despair dropped her head on her breast;
With heart sore from hunger herself she addressed :—
"When the king talks of fasts, does he gain in the least?
The breaking of his fast is my children's feast."
The eaters, who have a beneficent hand,
Beat the constantly fasting and world-serving band.
It is right for the person to keep up a fast,
Who gives bread to the poor, for their morning repast.
If not! why should trouble be suffered by you?
You withhold from yourself, and consume yourself, too!
The ignorant fancies of hermits must tend
To confound unbelief and the Faith, in the end.

There is clearness in water, and mirrors, as well;
But the clearness of each you should know how to tell.

Story

(OF THE KIND POOR MAN AND THE DEBTOR).

A man had no pow'r, but was gen'rous inclined;
His means did not equal his liberal mind.
May a miser the owner of wealth never be!
May a generous man never poverty see!
The person whose spirit soars lofty and loose,
Will find that his projects fall short of his noose.
Like the wild, rushing flood, in a mountainous place,
Which, while on high ground, cannot stop its mad pace.
He was gen'rous beyond what his means would allow,
And, thus, his resources were shallow enow.
One poverty-stricken, a note to him sent:—
"Oh thou happy of end, and of nature content!
Assist me with so many *direms*,[1] I pray!
For I've lain in a dungeon for many a day."
He could not the value of anything see;
And yet, in his hand not a copper had he.
To the foes of the debtor a person he sent,
Saying, "Men of good name who are free, oh, relent!
Permit that he may for a short time be free!
And if he runs off, I'll security be."
From thence to the dungeon he went, and said, "Rise!
And run from this city, while strength in you lies!"
When an open cage door met the poor sparrow's view,
For a moment, thereafter, no patience he knew.

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[1] *Direm*, a small silver coin.

Like the breeze of the morning, he fled from that place,
Not a flight that the wind with his dust could keep pace.
They instantly seized on the generous man,
Saying, " Bring forth the debtor or coin, if you can ! "
Like the helpless, the road to the jail he was brought;
For a bird that has flown from its cage can't be caught.
For a time, I have heard, in confinement he lay ;
He wrote not a line, nor for help did he pray.
He was restless by day, from his nights slumber fled ;
A holy man passed him, and thus to him said :—
" You don't seem to have lived on the substance of men;
" What has happened, that you are a prisoner, then ? "
" Oh spirit auspicious ! " he said, " you are right !
No one's wealth have I eaten by baseness or sleight.
I saw a poor wretch who from fetters was sore ;
But by taking his place, could I ope Freedom's door.
It appeared to me loathsome to reason, that I
Should be free, and another in fetters should lie."
He died in the end, and he bore a good name ;
Oh happy's the life that has permanent fame !
A living soul's body, with clay round it spread,
Is better than bodies alive, with souls dead.
To a living soul, Death will not dare to come near ;
If a living soul's body should die, what's the fear?

Story

(ON THE MEANING OF KINDNESS).

Some one crossing the desert a thirsty dog found ;
The last breath was just left in the life of the hound
That Faith-approved man used as bucket his hat,
And in place of a rope, tied his turban to that.

He bared both his arms and made ready to save;
To the poor, helpless animal, water he gave.
The Prophet, the state of that person explained,
And release for his sin from the Maker obtained.
If you are a tyrant, beware and reflect!
The path of the gen'rous and faithful, select!
He, in saving a dog, did not sympathy waste;
When is goodness in keeping of good men effaced?
Be as gen'rous as ever you possibly can!
God shuts not the portal of joy upon man.
If you have not a well in the desert to show,
Put a lamp in the place unto which pilgrims go!
Gold bestowed from a treasure in sackfuls, like spoil,
Does not match one *dinār*,[1] from the hard hand of Toil.
A man in accord with his strength carries weight;
In front of an emmet, a locust's leg's great!
Oh fortunate man! keep men's welfare in view,
That, to-morrow, the Lord deal not harshly with you!
He who does not from helping the fallen refrain,
Should he tumble himself, will not captive remain.
On a slave, do not exercise harshly command!
For it may be that empire will fall to his hand.
When your grandeur and pomp are established secure,
Be not harsh to your subjects, although they are poor!
For grandeur and pomp they may, some day, possess—
Like the pawn that, at once, takes the Queen's place in chess.
Men who see what is good, and to counsels give heed,
In any one's heart will not sow hatred's seed.
The harvest's proud owner but does himself harm,
When haughty to gleaners who visit his farm.
He fears, lest the Lord show the poor gleaner grace,
And, therefore, Grief's load on his conscience should place.

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[1] *Dinār*, a ducat; also a weight of 1½ dram of silver or gold.

Full many a strong one has drained Ruin's cup;
And Fortune has helped many ruined men up.
It is wrong, then, the hearts of your subjects to break,
For as subject, one morn, you may chance to awake.

Story

(OF THE DERVISH AND THE RICH MAN).

A Dervish complained of his state, so distressed,
To a hot-tempered person who riches possessed.
Not a rap did the black-hearted miser bestow;
But, in arrogance, angrily bawled at him, so
That the poor beggar's heart, at his tyranny, bled;
He from grief raised his head, and, "Oh wonderment!" said;
"Why at least should one opulent sour-visaged be?
From the terror of begging, perhaps, he is free!"
The short-sighted ordered; the slave, in due course,
Expelled him in perfect disgrace, and by force.
As he failed to give thanks to the cherishing Lord,
I have heard that good fortune away from him soared.
The head of his greatness, on ruin he placed;
And Mercury's pen, his fair fortune effaced.
Like a garlic clove, Wretchedness seated him nude;
He saved not his baggage nor pack-horses, good.
On his head Fate the dust of starvation then brought;
His purse and his hand, like the juggler's, held nought.
His state was completely inverted at last;
With affairs in this pickle, a period passed.
To a kind-hearted person his slave was consigned;
Rich of heart and of hand, and enlightened in mind.

At the sight of a pauper, in sorrowful plight,
He was glad as the poor, to whom wealth gives delight.
At night, some one asked for a bit at his door;
Weak in step from the burden of hardship he bore.
The clear-sighted man, thus, his servant addressed:—
"Go and gladden the heart of that beggar, distressed!"
When the slave carried near him a share from the tray,
He uttered a cry, he was helpless to stay;
And when he returned to his master again,
The tears on his cheeks made his secret quite plain.
The chief of the happy in nature, then, said:—
"Whose tyranny causes those tears to be shed?"
He answered, "My heart grieves as much as it can,
At the state of this agèd, unfortunate man.
For I was his slave in the good days of old;
He was owner of property, silver and gold;
When, in grandeur and pride, his hand ceased to be
strong,
In door-to-door begging, his hand became long."
He smiled, saying, "This is not harshness, oh son!
The changes of Time bring oppression to none.
Is this wretch not that merchant of days long gone by,
Who, in haughtiness, carried his head to the sky?
I am he whom that day he expelled from his gate—
The revolving of Time has placed him in my state.
The Sky once again took a look at my case,
And washed all the traces of dust from my face.
If God in His wisdom one portal should close,
By His favour another wide-open He throws.
Full many a pauper has satisfied grown;
Many rich men's affairs have become overthrown."

Story

(OF SHIBLI AND THE ANT).

To a virtue of one of the pious give ear,
If you're pious yourself, and your conduct is clear:
When *Shibli*, the saint, from a wheat-seller's store,
To his thorp, on his shoulder, a bag of wheat bore;
He looked, and an ant in the wheat caught his eye,
Which hither and thither, bewildered, did hie.
In grief at its state, he all night kept awake—
He carried it back to its dwelling, and spake:—
"It is far from humane that this ant, forced to roam,
I should cause to be wretched, away from its home."
Keep tranquil the people distracted in heart,
So that Fortune to you may composure impart!
How well spoke *Fardūsi*,[1] of origin pure,
(On his sanctified tomb may God's mercy endure),
"The ant that bears grain, you ought not to oppress!
It has life, and sweet life is a joy to possess!"
He's a merciless man, and hard-hearted, at best,
Who harbours the wish that an ant be distressed.
With the hand of oppression, the weak, do not beat!
For ant-like, one day, you may fall at their feet.
For the moth's state, the candle all sympathy spurned;
Before the assembly, observe how it burned!
I admit there are many more feeble than you;
Than you, at least *One* is more puissant, too.

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[1] *Fardūsi*, an eminent Persian poet, author of the *Shāh-nāmah*, an historical poem of 120,000 lines.

Remarks

(ON GENEROSITY).

Show kindness, oh son! since all human in name,
By kindness can ev'ry wild animal tame!
Round your enemy's neck, fasten favours profuse—
With the sabre, he cannot divide such a noose.
When a foe sees abundance and favour and grace,
Not again will his wickedness dare to show face.
Do not sin, though a comrade should wickedness show!
Good fruit from a seed that is bad will not grow.
When you deal with a friend in a miserly way,
He desires not to witness you prosp'rous and gay.
If a ruler, to foes, a kind manner extends,
In a very short time, all the foes become friends.

Story on Gaining Hearts by Kindness.

(THE BOY AND THE SHEEP.)

On the road, there came running my way a young man;
Behind him a sheep with alacrity ran.
"Have you hold of a rope or a tether?" I said,
By which the poor creature is after you led?"
The collar and chain he removed from it, deft,
And then scampered about, from the right to the left.
Immediately after him hurried the pet,
As if barley and grass from his fingers it ate.
On returning from sporting and playing, again,
He looked at me, saying, "Oh wise among men!
This tether, it is not that brings it with me,
But the noose on its neck is '*kind treatment*,' you see."

The elephant wanton, from kindness enjoyed,
Attacks not the man, as his keeper employed.
To the bad be indulgent, oh thou who art good!
For the dog will keep watch when he eats of your food.
To the man the Pard's teeth become blunt by degrees,
Who rubs on its tongue, for a day or two, cheese.

Story of the Dervish and the Fox.

A man saw a fox that had paralyzed feet;
At God's work he was lost in amazement complete—
Saying, "Since he was able to live in a way,
With members so useless when ate he each day?"
The Dervish was puzzling his brains very much,
When a lion appeared with a jackal in's clutch;
He fed on the jackal, of fortune bereft,
And the fox ate his fill from the portion he left.
It happened next morn, in a similar way,
That Providence gave him his food for the day.
Truth enabled the eyes of the man, then, to see;
He went, and his hope on the Maker placed he.
"Like an ant, in a corner I'll sit, from this hour,
For elephants get not subsistence by pow'r."
With his chin on his breast, for a little, he stood,
That the Giver might from the unseen send him food.
Neither stranger nor friend to relieve him took pains;
There remained of him, harp-like, but skin, bone and
veins.
When of patience and sense, due to weakness, deprived,
A voice at his ear from the Mosque niche arrived:—
"Go, copy the fierce, tearing tiger, oh cheat!
And ape not the fox with the paralyzed feet!

H

So strive that you have, like the lion, to spare ;
Like the fox, why be pleased with '*remains*' for your fare ?"
Should a man, like a tiger, a fat neck possess,
And fall like a fox, than a dog, he is less.
Make use of your hands ! with your peers eat and drink !
And from eating the leavings of other men, shrink !
By your own arm, while fit, let your food be supplied !
For your efforts will by your own balance be tried.
Like a man, bear your trouble, and happiness give !
On the labour of others let *Pæderasts* live !
Go thou and assist ! oh advice-taking man !
Do not cast thyself down ! saying, "Help ! if you can."
That servant from God will forgiveness obtain,
Through the presence of whom people happy remain.
Kind acts are performed by that head that has mind ;
The mean, like a skin, without brains, you will find.
The good of both worlds the kind person enjoys
Who in bettering people, his moments employs.

Story

(OF A MISERLY SERVANT OF GOD).

I heard that a pure-natured man, knowing God,
And walking His ways, had in *Rūm* his abode.
I and some desert-traversing travellers, free,
Departed, resolved that the man we should see.
He kissed each one's eyes, head and hands—after that
With def'rence and honour he placed us, and sat.
His servants and vines, stores and fields, I could see ;
Like a tree without fruit, most ungen'rous was he.
In politeness of manner, his warmth I'll uphold ;
But in other respects, he was bitterly cold.

In the night time, we neither could slumber nor rest,—
He, from telling his beads; we, by hunger oppressed.
He dressed in the morning and opened the door,
And repeated the fuss of the ev'ning before.
A good-natured fellow, with wit at command,
Was a trav'ller, together with us, in that land.
He said: "You're mistaken, in giving a kiss!
For food to the needy would yield greater bliss.
Do not carry, in service, your head to my shoes!
Give me food! beat with slippers my head, if you choose!"
By alms-giving, people will others excel;
Not the dead-hearted men who on night vigils dwell.
The watchmen of Tartary showed me the sight;
Dead of heart, but wide open their eyes all the night.
From kindness and bread-giving, greatness will come;
And meaningless words are a big, empty drum.
At the Judgment, the man will in Paradise stay,
Who has searched for the truth; cast pretension away.
One can with *reality* make his claim just;
Mere talk, without acts, is a weak prop to trust.

Story

(OF HĀTIM TAI AND HIS GENEROSITY).

I have heard that in *Hātim Tai's*[1] days, there appeared
In his stables a smoke-coloured horse he had reared;
As the morning breeze rapid—a thunder-voiced steed,
That was more than a match for the lightning in speed.
While he ran, he show'red hail over mountain and plain—
You'd have said that a cloud had, in passing, dropp'd
rain.

[1] *Hātim Tai*, an Arab chief famed for his liberality.

A crosser of deserts and torrent-like fleet ;
For the wind lagged behind, like the dust, from his feet.
Men, famed for their knowledge, were talking in praise
With the Sultan of *Rūm*, about *Hātim's* kind ways.
They remarked that, in kindness, he beat ev'ry one ;
Like his horse in careering and war, there was none :
Desert trav'lling, resembling a ship on the deep ;
No crow on the wing, o'er his running could keep.
The king thus addressed his enlightened vizier :—
" A claim without proof sounds absurd in my ear.
From *Hātim* that charger, of pure Arab breed,
I will ask, and if, kindly, he gives me the steed,
Of the grandeur of greatness, I'll know he's possessed ;
If not, he's a loud-sounding drum, at the best.
A messenger, wise and accomplished, he sent
To *Tai*,[1] and ten men in his retinue went.
On the ground, dry and lifeless, the clouds had wept rain,
And the cool morning breeze made its life fresh again.
To the rest-house of *Hātim*, he came as a guest ;
Like the thirsty by *Zinda's*[2] cool stream, he took rest.
Hātim spread the food-trays and a charger he killed ;
He put sweets in their laps and with gold their hands filled.
They remained for the night, and, the following day,
What the messenger knew, he proceeded to say.
Then *Hātim* replied—while he raved as if drunk—
And the teeth of Regret, in his hand deeply sunk—
" Oh sharer in wisdom, and happy in name !
Why did you not sooner this message proclaim ?
That courser, so choice, swift as *Duldul*[3] in flight,
On account of your coming, I roasted last night.

---

[1] *Tai*, name of the tribe of which *Hātim* was chief.
[2] *Zinda*, a river in Persia, famed for the sweetness of its water.
[3] *Duldul*, *Ali's* mule.

For I knew, that because of the floods and the rain,
To the stud-grazing ground, none could access obtain.
In no other way could provision be planned,
For only this horse, at the time, was at hand.
It appeared to me mean, by the customs I keep,
That guests, with their hearts sore from hunger, should
sleep.
My name in the regions about must be known,
Though another famed steed I may never more own."
He gave the men gold, steeds and dresses of state—
Kind actions are never acquired, but innate.
To *Rūm* went the news of the liberal *Tai;*
The Sultan applauded his nature, so high.
With this one trait of *Hātim*, remain not content!
But hear me relate a more noble event!

The Testing of Hātim Tai's Generosity by the King of Yemen.

(HĀTIM TAI AND THE ASSASSIN.)

I forget who narrated this story to me,
That in *Yemen*, a monarch there happened to be.
Fortune's ball he abducted from others renowned,
For in scattering treasure his peer was not found.
Generosity's cloud, you might call him, with gain,
For his hand sprinkled *direms*, like showers of rain.
If one spoke in his presence of *Hātim's* good name,
Towards *Hātim*, wild rage to his head quickly came.
" How long will you talk of that wind-weigher, pray!
Who neither has country, nor treasure, nor sway?"
For a banquet, I've heard that he issued behests;
At the feast, like a harp, he delighted his guests.

Some one started the mention of *Hātim Tai's* fame,
And another continued his praise to proclaim.
In the monarch, vile Envy a wicked thought hatched,
And a person to shed *Hātim's* blood he despatched.
For he said, "While this *Hātim* exists, in my days,
My name will not travel, united with praise."
On the road to the *Tai* tribe the hireling set out,
And to kill the kind *Hātim*, went searching about;
Before him a young man approached on the road,
From whose visage, the odour of heartiness flowed.
He was handsome and wise; a sweet tongue he possessed;
He took the man home for the night, as his guest.
He was kind, sympathized and apologies made,
And by goodness, the fiend in the wretch's heart laid!
He kissed in the morning his hands and his feet;
Saying, "Tarry some days with me here, I entreat!"
He answered, "I cannot now halt in this spot,
For before me, a work of importance I've got!"
"If you mention the business to me," he then said;
"Like friends of one heart, with my life I will aid."
"Oh liberal man! to my statement give ear!
For I know that the gen'rous can secrets revere.
Perhaps, in this district you know *Hātim Tai*,
Of fortunate name and of qualities high?
The monarch of *Yemen* has asked for his head;
I know not what hate has between them been bred.
To where he resides, will you kindly direct?
This much from your favour, oh friend! I expect."
The youth, smiling, said, "I am *Hātim!* and lo!
Here's my head—cut it off with your sword, at a blow!
It is wrong that when morning dissolves into day,
You should suffer a wrong, or go hopeless away."
When *Hātim* so gen'rously offered to die,
There arose from the soul of the youth a loud cry.

He fell to the earth ; jumped again on the ground ;
Kissed his feet and his hands and the dust all around.
He threw down his sword ; cast his quiver away,
And with hands, slave-like, folded, proceeded to say,—
" Did I dare but to strike 'gainst your body a rose,
I'd be woman, not man, as our noble faith shows."
He kissed *Hātim's* eyes ; gave a parting embrace,
And went towards *Yemen*, away from that place.
By the face of the man, the king instantly knew
That he had not performed what he said he would do.
He said, "Come along, now ! what news do you bring ?
You did not his head with your saddle-strap sling ?
Perhaps the renowned one attacked you, instead ?
And, from weakness, you failed in the combat, and fled ?"
The clever, magnanimous man kissed the ground ;
Praised the monarch and rendered obeisance profound.
" Oh king ! full of justice and reason, I pray !
Give ear unto what about *Hātim* I say !
In him I discovered a generous youth ;
Accomplished, kind-visaged and handsome, forsooth !
I saw he was lib'ral, and wise notions held ;
And found that in courage myself he excelled.
The load of his favour, my back crookèd made !
He killed me with kindness and Favour's keen blade."
He told what he saw of his generous ways.
On the household of *Hātim*, the king showered praise.
He gave silver and gold to the messenger chaste ;
Saying, " Bounty's a seal upon *Hātim's* name placed."
If people bear witness, this much he can claim,
That his acts and the rumour thereof, are the same.

Story of Hātim's Daughter in the Time of the Prophet.

(ON HIM BE SAFETY !)

I have heard that the *Tai*,[1] in the Prophet's own time,
Refused to receive the religion sublime.
His enlight'ning and threatening army he sent,
And captured a number who would not repent.
He ordered them all to be put to the sword;
For rev'rence they lacked and their faith was abhorred.
"I'm a daughter of *Hātim*," a woman exclaimed,
"They request my release from this governor famed.
Oh revered one! have mercy upon me, I pray!
For my father was gen'rous enough, in his day!"
Obeying the pure-minded Prophet's commands,
They severed the chains from her feet and her hands.
They put all the rest of the tribe to the sword,
And a torrent of blood, without pity, outpoured.
To a soldier, the woman in agony said—
"As you've done to the others, cut off, too, my head!
For I feel it ungen'rous, that I should be loose
By myself, and my friends all confined in the noose."
To the brothers of *Tai*, she was speaking through tears,
When the sound of her voice reached the "prophet's" sharp ears.
He gave her the tribe and some presents of note;
"A pure nature," he said, "will not error promote."

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[1] *Tai*, the tribe over which *Hātim* was chief.

On the Generosity of Hātim, and Praise of the King of Islām.

(HĀTIM TAI AND HIS WIFE.)

At *Hātim's* store tent, an old pauper, distressed,
For ten *direm's* weight of *kanīz*[1] made request.
From a writer, I thus recollect the event,
That a sackful of sugar before him he sent.
From the tent, *Hātim's* wife shouted, "What is this plan?
But the weight of ten *direms* required the old man."
This remark reached the ears of the chieftain of *Tai*,
Who smiling, replied, "Oh heart-soother from *Hai*![2]
If he asked in accordance with what was his need,
Where is *Hātim's* magnanimous nature, indeed?"
Like *Hātim*, in true liberality, none
Through the changes of Time has appeared, except one—
Abū-Băkăr-Sád, whose reward-giving hand,
Places pray'rs for himself in the mouth of Demand.
Oh protector of subjects, may joy fill your heart!
To *Islām* may your labours fresh glory impart!
By your efforts, the dust of this fortunate home,
Excels the dominions of Greece and of Rome.
If you cannot to *Hātim's* unique fame come nigh,
None has borne in the world a renown like to *Tai*.
That famed person's praises in records remain;
Your praise and good works, too, will mention obtain.
Then *Hātim's* desire was a popular name;
Your zeal has the glory of God for its aim.
There is nothing to make the poor suffer distress,
And in stating your fame, not a word's in excess.

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[1] *Kanīz*, sugar candy of fine quality.
[2] *Hai*, the name of the tribe to which *Hātim's* wife belonged.

Be useful, so long as you're able to strive!
For your goodness and *Sádi's* discourse will survive.

On the Sympathy of Kings.

(THE KING, AND THE PEASANT AND HIS ASS.)

A certain one's donkey had sunk in the mud;
From anger the blood reached his heart like a flood.
There were desert and rain, cold and torrents, around!
And the black skirt of Darkness hung over the ground.
From night until morning his rage he let loose;
He reviled and reproached and indulged in abuse.
Neither kindred nor foe from his tongue got away;
Nor the sultan who over the country held sway.
The king of that region, a person renowned,
Was playing *chaugān*[1] on the exercise-ground;
He heard those remarks, so remote from the truth,
And neither could listen nor answer, forsooth.
The man saw the chief of the country, and found
That he heard all he said from a neighbouring mound.
The monarch abashed, turned his eyes on his train:—
"Can any, the anger he bears me, explain?"
Some one answered, "Oh king! with the sword take his life!
For he spared none—not even his daughter and wife."
The monarch sublime looked about him in ire;
Saw the man in distress and his ass in the mire.
He pitied the poor, wretched villager's plight,
And swallowed his rage, at the words full of spite;
Gave him gold and a horse and fur cloak of his own:—
How comely is kindness when rancour is shown!

---

[1] *Chaugān*, a game played on horseback with clubs and a ball, similar to the modern game of "polo."

"Oh old man! void of wisdom and sense," some one cried,
"You've evaded death, strangely!" "Desist!" he replied;
"If I sorely lamented because of my grief,
Becoming his station, he gave me relief."
Rend'ring evil for evil is easy to do;
If you're manly, do good to the man who wronged you!

Story

(OF THE RICH MAN AND THE NOBLE POOR MAN).

A haughty one, drunk with the pride of high place,
Shut the door of his house in a poor beggar's face.
The pauper sat down in a corner, distressed;
Liver hot and sighs cold, from the fire in his breast.
His sobs reached the ears of a man who was blind:—
"What has vexed you and caused you this fury of mind?"
He told—shedding tears on the dust of the road—
Of the cruel oppression that proud person showed.
He replied, "Oh unknown one! abandon your care!
For the night share my dwelling and break your fast there!"
By kindness and coaxing he made him subdued;
Took him home to his house and regaled him with food.
The Dervish of luminous nature reposed,
And said, "May the Lord ope your eyes that are closed!"
Some drops, in the night, from his eyes trickled free;
He oped them at dawn and the world he could see!
Through the city the story was told with surprise,
That the man who was blind in the night oped his eyes.
The hard-hearted tyrant was told the affair—
From whom the poor man had gone off in despair.

He said, "Oh thou favoured of Fate, tell me true!
How has this hard affair become easy to you?
Who caused your earth-lighting-up candle to blaze?"
He answered: "Oh tyrant, of burdensome days!
Your vision was short and your wisdom depraved;
With the sad-visaged owl, not the Phœnix, you slaved.
In my face, the same person has opened the door,
In whose face you had shut it, the ev'ning before.
If you kiss but the dust of the feet of such men,
By manhood! the light will approach you again.
Those people whose heart's eyes are totally blind,
Appear to neglect this eye-salve in their mind."
When the man of changed fortune this censuring met,
At his fingers he gnawed with the teeth of Regret;
"My falcon," he said, "fell to your snare as game;
The good fortune was mine, but it went to your name."
When has any one brought the male hawk to his net,
Who has, mouse-like, his teeth upon avarice set?

On the Comforting of People till they arrive among the Pious.

Beware, if the path of the good you select!
Do not show in your service a moment's neglect!
Feed the partridge, the quail, and the pigeon with care,
For some day the *griffin*[1] may fall to your snare.
When Humility's arrow you ev'rywhere cast,
You may hope to bring game to your keeping, at last.
But one pearl will be found in a number of shells;
On the target, but one, in a hundred shafts, tells.

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[1] *Griffin*, the *simurgh*, a fabulous bird of happy omen.

Story

(OF THE MAN AND HIS LOST SON).

A man lost his son off a pack-camel's back,
And, at night, searched the whole caravan for his track.
He asked at each tent, and to ev'ry side hied;
In the darkness, the light shining bright he espied.
When again he returned to the caravan folk,
To a driver of camels, I heard, he thus spoke :—
" Do you know how this gem was recovered by me?
Whoever approached me, I said, 'It is he!' "
The holy, with life, ask each person they can,
In the hope that they sometime may get the right man.
For the sake of one heart, many griefs they oppose,
And endure many thorns, for the sake of one rose.

Story

(OF THE PRINCE'S CROWN JEWEL).

From the crown of a prince, in a stony camp-ground,
A gem fell at night, 'mong the pebbles around.
Said his father, " The night has so very dark grown,
How can you distinguish the gem from a stone?
Preserve, oh my son, all the stones lying here!
That the ruby may not from their midst disappear."
'Mong the rabble, the holy of rapturous face,
Are the ruby 'mong stones, in a dark, dreary place.
The load of the foolish with dignity bear!
For, at last, the reward of the pious you'll share.
You can see that the person in love with a friend,
Bears the enemy's troubles that on him descend;

Tears his robes, like a rose at the hand of a thorn;
For the warm lover smiles, like the pomegranate torn.
For the love you bear one, sympathize with the whole!
Take care of a hundred, because of one soul!
If the humble in gait and distracted in mind,
Debased and in poverty steeped, you should find,
Never view them as though they delighted your eyes!
That they are approved of by God, will suffice.
The person who may in your judgment be vile,
May be pow'rless to guide his own actions, the while.
The door of God's knowledge is open to those,
In the faces of whom, people other doors close.
Many bitter delights of the tasters of woe,
On the Last Day, as awful accusers will show.
If wisdom and judgment within you are found,
Kiss the king's grandson's hand, in the dark dungeon bound!
He will some day go free through the state-prison gate,
And confer on you rank, when he comes to be great.
Do not burn up that rose-bush in autumn, though sere!
For to you in the spring, it will precious appear.

Story

(OF A MISERLY FATHER AND HIS PRODIGAL SON).

A man to spend money lacked courage and will;
He had gold but no stomach for eating his fill.
He ate not, in order to comfort his mind;
Nor gave, that to-morrow release he might find.
He was thinking of silver and gold, night and day;
The silver and gold in the miser's hand lay.
The son, in concealment, one day saw the spot
Where the father had hidden his money, ill-got.

From the ground he removed it and spent it apace;
I have heard that he buried a stone in its place.
The gold with the generous youth did not last—
It came to one hand, through the other it passed.
For this reason, a spendthrift than woman is less—
His cap's in the market, in pawn is his dress.
The father had seized his own throat in his gripe;
The son had brought forward the lute and the pipe.
From weeping, the father at night kept awake;
The son in the morning laughed loudly, and spake:—
"For enjoying, oh father! our money we own;
For treasuring, gold is not better than stone."
From adamant gold is extracted with care,
To clothe and bestow and provide proper fare;
And gold in the grasp of a miser's close fist,
In the stone, still, oh brother! appears to exist.
If you over your children in life tyrannize,
Complain not of them, if they wish your demise!
Like a charm, they'll their longing for food satisfy,
When you fall from a roof that is fifty yards high.
If a miser has plenty of gold in his hands,
As a talisman, over his treasure he stands.
And his gold will remain for a number of years,
For a talisman, such, o'er it trembling appears.
With the dread stone of death, him, they[1] quickly destroy,
And in sharing his wealth, heirs their leisure employ.
Hence, rather than carry and store, like the ant,
Enjoy, while you can! when worms eat you, you can't!
Sádi's sayings, both proverbs and maxims, comprise;
By them, he will profit who honestly tries.
To avert from these sayings your face, it is sad!
For prosperous wealth in this way can be had.

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[1] *They*, the Fates.

On the Beneficial Results of a Small Favour.

A youth, with a *Dang*,[1] had a kindness supplied;
An old man's desire, he had once gratified.
By Heaven, for a crime, he was suddenly bound;
The king sent him off to the gibbeting-ground.
From doors, streets and roofs, folk were viewing in groups
The clamouring mob and careering of troops.
When, in midst of the tumult, the old Dervish saw
The youth the crowd's captive and doomed by the law,
His heart for the poor, gen'rous victim was grieved,
For once by his hand had his heart been relieved.
He uttered a wail that the king was no more;
"The world he has left—a good nature he bore!"
He was wringing his hands, in apparent distress;
The troops with their sabres drawn, heard his address.
A noise of lamenting from all of them rose;
On their heads, face, and shoulders, they dealt themselves blows.
They hurried on foot to the Royal Court door,
And saw the king sit on his throne, as before.
The young man escaped and the old man was drawn
By the neck, as a captive, before the king's throne.
With daunting and threat'ning, the sultan inquired:—
"In reporting me dead, by what aim were you fired?
In my nature both goodness and uprightness lie,
In spite of that, why did you wish me to die?"
The courageous old man raised his voice, in this way:—
"Oh thou, whom the whole of the world must obey!
By the statement, untrue, that the sultan was dead,
You yet live, and one, helpless, escaped with his head."

[1] *Dang*, a small copper coin.

This story so greatly astonished the king,
That he gave him a present and said not a thing.
Then, stumbling and rising, the helpless young man,
Away in a state of bewilderment ran.
A man from the square of requital, thus spake :—
"How did you deliver your life from the stake?"
"Oh intelligent asker!" he breathed in his ear,
"By a man and a *Dang* from the noose I got clear."
For this reason a man in the ground casts the seed;
That he may gather fruit, in the season of need.
One grain may the greatest misfortune restrain;
Great Ogg,[1] you perceive, was by Moses' staff slain.
The *Chosen One's*[2] saying is true, you can tell,
That bestowing and goodness misfortune repel.
You won't see an enemy's foot in this place,
Where the conquering *Bū-Bākăr-Sád* shows his face.
A world gets delight through your presence and grace;
A world, saying, "Joy ever be in your face!"
Not a man in your reign on another can tread;
The thorn does not harass the rose in its bed.
You're the shade of the favour of God o'er the ground;
You resemble the prophet, in mercy profound.
What although a man may not your worth realize?
The *Great Night* of *Pow'r*, too, he can't recognize.

Story

(ON THE FRUITS OF WELL-DOING).

A man saw the Great Judgment Plain in a dream
The Earth's face like sun-heated copper did seem.

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[1] *Ogg*, king of Bashan.
[2] *The Chosen One*, *Mohămed.*

The cries of mankind rose to Heav'n's lofty seat;
Their brains, too, were boiling, because of the heat.
A man, midst the throng, in the shade was at rest;
A Paradise ornament showed on his breast.
"Oh assembly adorner!" the dreaming man said,
"In this mighty assembly, who granted you aid?"
He answered, "A vine at my house door I kept;
A good man came under its shadow and slept.
That pure, upright saint, in this time of despair,
Asked my sins from the just-dealing God, in this prayer:
'Deliver, oh God, this poor slave from his woes!
For once by his means I enjoyed sweet repose.'"
I was glad when I found out the mystery's cause,
And told the good news to the lord of *Shirāz;*
For the world, in the shade of his eminent mind,
Secure at his table of bounty, you'll find.
A liberal man is a fruit-bearing tree,
And if you neglect it, Hell's firewood you'll be.
If they lay the sharp axe to the wither'd tree's root,
When will they attack the good tree, bearing fruit?
Oh tree, full of merit, long, long may you live!
For you freely bear fruit and a shade you can give.

Remarks

(ON THE FEAR OF KINGS AND THE GOVERNMENT OF A COUNTRY).

In connexion with favour, enough, I have said;
Yet it need not be showered on ev'ry one's head.
Eat the blood and the wealth of tyrannical kings!
For a bad cock is best, with plucked plumage and wings.
If a man to be fighting your master is known,
Why strengthen his hands with a stick and a stone?

Destroy, without sorrow, the thorn-bearing root!
And carefully cherish the tree that bears fruit!
On a person the rank of a noble bestow,
Who to the distressed will not arrogance show!
Show no grace to the spot where a tyrant's lines fall!
For mercy to him is oppression on all!
Much better extinguish the world-burner's flame!
Better one man on fire than a people in shame.
Whenever you pity the fierce robbing-man,
With your own arm you rifle the rich caravan.
Throw tyrannical heads to the wind in its flight!
Oppression on tyrants, is justice and right!

On Kindness to the Unworthy.

I have heard that a man some home sorrow endured,
For bees in his roof had their dwelling secured.
He asked for a big butcher's-knife from his dame—
To demolish the nest of the bees was his aim.
His wife said, "Oh, do not effect your design!
For the poor bees, dispersed from their dwelling, will pine."
The foolish man yielded and went his own way;
His wife with their stings was assaulted one day.
The man from his shop to his dwelling returned;
At his wife's stupid folly, with anger he burned.
The ignorant woman, from door, street and roof,
Was shouting complaints, while the man gave reproof!
"Do not make your face sour in men's presence, oh wife!
'Deprive not,' you said, 'the poor bees of their life!'"
On behalf of the bad, why beneficence show?
Forbear with the bad and you make their sins grow.
When oppression of men, in a ruler, you note,
With a sharp-cutting sword you should tickle his throat.

That a dog should have "food-trays," what worth has he shown?
Give orders, so that they may toss him a bone!
The village priest, nicely, this proverb expressed:
"For the pack-horse that kicks, heavy burdens are best."
When the night-watch, patrolling, civility shows,
At night, from the thieves, not a soul gets repose.
In the centre of battle the cane of one spear
Is, than thousands of sugar-canes, reckoned more dear.
That all are not worthy of riches, is clear;
One needs riches, another a box on the ear.
When you rear up a cat, off your pigeons it bears;
If a wolf you should fatten, your Joseph it tears.
The building whose base is not stable and true,
Raise not lofty! or show for it dread, if you do!

Remarks

(ON FORESIGHT AND PROVIDENCE).

How well spoke *Bihrām*,[1] of the desert renowned,
When thrown by an obstinate horse to the ground:
"From the pasture another horse must be obtained;
For when one is rebellious he must be restrained."
You may stop, with a bodkin, the fountain's weak source;
When flooded, an elephant can't stem its course.
Dam the Tigris, oh son! when the water is scant;
For when it increases in volume, you can't!
When the wicked old wolf puts his head in the noose,
Take his life! or your heart from your flocks you may loose.

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[1] *Bihrām*, a king of Persia, surnamed *Ghor*, from his passion for hunting the wild ass.

Adoration from Satan's a thing quite unknown;
Good actions have never by villains been shown.
Of a fit place and time, let no foe be possessed!
A foe in a well, and fiend bottled, are best.
Do not say that this snake, with a stick, you must slay;
When you have its head under a stone, pound away!
When a writer has injured his poor fellow men,
A sword for his hands is more fit than a pen.
The vizier who imposes the bad laws he frames,
Will carry you on till he gives you to flames.
Do not say, "This vizier is befitting the state."
Do not call him vizier; he's the people's bad fate.
To the sayings of *Sádi* the fortunate list;
For in them growth of state, sense and wisdom exist.

CHAPTER III.

ON LOVE.

Oh blest are the days of those filled with God's love !
Whether meeting with wounds, or His salve, from above !
They are beggars, who all Earthly Royalty shun ;
Who, hopeful, in beggary patience have won.
Ev'ry moment they swallow the wine-draught of pain ;
And although they taste bitterness, do not complain.
In the pleasure of wine, as a curse, sickness shows ;
The thorn is a guard on the stem of the rose.
Not bitter's the patience with Him for its end ;
For the bitter is sweet, from the hand of a friend.
His captive desires not from bonds to be loose ;
His prey does not seek to escape from His noose.
They are kings in retirement ; God's mendicants, crossed ;
They are versed in God's ways and their footsteps are lost.
They are bearers of censure ; enamoured of God—
The camel excited bears swifter his load.
When will men, to their doings, discover the way,
Since, like water of life, in deep darkness they stay ?
Like Jerusalem's temple, interior all light,
But outside, the walls are in ruinous plight.
Like moths, they deliver themselves up to fire ;
They're not dressed, like the silkworm, in silken attire.

With their loves in their bosom, for sweethearts they look;
From thirst, their lips dry by the side of a brook!
I don't say that they cannot some water command;
But, beside the Nile's bank, like the dropsied, they stand.

On the Power of True and Metaphorical Love.

Your love of one, made out of water and clay
Like yourself, steals all patience and calmness away.
While awake, you're bewitched with her cheek and her mole;
While dreaming, the thought of her fetters your soul.
In devotion, your head on her feet you've so placed,
That when with her, you look on the world as effaced.
When the longing for gold in your sweetheart is slight,
Gold and dust are exactly the same in your sight.
Your soul with another one cannot be bound,
For, with her, not a place for another is found.
You say that her dwelling exists in your eyes;
If your eyelids you close, in your heart, then, it lies.
You've no care lest dishonour should reach you, at length;
To be patient, one moment, you have not the strength.
If she asks for your life, on your palm, you it lay;
If she places a sword on your head, you say, "Slay!"
Since the love whose foundation, on lust, has its stand,
Is such a disturber and wields such command,
Do you wonder that trav'llers in God's path are found
In the ocean of spiritual consciousness, drown'd?
In love for the Sweetheart, they care not for life;
In the thought of the Friend, they have shunn'd Earthly strife.

In remembrance of God, from the people they've fled ;
With the Cup-bearer charmed, all the wine they have shed.
One cannot with medicine establish their cure,
For no one can tell the disease they endure.
For ever, "*Am I not thy God?*" they so hear,
That in clamouring "*Yes!*" they excited appear.
A group of Directors in lonely retreat,
With their breath full of fire, although earthy their feet.
They root up a hill from its site, with a cry,
And demolish a kingdom, at once, with a sigh.
Like the wind, they're unseen and of hurricane speed ;
Like stone they are silent, and rosaries read.
In the mornings, so much do they weep, that their tears,
From their eyes wash the ointment of sleep, that appears.
The horse has been killed, for they drove him all night ;
And they clamour at dawn, at their wearied-out plight.
Night and day, in the sea of love's burning, they stay ;
From amazement, they know not the night from the day.
For the great Artist's beauty, so great is their craze,
That the picture's rare beauty attracts not their gaze.
Saints yield not their hearts to an elegant skin ;
If a fool has done so, he has no brains within.
That person the pure wine of Unity drank,
Who this world and the next, in oblivion, sank.

Story

(OF THE BEGGAR'S SON AND THE KING'S SON).

I have heard that the son of a beggar, one time,
Fell in love with the son of a monarch sublime.
He went and encouraged a passion insane ;
Fancy made him believe that his wish he would gain.

He always remained, like a post, on his course—
Like the elephant,[1] always alongside the horse.
His heart became blood and the secret there lay,
Yet his feet, from his weeping, remained in the clay.
The attendants discovered the cause of his pain,
And said to him, "Wander not hither again!"
For a moment he went, but the thought of his face
Made him settle again near his friend's dwelling place.
A slave smashed his head and his feet and his hands,
Saying, "Did we not warn you away from these lands?"
He departed, with patience and rest at an end;
No endurance, away from the face of his friend.
Like flies from the sugar, they drove him by force,
But he quickly reverted again to his course.
One addressed him: "Oh rashling! with reason astray,
'Neath the rod and the stone you much patience display!"
"At his hand," he replied, "I this harshness sustain;
At the hand of a friend it is wrong to complain.
The spirit of friendship I breathe, you must know,
Whether, me, he accepts as a friend, or a foe.
When away from him, ask not for patience of mind!
For even when with him, no rest can I find.
No strength to be patient; no strife-ground have I;
No pow'r to remain and no courage to fly.
Do not say, 'Move your head from this Court-door of hope,'
Though he pull at my head, like a peg in a rope!
Is the moth not—who gives to his mistress life's spark—
Better off, than alive in his own nook so dark?"
He asked, "If a wound from his club you should meet?"
He replied, "I will drop like a ball at his feet."
He said, "Should he cut off your head with a sword?"
He replied, "Even that, I will freely afford.

[1] The elephant and horse are Oriental names in chess.

If a man has a sweetheart, beloved in his eyes,
He's not vexed at each trifle that happens to rise.
Regarding my head, I am ignorant, quite,
Whether on it a crown or a hatchet may light.
At me, without patience, reproaches don't fling!
For patience in love's an impossible thing.
If, like Jacob's, my eyes become whiten'd and blind,
To see Joseph, the hope will not pass from my mind."
I have heard that the youth kissed his stirrup, one day;
He was angry and twisted the reins from his way.
He said, smiling, "From twisting your reins round, desist!
For the king, without reason, his reins does not twist.
While near you, I am of existence bereft;
In thinking of you, no self worship is left.
If you see in me crime, do not blame on me bring!
Your own head, you have caused from my collar to spring!
Hence, boldly, my hand to your stirrup I brought,
For I reckoned myself in the matter as nought.
I have taken the pen and erased my own name;
I have planted my feet on my own ardent flame.
I am killed by the glance of that love-kindling eye;
What need, then, to flourish your sabre on high?"
Set fire to the reeds, and then go from the ground!
For nor withered nor moist, in the forest, is found.

Story

(ON THE FRAILTY OF LOVERS).

I have heard that a minstrel's sweet notes so entranced
A fairy-faced maid that she gracefully danced.
Her, the hearts of admirers so closely begirt,
That the flame of a candle set fire to her skirt.

Distracted in spirit, she anger displayed,
When one of her lovers said, "Why be afraid?
The fire has, oh friend! set your skirt in a blaze!
It has burned, in a moment, the hope of my days."
If you are a friend, do not boast of the fact!
To serve God and yourself, is an impious act.

Story

(ON THE OCCUPATION OF LOVERS).

From an old man of learning, I thus bear in mind,
That a zealot his head to the desert inclined.
At his absence, his father could eat not nor rest;
The boy they rebuked; thus, himself he expressed:
"Inasmuch as the Friend deigned to call me His own,
From ev'ry one else my affection has flown.
By Truth! until God showed His beauty to me,
All else I had seen was but fancy set free."
He's not lost who averted his face from mankind;
But his "*Lost One*," again, he has managed to find.
Those enraptured of God, who beneath the sky dwell,
May be said to be angels and wild beasts, as well.
In remembrance of God, like the angels, they're high;
Night and day from mankind, like the wild beasts, they fly.
Strong in arm, though their hands are, from helplessness, shrunk;
Philosophers frantic; sagacious men drunk.
Now patching their clothes in a corner, content;
Then engaged in th' assembly, on burning them bent.
No regard for themselves and of others no thought;
In their nook of God's "Oneness," for others, no spot.

Bewildered in reason; intelligence lost;
To the words of admonishers deaf as a post!
There's no chance of a duck, in the sea, being drowned;
In the cold salamander what dread of fire's found?
They are full of ambition, no wealth do they own;
They fearlessly travel the desert alone.
They expect not mankind to be pleased with their ways;
They're approved of by God, and that amply repays.
They are dear ones, concealed from the people's dim
eyes;
No Brahminical thread 'neath their tattered clothes lies.
Full of fruit and of shade and, if like the grape too,
They're not wicked, like us, and dyed over with blue.
Like shell-fish, they're silent within their own home,
And not like the ocean when lashed into foam.
Skin and bone put together may not be mankind;
In each figure a soul, knowing God, you can't find.
The king does not buy ev'ry slave in the mart;
Each old, tattered robe does not hide a live heart!
Were a pearl to be formed from each globule of hail,
Thick as shells they would be in the market, for sale.
They do not, like rope-dancers, wooden clogs wear—
Wooden shoes render walking an uphill affair.
Companions of God's private mansion on high;
By a draught, till the last trump, oblivious they lie.
For the sword, they won't part from the object they own;
For chasteness and love, are the crystal and stone.

Story

(ON THE POWER OF ECSTACY AND EMPIRE OF LOVE).

In fair *Samarkand*, one a mistress possessed;
You'd have said that her speech was like sugar expressed

Her loveliness bore off the palm from the sun ;
By her merriness, piety's base was undone.
The Almighty upon her such beauty bestowed,
That you'd fancy a sign of His mercy He showed.
She would walk with the eyes of a crowd in her wake
Friends sacrificed hearts for her sweet nature's sake.
In concealment, this lover the fair lady spied ;
She gave him a withering glance, once, and cried :
" Oh block-head ! how long will you after me sweat ?
Do you know not that I'm not the bird for your net ?
If I see you again, with the sword, at a blow,
I'll not scruple to cut off your head, like a foe."
A person addressed him : " Now go your own way !
And find a more facile '*beloved*' as your prey.
I don't think you will gain the desire of your mind ;
God forbid, that you cast your sweet life to the wind ! "
Like a lover sincere, the reproof he heard through ;
A cold sigh from his heart, full of anguish, he drew ;
Saying, " Stop ! till the sabre of death does its worst,
And my corpse, from its wound, rolls in blood and in dust !
To foe and to friend they, perhaps, will explain,
That I by her hand with the sabre was slain.
To fly from her quarter, I see not my way ;
Do not scatter my honour unjustly, I pray !
You bid me repent, oh self-worshipping man !
To repent of your words, were a worthier plan !
Forgive me ! for all that she does, I can tell—
Even if it is shedding of blood—she does well.
Her fire, through the night, makes my poor body burn ;
Her fragrance makes life, in the morning, return.
If, to-day, in my love's street my life I should end,
At the Judgment, my tent I will pitch by my friend."
While able, do not in love's war suffer rout ;
Is not *Sádi* alive, though his love is put out ?

On Lovers Sacrificing Themselves and Considering Destruction a Boon.

While yielding his life up, a thirsty one cried:
"Oh happy's the man who in cool water died!"
"Oh strange!" a raw youth, in reply to him, said;
"What are water and lips that are dry, when you're dead?"
He replied, "I, at least, will not moisten my lips,
That for Him my dear life may experience eclipse."
One, thirsty, will into a deep cistern bound,
For he knows he'll die sated with water, if drowned.
If you are a lover, His skirt you should seize!
If He asks for your life, say, "'Tis Yours when You please!"
Your body in Paradise, happy, will dwell,
When you cross safely over nonentity's hell.
The hearts of the sowers of seed are distressed;
But when harvest arrives, they in happiness rest.
In this meeting, the person his object has found,
Who gets hold of the cup at the finishing round.

On the Patience and Firmness of the Godly.

I thus have a tale from the men of the way—
Beneficent poor; king-like beggars are they.
In the morning, to beg, an old pauper set out;
And on seeing the door of a mosque gave a shout.
"This house," some one answered, "belongs not to men
Who are wont to give alms; wait not impudent, then!"
He inquired of him, "Who is the lord of this place
Where no mercy is shown towards any one's case?"

"Be silent," he said, "such false words to let fall!
The lord of this house is the Lord over all!"
The lamps and the pray'r-niche, the old person eyed;
In warmth, from the depths of his heart, he replied:
"What a pity it is to go on, from this place!
Disappointed to go from this door's a disgrace.
Not a street have I quitted, despairing, before;
Why should I, in shame, go away from this door?
Here, too, I will stretch out the hand of demand,
For I know that I will not return, with bare hand."
He sat for a year as a worshipper, there;
As a suppliant, lifted his hands up in pray'r.
The feet of his life sank, one night, in the mud,
And his heart took to throbbing, from poorness of blood.
In the morning, a lamp at his head some one laid,
And saw his last breath, like the morning lamp, fade.
He was raving and saying in accents of pride:
"*Who'er knocked at the Bounteous One's door, it oped wide!*"
To a searcher, endurance and patience are good;
I've not heard of an Alchymist, doleful in mood.
Much gold he converts into ashes, alas!
In the hope that, one day, he'll make gold out of brass.
In purchasing, gold is a good thing to spend;
You can't better buy, than the smiles of the "friend."
If your heart, through a mistress, should suffer distress,
Another grief soother you'll get to caress.
Don't embitter your joy through a sour face, accursed!
With another one's beauty, extinguish the first!
And yet, if in beauty she has not a peer,
For a little annoyance, desert not the dear!
One can sever his heart from a person, 'tis true,
When he finds he is able, without him, to do.

Story

(ON A TRUE SEARCHER PERSEVERING UNDER OPPRESSION).

One pious, who kept up his vigils all night,
Raised his hands up in pray'r, at the first dawn of light.
A voice from the sky reached the aged man's ear,
Saying, "Go on your way, you are portionless here!
Your petition has not been received at this gate;
Go away, in disgrace! If you don't, weeping wait!"
Next night, he, in worshipping God, kept awake;
A disciple got news of his case and, thus, spake:
"Since you've seen that the door on that side is shut to,
Disappointment, so zealously, do not pursue!"
Adown his pale cheeks, from repentance, there ran
The tears ruby coloured; he said, "Oh young man!
Although He has severed the reins, don't suppose
That my hands from His saddle-straps I will unclose!
In hopelessness, I would have wandered away
From this road, had I seen where another path lay.
When a beggar returns from a door unrelieved,
And knows of another, why should he feel grieved?
I have heard that my path in this street does not lie,
And yet, I can no other pathway descry."
Thus engaged, on the ground of devotion his head;
In the ear of his soul the pure Angel, thus, said:
"He's accepted, although without worth of his own,
For excepting in Me, no protection is known."

Story

(OF THE SAGE AND HIS SON).

In *Nishāpur*,[1] what did an enlightened man say,
When sleep bore his son, at night prayers, away?
"Oh son! do not hope, if you have any soul,
That you ever will reach, without striving, the goal!
The barley cut early will not come to aught;
'Tis a profitless body, as if it were naught.
Be desirous of gain, and for loss show alarm!
For shareless is he who is careless of harm."

Story

(OF PATIENCE UNDER OPPRESSION).

A young, recent bride to her old father ran,
And to tell of his son-in-law's harshness, began:
"The oppression is such, while this boy I obey,
That my sweet life, in bitterness, passes away.
The people who near me reside, in this part,
I see not, like me, much afflicted in heart.
Men and women, together, so loving are found,—
Two brains in one skin, you would say, had been bound
I've not seen that my husband has, during this space,
For once, condescended to smile in my face."
This oration was heard by the good omened sage—
An eloquent man was the man of old age—
How like an old man was his answer, so fair!
"If he's handsome, endeavour his burden to bear!

[1] *Nishāpur*, one of the chief towns of *Khurāsān*.

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It is sad to avert from a person your face,
For you mayn't get another as good, in his place.
Why against him rebel? should he cease to love, then
He will draw through your lines of existence, the pen.
With the orders of God, slave-like, satisfied be!
For a lord like to him, you will not again see."

Story

(OF THE SLAVE'S REMARKS).

Once my heart, on account of a slave, suffered pain,
Who, when sold by his master, remarked, in this strain:
"Slaves better than I am will fall to your lot;
But a master like you will not eas'ly be got."

Story on Preferring the Pain to the Cure for the Sake of the Friend.

(THE PATIENT AND THE DOCTOR.)

A doctor, sweet-faced, had in *Merv*[1] his abode;
Within the heart's garden, he cypress-like showed.
For the grief of hearts wounded by him, not a care;
Of the hopes of those ailing through him, unaware.
A sufferer tells a good tale of his case:—
"With the doctor my head was much pleased, for a space;
To recover my health I had little desire,
For the Doctor would, then, from attending, retire."

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[1] *Merv*, name of a city in *Khurāsān*.

Many pow'rful in wisdom and valiant in hand,
By the passion of love are brought under command.
When Passion gives Wisdom a box on the ear,
Understanding can never again its head rear.

Story

(ON THE DOMINATION OF LOVE OVER WISDOM).

One adjusted his iron-like fingers for fight,
Being anxious to test on a tiger his might.
When the brute with his claws pulled him into his clutch,
The strength of his fingers, he found, was not much.
One asked him, " Why sleep like a woman ? at least,
With your iron-like fingers, let drive at the beast ! "
The poor man, I have heard, 'neath the tiger, said low :
" With these fingers, one can't strike a tiger a blow."
When love a philosopher's wisdom o'erthrows ;
Like the iron-like fingers and tiger it shows.
In the claws of a hero-like tiger retained,
With your iron-like fingers, what good can be gained ?
When love rises, talk not of wisdom, again !
In Polo, the ball must the club's slave remain.

Story

(OF THE YOUNG MARRIED COUSINS).

Between two young cousins a marriage took place—
Two sun-like in aspect and noble in race—
The union to one gave the greatest delight ;
The other indulged in aversion and spite.

One fairy-like neatness and nature possessed ;
The other with face to the wall stood distressed.
One decked out her fairy-like figure with care ;
The other sought death from the Lord in each pray'r.
The youth was reproved by the village old men :
" You love her not ! give her her dower, again ! "
He, smiling, replied, " With an hundred sheep, see !
The mischief between us will not be set free.
With her nails, the fair beauty her soft skin would flay,
Saying, ' When will this soothe, while my lover's away ?
He may friendship and faith and sweet union forsake ;
If he spurn or accept *it*,[1] what odds will it make ?
Come along ! I am willing to live in this style ;
I will harshness endure and reply with a smile.
I'm not one hundred sheep ! five score thousand by three,
For not seeing my love would not recompense me ! ' "
Whatever employs you away from " the Friend,"
If you ask for the truth, it's your sweatheart, depend !

Story

(OF THE REPLY OF THE MANIAC).

Some one wrote to a person demented, like this :
" Do you wish to see Hell or to gain Heav'nly bliss ? "
" Do not ask me concerning this point ! " he replied ;
" I'll be pleased with whichever the Lord may decide ! "

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[1] *It* here refers to the dower.

On the Sincerity of Majnūn's Love for Laila.

Some one said to *Majnūn*,[1] "Oh auspicious in pace!
Why is it you never in *Hai*[2] show your face?
Perhaps love for *Laila* has gone from your head?
Your fancy has changed and your passion has fled?"
When the helpless one heard this, he burst into tears,
And answered, "Oh master! desist from your jeers!
My own heart is afflicted with sorrow; away!
Do not you, too, rub salt on my ulcer, I pray!
No proof is remoteness, of patience in me;
For distance may oft a necessity be."
"Oh faithful and good-natured one!" said the friend,
"Say! have you a message for *Laila*, to send?"
"Near my loved one," he said, "do not carry my name!
In her presence to name me, would be a great shame!"

On Sultan Mahmūd and Ayāz.

A person in *Gúzni* thus slandered the king:
"*Ayāz*[3] has no beauty; oh wonderful thing!
On a rose that has neither got colour nor smell,
It is strange that the nightingale's passion should dwell!"
By some one the tale to *Mahmud* had been brought,
And he showed himself greatly distressed at the thought.
"Oh master! my love's for his nature," he said,
"By his height or fine figure it has not been bred."

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[1] *Majnūn*, a man who had a romantic passion for a very plain woman named *Laila*.

[2] *Hai*, name of the tribe to which *Laila* belonged.

[3] *Ayāz*, *Mahmūd* of *Gúzni's* favourite slave.

I have heard that a camel fell down in a pass,
And shattered a box, full of jewels, alas!
These the king in his favour as plunder bestowed,
And swiftly away on his charger then rode.
On picking up pearls all the horsemen were bent;
For the booty, away from the monarch they went.
Of the noble attendants, no person there was
In rear of the monarch, excepting *Ayāz.*
The king looked and said, "Oh my curly haired one!
Of the booty, what share have you brought?" He said, "None!
I straightway in rear of you galloped my steed;
I left not attendance for plunder, indeed."
If a confidant's place in the court you possess,
Neglect not the king for the sake of a dress!
'Tis opposed to religion that saints, in their line,
Should desire ought of God but the spirit divine.
Should your hope in a friend on his kindness depend,
You are serving yourself at the cost of the friend.
While avarice keeps your two lips wide apart,
The Secret from God shuns the ear of your heart.
The Truth is a mansion, embellished with care;
Lust and Passion are dust that has risen up there.
Don't you see that wherever the dust clouds arise,
A man sees no object, although he has eyes?

Story

(OF THE SAINT AND THE FERRY-BOAT).

It occurred that a saint from *Faryāb,*[1] once, and I
In the land of the west to a river came nigh.

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[1] *Faryāb,* a district and town in *Turkistān.*

I possessed but one *direm*, so me they took o'er
In the vessel, and left the poor man on the shore.
Fast as smoke was the boat by the wicked crew rowed,
For the Master no fear of the "Great Master" showed.
I wept at thus having my friend to forsake.
At my weeping he heartily laughed and, thus, spake:
"Oh wise one! let sorrow for me be remote!
He will carry me over Who carries the boat!"
His carpet he spread on the face of the stream;
Was it merely a fancy, or was it a dream?
On account of amazement, I slept not that night;
He viewed me and said—at the first dawn of light—
"You wondered! oh comrade, of fortunate thought!
The boat carried you and by God I was brought!"
People chained to the world do not credit this talk,
That the holy through fire and through water can walk.
The child, of the mischief of fire unaware,
The mother protects with the greatest of care.
Hence, know, that the people in ecstasy drown'd,
In the eyes of the Lord special favour have found!
He watches the "friend" in the fierce burning pile!
What of Moses' small ark being sunk in the Nile?
When a youth has escaped who is able to swim,
The Tigris though broad has no terror for him.
When will you step out on the face of the sea?
You're like men on the land, as defiled as can be.

On the Frailty of Creatures and the Grandeur of God.

(MAY HIS NAME BE GLORIFIED !)

The pathway to wisdom is twist upon twist ;
For the holy, the Maker alone can exist.
You can tell this to people who truths recognize ;
But people of theory will criticize ;
Saying, " What is the sky and the earth, do you say ?
Who are men ? what are game and the wild beasts of
prey ? "
Oh intelligent man ! Your inquiry is well ;
If the answer is pleasing to you, I will tell.
The desert and ocean, the hills and the sky ;
The fairies, mankind, fiends, and angels on high ;
All things that exist, for this reason are less,
That only through Him they existence possess.
The sea in a storm is sublime in your eye ;
And lofty's the vault of the rotating sky.
But when will mere surface observers obtain
A glimpse of where spiritual persons remain ?
For if it's the sun, not a speck they descry ;
If the whole seven seas, not a drop can they spy.
When the Sultan of Glory His flag has unfurl'd,
Into Nullity's collar collapses the world !

Story

(OF THE VILLAGER AND THE ARMY OF THE SULTAN).

An old village chief with his son, on their way,
Passed a king's mighty army, in battle array.

The son looked on heralds and weapons untold;
On mantles of satin and girdles of gold;
On bow-bearing heroes, the slayers of game;
On slaves, quiver-bearing, and archers of fame.
Parniān silken mantles the breasts of some graced;
On the temples of others are coronets placed.
When the son all this splendour and grandeur had seen,
He saw that his father was humble and mean;
That his manner had changed and his colour had fled;
That he hurried away to a corner, from dread.
"You are chief of a village, at least?" the son said;
"In chiefship you're over the great people's head!
What occurred, that the hope of your life you forsook?
That at sight of a king, like a willow you shook?"
He said, "I'm a ruler and chief, as you state;
But my dignity stops at my own village gate!"
Overwhelmed with amazement the holy are seen,
Because in the court of the king they have been.
In the village, oh careless one! such is your case,
That you on yourself a high estimate place!
Men of eloquence have not delivered a speech,
That *Sadi* some proverb, thereon, does not teach.

Story

(OF THE GLOWWORM).

Perhaps you have seen that in garden and swamp,
The glow-worm shines brightly at night, like a lamp.
One inquired, thus, "Oh moth, lighting night with your ray!
Why is it you do not appear in the day?"

Observe what the earth-nurtured, fire-giving fly,
From its head of enlightenment, said, in reply:
"In the plains day and night I am present, always;
But never apparent before the sun's rays!"

Story of the Wise Man and Atábak-Sád—Bin-Zangi.

(MAY THE FAVOUR OF GOD BE ON HIM.)

A person gave *Sád*, son of *Zangi*, great praise.
(On his tomb be abundance of mercy always.)
He gave *direms*, a robe, and respect to him showed,
And becoming his merit position bestowed.
When "*God is enough*," in gold lines, met his view,
He raved, and the robe from his bosom he threw.
From the heat, such a flame in his conscience began,
Up he jumped and away to the wilderness ran.
A desert companion said, "Kindly relate
What sight you have seen that has altered your state!
The ground, to begin with, three times you did kiss;
It did not become you to change after this!"
He smiled, saying, "Firstly, from hope and from dread,
Through my body a willow-like shivering spread;
Thereafter, '*the Glory of God will suffice*,'
Removed ev'ry person and thing from my eyes."

Story

(OF A DUTY-KNOWING MAN).

In a city of Syria a tumult began;
They had put into bonds a good-natured, old man.

That saying of his—in my ears still remains—
When they fastened his hands and his ankles in chains :
" If the Sultan," he said, " does not furnish the sign,
What person can me to destruction consign ?
It is proper to treat as a friend such a foe,
For the Friend has despatched him to hurt me, I know.
Be it honour and rank or if bonds and disgrace,
From God I'll acknowledge it, not Adam's race !
About your disease, oh wise man ! do not quake !
When the Doctor sends drugs that are bitter, to take.
All that comes from the hand of the ' Friend,' then, endure !
A patient's not skilled, like a doctor, to cure."

Story

(OF AN ABSTINENT, PIOUS MAN).

One like me, with his heart in another one's hand,
Was a captive and had much abasement to stand.
He had, previously, wisdom and knowledge displayed ;
Yet, because of his madness, a butt he was made.
From his intimate friends many thumpings he bore,
Like a peg, with his forehead projecting before.
On the head of misfortune, by fancy so put,
That the roof of his brain was well kicked under foot.
From the foe, for the friend, he submitted to wrong ;
For poison from friends is an antidote strong.
No knowledge had he of his friend's chiding strains ;
For the man who is drowned does not know when it rains.
The person whose heart has grown callous to blame,
Does not care for the mirror of honour and shame.

The devil appeared as a beauty, one night,
In that holy man's bosom, and worried him, quite.
In the morning he had not the pow'r to say pray'r;
Of his secret not one of his friends was aware.
He plunged into water as far as the chin,
And like marble, was soon by the cold frozen in.
A reprover began to upbraid him and scold:
"You are killing yourself in this water, so cold."
The judicious young man raised a clamour and said:
"Beware! and be dumb on this infamous head!
For a little, this youth so enraptured my heart,
That my love for him made all my patience depart.
In my good disposition no int'rest he showed;
See how far with my life I am bearing his load!
Hence, He who created my body from dust,
By His pow'r has consigned a pure soul to its trust.
You're amazed that His load of commands I sustain!
In His kindness and favour I always remain!"

On the Ecstasy of Pious People, and its Truth and Folly.

If a lover you are, keep yourself less in view;
If you're not; then, Futurity's pathway pursue!
Lest love should reduce you to dust, do not fear!
For should it destroy, you'll immortal appear.
Green plants do not grow from the grains that are sound,
Unless they are first covered up in the ground.
With God such abundance of friendship you gain,
That release from the hands of yourself you obtain.
You've no road in yourself, while to self you are wed;
The enraptured alone are informed on this head.

Not the minstrel alone, but the horse's hoof's sound
Is music, if rapture within you is found.
To the lover distracted a fly comes not nigh,
For he beats at his head with his hands like a fly.
Bass and treble are one to a crazed lover's ear;
At a bird's cheerful singing, laments the *Fakīr!*
The minstrel himself does not stop in his strain;
But he cannot, at all times, a hearing obtain.
When rapturous men are adorers of wine,
At a water-wheel's sound they to rapture incline.
They circle and dance, like a watering wheel,
And like water-wheels, weep on themselves a great deal.
In submission, their heads 'neath their collars they bear;
When endurance remains not, their collars they tear.
What the song is, oh brother! to you I'll explain,
If I know who the person is hearing the strain!
If his flight be from spirituality's dome,
To the height of his soaring no angel can roam.
And if he be mirthful and playful and vain,
His follies become more confirmed in his brain.
What adorer of lust in pure songs will rejoice?
Those asleep, not the drunk, rise to hear a fine voice!
By the breeze of the morning expands the sweet rose—
Not firewood, which only an axe can unclose.
The Earth's full of melody, drunk'ness and cries;
And yet, in a glass, what see men without eyes?
Find not fault with a Dervish, bewildered and drunk;
He with hands and feet struggles because he has sunk.
At the Arab's *ha-da-ing* the camel, you see,
Goes dancing along in the greatest of glee.
Since the rapture of mirth in a camel is shown,
If 'tis not in a man, as an ass he is known.

Story

(OF THE FLUTE-PLAYER).

A sugar-lipped youth on a flute could so play,
That like reeds in the fire tender hearts burned away.
His father would frequently scold him in ire,
And set the soft flute that offended on fire.
To his son's sweet performance he listened one night;
The music perplexed and confounded him, quite.
He was saying, while sweat down his face trickled free,
"The flute has, at last, raised a burning in me!"
You know not why rapturous men, in a trance,
Keep snapping their fingers whenever they dance?
A door opens wide by God's grace in their mind,
And their fingers they snap at all human in kind.
They may lawfully dance in the thought of the Friend,
For each of their sleeves does a soul comprehend.
I admit that in swimming you're clever and neat,
And when nude can strike out with your hands and your feet.
Let the robes of deceit, name and fame be dispersed!
For a man becomes weak if in garments immersed.
Worldly love is a veil by which nothing is gained;
When you snap the attachments, the Lord is obtained.

Story

(OF THE MOTH AND THE CANDLE).

Some one said to a moth, "Oh, contemptible mite!
Go! love one who will your affection requite!
A road you should walk in which hope's path you see;
Between you and the candle no friendship can be!

You are no Salamander ; don't flit round the light !
You must courage display when you purpose to fight !
The mole lies concealed from the light of the sun,
For against iron claws it is folly to run.
When for certain you find that a man is your foe,
It would not be right, for him friendship to show.
No one tells you, 'Your conduct is perfectly right
In destroying your life for the love of the light !'
The beggar who wished he a princess might wed,
Nursed a passion absurd, and got beaten, instead !
Will the candle include one like you as a friend,
When to look at her sultans and kings condescend ?
Do not think, that with such an assembly in view,
She will cherish regard for a creature, like you !
And if to mankind she is gentle and sweet,
Your are helpless, and therefore she shows you her heat."

Observe what the moth, full of hot anguish, said :
"If I burn, oh astonishing ! What is the dread ?
As occurred to the "friend," in my heart a fire glows,
Hence, I fancy the flame is a beautiful rose !
My heart does not pull my heart-ravisher's tails ;
But, rather, her friendship my life's collar hales.
I set not myself out of pleasure on fire,
For circling my neck is the chain of desire.
While still at a distance her heat to me came,
Not now that my body is burned by her flame—
In the smiles of a mistress a friend acts not so
That he can, by her side, aught of piety show—
At my love for my friend, who on me casts a slur,
Since I gladly accept immolation from her ?
Why I long to be killed, are you able to tell ?
If she live, although I am no more, it is well !
I am burning—for she is a ravishing friend—
In the hope that my burning to her may extend.

How long will you say : ‘In accord with your state,
Secure a companion who’ll pity your fate !’
Your advice to a lover distracted, comes nigh
To telling a scorpion-stung man not to cry.”
Oh wonder ! a man for advice don’t select,
On whom you are sure it will have no effect !
When the reins from a helpless one’s palm chance to go,
They say not : “Oh boy, drive a little more slow !”
How well in the *Sindbad*[1] is mentioned this truth :
“Love is truly a fire, may it teach you, oh youth !”
A fire, by the wind is increased much in strength ;
By attacking, a leopard grows fiercer, at length.
When I saw you were good, you have wickedness shown,
For you force my face downwards, the same as your own.
Than yourself, seek a better ! and deem it a joy
That with one like yourself, you the time can destroy.
After those, like themselves, self-conceited folk stalk ;
In a street, full of danger, inebriates walk.
When first to engage in this work I agreed,
My heart from the head of existence I freed.
He who risks life in war, as a lover is true ;
The cowardly man keeps his self-love in view.
Fate will suddenly kill me, while lying in wait ;
I would rather that dear one would slaughter me, straight.
On the head of destruction when, *doubtless*, is writ,
To death, at the hand of a mistress, submit !
Won’t you helplessly, one day, your life give away ?
For the sake of your love, better give it to-day !

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[1] *Sindbad*, a book on practical science.

Conversation between the Candle and the Moth.

I remembered one night lying sleepless in bed,
That I heard what the moth to the fair candle said:
"A lover am I, if I burn it is well!
Why you should be weeping and burning, do tell."
"Oh my poor humble lover!" the candle replied,
"My friend, the sweet honey, away from me hied.
When sweetness away from my body departs,
A fire like *Farhād's*[1] to my summit then starts."
Thus she spoke and, each moment, a torrent of pain
Adown her pale cheeks trickled freely, like rain.
"Oh suitor! with love you have nothing to do,
Since nor patience nor power of standing have you.
Oh crude one! a flame makes you hasten away;
But I, till completely consumed, have to stay.
If the burning of love makes your wings feel the heat,
See how I am consumed, from the head to the feet!"
But a very small portion had passed of the night,
When a fairy-faced maiden extinguished her[2] light.
She was saying, while smoke from her head curled above,
"Thus ends, oh my boy, the existence of love!"
If the love-making science you wish to acquire,
You're more happy extinguished than being on fire.
Do not weep o'er the grave of the slain for the Friend!
Be glad! for to him He will mercy extend.

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[1] *Farhād*, a famous statuary, who had a mistress named *Shirīn*. There is a play on the word *Shirini*, which means sweetness.

[2] *Her* refers to the candle. The moth is the lover and the candle the mistress.

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If a lover, don't wash the complaint from your head !
Like *Sádi*, wash selfishness from you, instead !
From his object, a faithful one will not refrain,
Although on his head stones and arrows they rain !
I have told you : don't enter this ocean at all !
If you do ; yield your life to the hurricane squall !

CHAPTER IV.

ON HUMILITY.

From the dust, the Pure God to you entity gave;
Be humble! resembling the dust, then, oh, slave!
Shun pride and oppression, and sordid desire!
Out of dust they created you, do not be fire!
When the terrible Fire raised its arrogant crown,
The Earth cast its body in helplessness down.
When Fire haughtiness showed; Earth submissiveness, then,
From *That* they made demons, from *This* they made men!

Story

(OF THE PEARL).

From a cloud there descended a droplet of rain;
'Twas ashamed when it saw the expanse of the main,
Saying, "Who may I be, where the sea has its run?
If the sea has existence, I, truly, have none!"
Since in its own eyes the drop humble appeared,
In its bosom, a shell with its life the drop reared;
The sky brought the work with success to a close,
And a famed royal pearl from the rain-drop arose.
Because it was humble it excellence gained;
Knocked at Nullity's door till it being obtained.

On Men of God viewing Themselves with Contempt

A wise youth with a nature from wickedness free,
Arrived at the harbour of *Rum*, from the sea.
Devoutness, discernment and wisdom he showed;
They placed his effects in a holy abode.
The chief-of-the-pious addressed him, one day:
"From the mosque, brush the dust and the rubbish away!"
The instant the wanderer heard this affair,
He departed and no one again saw him there.
From that the companions and elders opined,
That the needy young man was to work disinclined.
A servant next day met him walking along,
And said, "Through your folly you did very wrong!
You were not aware, oh self-satisfied swain!
That people by service their wishes obtain."
With sincereness and warmth he began tears to shed:
"Oh heart-lighting, life-guarding comrade," he said;
"Neither rubbish nor dust in that spot could I trace;
I alone was defiled in that sanctified place.
I therefore determined my feet to withdraw;
For a mosque, pure, is better than rubbish and straw."
No pathway, save *this*, for the Dervish is seen—
He must count his own body as humble and mean.
Humility choose, if you wish to be high;
For that ladder, alone, to this roof can come nigh!

On the Humility of Bayazīd.

I have heard that one morning, the day being *Eed*,[1]
There came from a warm-bath the good *Bayazīd*.[2]
Without knowing, a basin of ashes, 'tis said,
Some one threw from a house on the top of his head.
He was saying—disordered his turban and hair
And rubbing his face with his palms, as in pray'r—
"Oh spirit of mine, I am worthy of fire,
Since for ashes, I wrinkle my features in ire!"
The great do not look on themselves as select;
From a selfish man, piety, do not expect!
True greatness, with fame and fine speech is not bound,
With pretensions and fancies, high place is not found.
At the Judgment in Paradise, him you will find,
Who searched for the truth and put claims from his mind.
Humility raises sublimity's crown,
And arrogance, under the dust casts you down.
The hot-tempered rebel falls headlong below;
If you wish to be great, do not arrogance show!

On Pride and its Result, and Sadness and its Blessing.

Do not ask for the Faith from one proud of his pelf!
Do not piety seek from a lover of self!
If rank you desire do not copy the base!
With the eye of humility limit your gaze!

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[1] *Eed*, a feast after the fast of the *Ramazān*.
[2] *Bayazīd*, a celebrated saint of *Bastām*, in Persia.

When will an intelligent person surmise,
That power exalted in arrogance lies?
For a nobler position than this, do not seek!
That in praise of your nature the multitude speak!
When a man, like yourself, makes you feel his pride's weight,
With wisdom's clear eye, can you view him as great?
You also from haughtiness do just the same;
You resemble the proud who preceding you came.
When in station exalted, securely you stand,
Do not laugh at the fallen, if sense you command!
Many persons established have suffered disgrace,
And those who were fallen have seized on their place.
I admit, that from faults you are perfectly free!
Do not curse me! Of faults I'm as full as can be.
The *Kába's* ring-knocker, one holds in his hand;
In a tavern, another's so drunk, he can't stand.
If He wills that the former may near Him remain,
And drives off the latter, to call him again;
The first is not helped by his own acts of grace,
And the door is not shut in the other one's face.

Story

(OF JESUS—ON HIM BE SAFETY!—AND THE PHARISEE).

I have heard the narrators of history tell,
That when Jesus was living (may peace on Him dwell),
A person had wasted his life in vile ways,
And in folly and error had squandered his days.
He was froward and sinful, for heartlessness famed:
At his vileness, the Devil himself was ashamed!
He had brought, without profit, his days to a close;
As long as he lived, not a soul had repose.

His head, void of wisdom, was full of conceit,
And his stomach was stuffed with prohibited meat.
His skirt was polluted by practices vile,
And his household was crusted with deeds that defile.
Not a footing had he, like beholders upright;
Not an ear, like the men who hear truths with delight.
As from famine, the people away from him fly;
All pointing, as at the new moon in the sky.
Foul lust had so set all his harvest on fire,
That a grain of good name he had failed to acquire.
He was vile, and so freely had pleasure's cup drained,
That for writing,[1] no place in his record remained.
A sinner self-willed and adoring lust's sight;
In negligence stupid and drunk day and night.
Jesus Christ, I have heard, from the wilderness came,
And passed by the hut of a hermit of fame.
The hermit came down from his room at the sound,
And fell at his feet, with his head on the ground.
The sinner, ill-starred, from afar saw the sight;
Like the moth, he was greatly amazed at their light.
Ashamed and reflecting, because of regret;
Like a pauper in front of a wealthy man set;
Asking pardon, abashed, in words fervent and low,
For the nights of neglect into day-light let go.
Tears of grief as from clouds showered down from his eyes;
"Ah! my life in neglect has been wasted," he cries;
"The coin of dear life, to the wind I have thrown,
And have brought not one atom of goodness my own.
May no person be able to live, such as I;
Than like me to be living, 'twere better to die!
He was saved who in infancy passed to the dead,
For to manhood he bore not a shame-laden head.

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[1] The record of his sins was full.

Oh, Creator of Earth! from my sins set me free;
For I'm badly allied if they travel with me!"
In this corner, lamenting, the sinful old man—
Crying, "Aid my sad plight! for, oh helper, you can!"—
Was standing, ashamed, with his head bent before,
While over his bosom repentant tears pour.
And the worshipper there, with his head full of pride,
From afar, at the profligate frowning, thus cried:
"Why does this apostate our footsteps pursue?
What kindred has this ruined wretch with us two?
One worthy to fall headlong down into fire,
Having yielded his life up to lustful desire.
From his foul skirted spirit, what goodness has come,
That with the Messiah and me, he should chum?
It were well, had he carried his troubles off, first,
And followed to hell all his actions accursed!
I grieve, on account of his villainous face,
Lest the fire of his guilt should in me find a place.
When the meeting is called, on the Last Judgment Day,
Do not raise me, oh God! with this creature I pray!"
Thus speaking, a voice from the glorious God
Came to Jesus (on Whom be all blessings bestowed!):
"If that one is learned, and, if ignorant this,
The petitions of both have not reached Me amiss.
He who wrecked all his prospects and ruined his days,
With weeping and fervour to Me humbly prays.
Whoever in humbleness seeks for My face,
I will not expel from the threshold of grace.
I have pardoned the horrible sins he has wrought;
By My favour, to Paradise will he be brought.
And should the '*Adorer of Worship*' feel shame
Lest *he* should in Paradise fellowship claim,
Say, 'Blush not for him, at the Last Judgment Morn,
For they'll bear him to Heav'n and to Hell you'll be borne!

That one's liver turned blood through his burning and grief,
If the other relied on himself for relief.
He was not aware that at God's justice seat,
Humility's better than pride and conceit."
For the man, whose clothes clean and soul filthy, you see,
The gate of hell-fire has no need for a key.
At this threshold, infirmness and scantness of pelf,
Are better than worship and fondness of self.
When you count yourself one of the good, you are bad;
Conceit, in divinity never was clad!
If manly, don't boast of your manliness here!
The ball is not captured by each cavalier.
That mean one appeared, like an onion, all skin,
Who thought he had brains, like a *pista*,[1] within.
This sort of devotion's a profitless thing;
Go, and pleas for defects in your worshipping, bring!
No fruit for his worship that fool ever had,
Who was good before God and with people was bad.
Speech exists as a monument over the wise;
From *Sádi* one word in your memory prize!
"A sinner who thinks about God, now and then,
Excels the adorer, devout before men."

Story

(OF THE POOR THEOLOGIAN AND THE PROUD CĀZI).

A poor theologian in old raiment dressed,
Sat down in the hall of a judge, with the best.
The *Cāzi*[2] beheld him with ire in his eyes;
The mace-bearer tugged at his sleeve, saying, "Rise!

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[1] *Pista*, a pistachio nut. [2] *Cāzi*, a judge or magistrate.

It does not become you, the best place to seize;
Sit lower or leave, or stand up if you please!
In the ranks of the great, do not haughtily crow!
Since you do not have claws, tiger tricks do not show!
Ev'ry one is not worthy to fill the chief seat;
You see greatness with rank, rank with merit you meet.
What need have you, then, of a person's advice?
The shame, as a punishment, ought to suffice!
The man who sits lower, with honour to show,
Does not tumble disgraced from above down below."
From the breast of the Dervish, like fire the smoke welled;
He sat lower down than the place he first held.
The divines, in their way of disputing then pranced;
The "*Why*" and "*We do not admit*," they advanced.
They together the portal of discord oped wide,
And extended their necks, as they "*Yes*" and "*No*" cried.
You'd have said that bold cocks, as not seldom occurs,
Were fighting together with beaks and with spurs.
As if drunk one beside himself passionate stands;
Another is beating the floor with his hands.
They fell into knots of an intricate kind,
And a way to undo them were helpless to find.
The man in old clothes on the very last seat,
Like a fierce roaring lion vexed, sprang to his feet.
"Proofs clear and convincing are needed," he yelled,
"Not the veins of the neck with wild arguments swelled!
The club and the ball, too, of letters I hold."
They said, "If proficient, your knowledge unfold!"
With rhetoric's pen the clear proofs he possessed,
On their hearts as if graved on a seal he impressed.
From substance to spirit his head he out-drew;
Their lines of pretension he passed his pen through.

From every corner applause they proclaimed;
At his wisdom and nature, "Well done!" they exclaimed.
He the dun horse of eloquence urged to such pass,
That the *Cāzi* remained in the mud, like an ass.
His robe and the turban he wore on his head,
In honour and kindness he sent him and said:
"Alas! that I failed your great merits to know,
And thanks for your coming neglected to show!
I am sorry, that having such wisdom in store,
You appear in a state I am forced to deplore."
To console him the mace-bearer near to him sped;
The *Cāzi's* rich turban to place on his head.
With his hand and his tongue he opposed him: "Away
The fetters of pride on my head do not lay!
For to-morrow to those with old turbans you'd see,
With a fifty-yard turban, me proud as could be.
When they call me a lord and a mighty Ameer,
Other men in my eyes will like rubbish appear.
Does it make any diff'rence if water quite pure,
Is held in a golden or earthenware ewer?
In the head of a man brains and wisdom should be,
A turban like yours is unsuited to me.
From bigness of head no one benefit gains;
A pumpkin's big-headed but does not have brains.
For turban and beard raise your neck not, alas!
For your turban is cotton, your whiskers dry grass.
All those who a human appearance possess,
Do well if like idols they silence profess!
A rank must be sought in accordance with worth;
Do not, Saturn-like, greatness and troubles bring forth!
The merit of cane, used for matting, is size;
In its substance, the virtue of sugar-cane lies.
With such wisdom and spirit, I call you not man!
Although hundreds of slaves in your following ran!

How well spoke the *Cowrie*,[1] bespattered with mire,
When a fool picked it up, full of eager desire:
'To buy me for anything, none will aspire,
Do not, madly, bedeck me in silken attire!'
A rich man by his wealth does not others surpass;
Clothe a donkey in satin and still he's an ass!"
In this manner, the clever and eloquent sage,
With the water of speech washed his mouth free from rage.
The words of a person heart-grieved are severe;
When your enemy falls, do not lazy appear!
Remove your foe's brain, when he comes in your pow'r!
For, fit time will all dust[2] from the heart surely scour.
So subdued by his harshness the *Cāzi* remained,
That he said, "To a hard day, indeed, I've attained."
He gnawed at his hands with the teeth of surprise;
Like the two polar stars, he fixed on him his eyes.
The youth turned his face of resolve from that place;
Out he hurried and no one again found his trace.
'Mong the chiefs of the assembly a clamour arose:
"Where this speaker so forward belongs to, who knows?"
The mace-bearer after him ev'rywhere hied;
"Who has seen one who suits this description?" he cried.
Some one said, "Such a man, whose sweet temper is known,
In this city I recognize *Sâdi*, alone."
Five score thousands of praises on him I invoke,
For he said bitter truths, yet how sweetly he spoke!

[1] *Cowrie*, a small shell used as money. [2] *Dust*, grief.

Story

(ON THE REPENTANCE OF THE PRINCE OF GUNJA).

In the city of *Gunja*[1] a prince chanced to dwell;
A nobody, filthy and cruel, as well.
He came singing to mosque, having tippled too much,
With wine in his head and a cup in his clutch.
A pietist lived in the holiest part,
With tongue heart-suspending and pitying heart.
Some people had gathered to hear his address—
When you fail to be learned than the hearer you're less—
When that obstinate scapegrace dishonour professed,
These pious men's hearts became greatly distressed.
When the feet of a king from the path of truth stray,
Who is able to boast of his virtuous sway?
The odour of garlic drowns that of the rose;
The sound of a lute near a drum weakness shows.
If orders prohibiting crime you emit;
Like paralysed people, you ought not to sit!
And if you possess not command over speech,
Who becomes pure in soul by the doctrines you teach?
When away from the hand and the tongue pow'r has fled,
Men exhibit their manhood in prayers, instead.
One in front of the hermit, of knowledge profound,
Lamented and wept, with his head on the ground;
Saying, "Once, on the part of this drunk debauchee,
Say a prayer! for speechless and pow'rless are we."
From a heart well-informed one sigh fervent and long,
Is than seventy swords and war-axes more strong.

[1] *Gunja*, a city, birth-place of the poet *Sheikh Nizami.*

The experienced person then raised his hands high ;
What said he ? " Oh Lord of the earth and the sky !
The Fates have made pleasant the time of this boy ;
Oh God ! throughout life may he pleasure enjoy ! "
A person addressed him, " Oh guide to the truth !
Why asked you that good might befall this vile youth ?
Why do you wish well for an infidel pest ?
On the city and people, why evil request ? "
The cautious observer replied in this way :
" Since you know not the secret of words, do not bray !
With words of two meanings my prayer was fraught ;
From the Author of Justice his penance I sought.
When a man to abandon his vices contrives,
In Paradise, doubtless, with joy he arrives.
The '*five days*' resemble the pleasure of wine ;
When abandoned, the soul gains the pleasure divine."
To repeat what was said by the subtle-tongued man,
A friend from their midst to the king's presence ran.
The king's eyes from rapture filled, cloud-like, with tears,
And a torrent of grief on his features appears.
By the fire of desire his bad conscience was burned ;
From shame his sad eyes on his insteps were turned.
At regret's portal knocking, he made some one go
To the man of kind heart, saying, " Soother of woe !
Oh come, that my head I may prostrate to-day !
My ignorant head that has erred from the way ! "
The soldiers in rows stood protecting the gate ;
The orator reached the king's palace in state.
He saw sugar and jujubes, and candles and wine ;
A town full of blessings and men drunk as swine.
One was senseless, another half drunk tried to stand ;
One was singing a song with a cup in his hand.
The clamour of minstrels arose from one rink ;
From another the cup-bearer's voice, crying, " Drink ! "

Boon companions by ruby-red wine were distressed,
And the harper's head, harp-like from sleep, sought his breast.
Among the companions of noble degree,
The narcissus alone open-eyed you could see.
The harp and the cymbal in unison bound,
From the middle of discord produced a shrill sound.
The king had them broken in pieces, like pegs,
And pure-looking pleasure was changed into dregs.
They shiver the harps and they sever the strings,
And turn out the songster while loudly he sings.
The jars in the wine cellar smashed they right small;
The gourds they demolished and broke one and all.
Harps lying inverted; wine flowing a flood;
You'd have said from a goose newly killed ran the blood.
Jars pregnant with wine were by no means expert;
But in casting their loads in the strife were alert.
They ripped the wine bags to the navel in height;
The jars' bloody eyes were in tears at the sight.
He ordered; the palace-yard stones they out-threw,
And the court of the palace they wholly renew;
For the ruby-like wine's red, indelible stain,
They in vain tried to wash from the marble again.
If the drains became ruined, no wonder! for they
Drank wine to excess in the course of that day.
Wherever one held in his fingers a harp,
Like a drum, he was beaten by men's fingers sharp.
If a profligate carried a lute on his back,
His ear, like a tambour, got many a whack.
The youth who with pride and wild thoughts had been fired,
Like a saint, to the nook of devotion retired.
His father had oft spoken words meant to scare:
"Let your conduct be pure and your language be fair!"
He bore his sire's harshness; the fetters and jail,
Compared with advice, were of little avail.

If the speaker said words that were harsh or were kind,
Saying, "Folly and childishness cast from your mind!"
His fancies and arrogance reached such a height,
That he left not a Dervish alive in his sight.
The thundering lion submits not in war;
But reflects when he hears the keen sword, the guitar.
By mildness, a foe to a friend you may change;
When you treat a friend badly, the friend you estrange.
The person who, anvil-like, hardens his face,
Must his head 'neath the hammer of chastisement place.
When you speak, you should never abuse the Ameer!
When you find he is harsh, very gentle appear!
By the virtues! conciliate all you may see;
Whether humble in rank or of lofty degree!
For the one lifts his head, though retiring in mood,
By words that are kind, and the other's subdued.
With sweetness of speech you can bear off the ball;
The hot-tempered carries off grief, and that's all.
Accept you from *Sádi* sweet speech, while 'tis nigh!
To the sour-visaged man, say, "In misery die!"

Story

(OF A HONEY SELLER).

A charmer was selling his honey one day,
So that hearts by his sweetness were burning away;
An idol with loins like the sugar-cane bound;
The buyers more num'rous than flies stood around.
If he, for example, could poison command,
They'd have eaten it, honey-like, out of his hand
An envier cast a long look at his trade,
And envied the prosperous market he made.

Next day he went round the wide world at a pace,
With honey on's head and a vinegar face.
He wandered, lamenting before and behind,
But not even a fly to his honey inclined.
At night, when he found that no money he earned,
He sat in a corner with face much concerned—
Visage soured, like a culprit's awaiting his doom;
Like prisoners' eyebrows on Eed-day, all gloom.
A wife to her husband remarked with a smile:
"To a sour visage honey seems bitter as bile."
'Tis unlawful for you to partake of one's bread,
Who wrinkles his brows, like a table-cloth spread.
Act not harshly, oh master, regarding your own!
For a spiteful man's fortune becomes overthrown.
Gold and silver, I grant, are as nothing to you;
But you have not, like *Sádi*, a pleasant tongue, too.

Story

(ON THE HUMILITY OF GOOD MEN).

I have heard that a sage, fearing God for God's sake,
Had his collar caught fast by a wild, tipsy rake.
From that sinner the man, of interior pure,
Raised his head not, though blows he was forced to endure.
Some one said to him, "You are a man, too, at least!
'Tis a pity to bear with this dissolute beast."
The good-natured person heard all he could say,
And answered him, "Talk not to me in that way!
The ignorant drunkard will men's raiment tear;
Who to fight with a fierce, warlike lion would dare?
It becomes not a sage who can caution command,
To fix on a weak drunkard's collar his hand.

A virtuous person so passes his days,
That oppression he bears and with kindness repays."

Story

(ON MAGNANIMITY).

A dog bit the foot of a desert recluse
With such fury, that blood from its fangs dropped profuse.
The helpless one slept not at night, being pained ;
In his household a daughter unmarried remained.
She was harsh to her father and showed temper hot ;
Saying, " You, too, at least, have got teeth, have you not ? "
After weeping, the man of unfortunate day,
Said, smiling, " Oh mistress with heart-lighting ray !
Although I was also superior in pow'r,
I restrained my desire and my teeth at that hour.
Did a sword cleave my head, yet, I never could think
That my teeth in the foot of a dog I should sink.
Towards no-bodies, exercise meanness you can ;
But a dog never yet has come out of a man."

Story

(OF A BENEFICENT MASTER AND HIS STUBBORN SLAVE).

In the world there existed a virtuous sage,
With a vile-natured servant, the curse of the age.
He was thus :—Ill-conditioned with coarse, tangled hair ;
Vile ; with vinegar rubbed on his face, I declare !
His teeth, like a dragon's, with poison bestained ;
The prize from the ugliest townsman he gained.

From his bleared eyes the tears down his face always fell,
And there came from his arm-pits an oniony smell.
When cooking, his eye-brows he screwed into knots;
Bored his master when others were minding their pots.
While his master was eating he always sat by;
Would not hand him a drink, even were he to die!
On him neither talking nor blows had effect;
Night and day was the house in a state of neglect.
Now rubbish and thorns in the way he would throw,
And again to cast fowls down the well was not slow.
From his forehead fierce terror came down to his face;
When sent out, never anxious his steps to retrace.
Some one said, "From a slave whose base mind you detect,
Can you manners and merits and beauty expect?
Life is not worth a copper with such a vile boor;
Why favour his harshness? his load why endure?
A good-natured slave for your use, without fail
I will buy; send this slave to the market for sale!
If he fetches one *Dāng*, do not turn round and jeer!
For if truly you ask me—at nothing he's dear!"
The good-natured man to this speech turned his head;
"Oh happy of birth!" he then, smilingly, said:
"The boy's person and nature are bad enough, still,
My nature through him becomes charged with goodwill.
Since I've borne on account of him very much care,
The oppression of others I'm able to bear.
I think it unmanly that him I should sell,
For unto another his faults I would tell.
Since to suffer his crosses I feel myself fit,
It is better by far than to cause him to flit."

Since yourself you admire, to another be kind!
If you're troubled, on others, distress do not bind!
Forbearance, like poison, at first to you shows,
But it changes to honey when in you it grows.

Story

(OF MARŪF-KARKHI AND THE SICK TRAVELLER).

No man in the path of *Marūf-Karkhi*[1] sped,
Who first did not cast foolish pride from his head.
I have heard that a certain one came as his guest,
Who from sickness had closely approached his last rest:
The hair of his head and his face was all grey;
By a hair was his life held from slipping away.
He alighted at night and his pillow he laid,
And quickly a noise of lamenting he made.
All the night, for a moment, sleep closed not his eyes;
Not a person could sleep, on account of his cries.
With a nature distracted and temp'rament soured,
He lived, and his harshness a people devoured.
From his weeping and wailing, and fidgety plight,
The household was forced to take refuge in flight.
Out of all the male inmates that dwelling contained,
Marūf and that helpless one only remained.
For nights, in attendance, he slept not at all,
And with loins girt obeyed like a slave ev'ry call.
Sleep brought its strong army one night to his brain—
For how long can a man without sleeping remain?—
The instant that sleep caused his eyelids to close,
In the stranger distracted a tempest arose:—
"May curses," he said, "seize this draggle-tailed kind!
Their name and their fame are deception and wind!
With high aspirations and clothes clean and new,
They're deceivers, and sellers of piety, too.

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[1] *Marūf-Karkhi, Abdul Mahfūz*, a celebrated saint of *Karkh*, in *Baghdād*.

What knows the coarse glutton, in drunken repose,
Of the sufferer pow'rless his starved eyes to close?"
He spoke to *Marūf* words devoid of respect,
Saying, "Why did you slumber and show me neglect?"
Out of kindness, the sage bore the words he let fall;
In the private apartments the women heard all!
To *Marūf* one among them in secret thus spoke:
"Did you hear what the wailing wretch said, to provoke?
Go and say, 'Your own journey henceforth you must hie!
Your curses remove, in another place die!'
Both goodness and mercy are right in their place,
But kindness to those who are wicked, is base.
'Neath the head of a wretch, a soft pillow don't put!
For the head of a tyrant a stone best will suit.
Do not favour the wicked; oh fortunate hand!
Only fools will plant trees in a dry, barren land.
That you ought not to care for mankind, I don't say;
But, before the debased, throw not mercy away!
Be not soft, through good nature, with harsh-mannered folk!
The back of a dog,[1] like a cat's, you don't stroke.
Ask you justice? the dog that some gratitude shows,
Surpasses the man who no thankfulness knows.
Do not serve with iced water those hardened in vice!
When you've done it, the recompense write upon ice!
So cross-grained a person I never have seen;
Do not pity a creature so worthless and mean!"
He smiled and replied, "Oh my heart-soothing spouse!
Do not suffer his ravings your temper to rouse!
If from sorrow his conduct was noisy and rough;
To my ear his displeasure came pleasant enough.
Of such a man's fury one should not be shy,
For his restlessness suffers not sleep to come nigh."

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[1] The dog was considered an unclean animal, and therefore any one touching a dog was polluted.

When you find yourself strong and your happiness sure,
In gratitude, weak people's burden endure!
If you the same shape as a talisman show,
You die, and your name like your body will go.
And if you're a trainer of mercy's fair tree,
As fruit, a good name you will certainly see.
In *Karkh* you see tombs in great numbers around,
But excepting *Marūf's*, none is eminent found.
By Fortune! those people have gained high renown,
Who have cast from their temples vain-glory's false crown.
The pomp-loving person exhibits his pride;
He knows not that pomp may in mildness reside.

Story

(ON THE MEANNESS OF THE WORTHLESS AND THE FORBEARANCE OF THE WORTHY).

A "*sauce-box*" his wants to a pious man brought,
Who happened himself at the time to have nought.
Of money his girdle and hand showed no trace,
Or else he'd have thrown it like dust in his face.
To the outside the vile-visaged beggar then ran,
And to scold and abuse in the street thus began:
"Of these silent-tongued scorpions," he shouted, "beware!
They are fierce, tearing tigers who woollen clothes wear.
With their knees on their bosoms so cat-like, they stay,
And spring like a dog if a chance comes their way.
Their mart of deceit to the *Musjid*[1] they brought,
For within their own houses less plunder they got.
Those who rob caravans are a lion-like race,
But the raiment of men in such hands meet disgrace.

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[1] *Musjid*, a mosque.

Black patches and white they together have sewn
With deceit, and in secret their riches have grown.
Well done! barley sellers, exhibiting wheat!
World wanderers! night birds, who men's harvests eat!
Take no heed that in worship they're feeble and old,
For in dancing and pleasure they're youthful and bold!
Like Moses' famed rod, they devour a great deal,
And then show how distressed and afflicted they feel.
They do not abstain and their wisdom is *Nil;*
It's enough that the faith brings of Earth's joys their fill.
A cloak like *Balīl's*[1] they draw over their breast,
And in garments most costly their women are dress'd.
Of the Prophet's great law not a trace do they show,
But *siestas* and morning repasts, they all know.
Their stomachs with morsels are stuffed, seized as dues,
Like the beggar's patched wallet of seventy hues."
I care not to further enlarge on this case
For to talk of your own disposition is base.
The speaker untruthful denounced in this style;
The fault-seeking eye only sees what is vile.
When a man has a great many others disgraced;
What cares he when any one's honour's effaced?
To the *Sheikh* a disciple reported the lies;
If the truth you require, such an act was not wise.
A foe at my back told my faults and reposed,
Much worse is the friend who brought all and disclosed.
Some one shot forth an arrow which fell on the road,
It hurt not my body nor sorrow bestowed;
You lifted it up and came quickly to me,
And prick at my ribs with it, heartless and free.
The good-natured pietist smilingly said:
"It is easy to utter much more on this head!

[1] *Balīl*, a crier of prayers and favourite of the Prophet.

So far but a speck of my sins he can show;
But one in a hundred of all that I know.
Those faults which to me in suspicion he bound,
I myself know for certain within me are found.
For the first time this year, he before me appears;
Does he know of my faults during seventy years?
Than myself, none knows better the sins I have done
In this world, but the All-wise, Invisible One."
A right thinking man I have never yet seen,
Who thought that excepting one fault he was clean.
Is my sins' witness he, at the last trumpet's swell;
I fear not the Fire for my footing is well.
If my enemy wishes my faults to pourtray,
Bid him take, from before me, the copy away.
Those persons have been the pure men of God's road,
Who themselves as the butt of Calamity showed.
Be silent, until they the skin off you tear!
For the pious, the burdens of wantons must bear.
If a goblet they make from the ashes of men,
With stones, the revilers will break it again.

On the Impudence of Dervishes and the Clemency of Kings.

A prince of Damascus, King *Salih* by name,
With his slave about dawn from his residence came.
The suburbs and streets and bazaars he went round;
Like an Arab in style, half his face was upbound.
An observer he was and a friend of the poor;
Whoever is these is a *Salih*, I'm sure.
Two poor men lying down in a mosque met his sight;
Heart-distracted he found them and restless in plight.

From the cold of the night sleep had closed not their eyes;
They, chameleon-like, longed for the sun to arise.
One unto the other proceeded to say:
"A Judge, too, will come on the Last Judgment Day.
If all the proud monarchs of lofty degree,
Who pleasures and mirth and desires sated see,
With the sufferers should unto Paradise go,
My head I'd not raise from my brick tomb below.
The Paradise high is our dwelling-place meet;
For to-day are grief's fetters attached to our feet.
What pleasure from them during life did you share,
That at last you should also their miseries bear?
Were *Salih* to come to this garden retreat,
With my slippers, the brains from his head I would beat!"
When he uttered these words, to which *Salih* gave ear,
To remain, did not useful to *Salih* appear.
Off he went for a time, till the fountain sun-rise
Washed slumber away from the multitude's eyes.
He sent for and summoned both men in hot haste;
Majestic he sat and with honour them placed.
A shower of bounty upon them he rained,
And washed from their bodies the filth that remained.
After suff'ring from cold, rain, high floods, and all that,
'Midst renowned cavaliers, they in dignity sat.
As beggars, quite naked they shivered all night;
With censers they perfumed their clothes at daylight!
One privately thus to the monarch did say:
"Oh thou, whose commands all the world must obey!
Only persons of merit to eminence rise;
What appeared in us slaves that seemed good in your eyes?"
From gladness the king like a rose raised his head;
He smiled in the face of the beggars and said:
"The man I am not, who from pride and display,
Would in wrath, from the helpless my face turn away.

Put you, too, on my account malice aside !
Or you'll wrangle in Heaven when there you abide !
The portal of concord I've opened to-day ;
Shut it not in my face on the morrow, I pray !"

If accepted you are, keep before you the way ;
And if honour you wish, be the poor beggar's stay !
None bore fruit from the branch of the *Tuba*[1] away,
Who sowed not the seed of true longing, to-day.
If you're void of belief, don't for happiness strain !
With the club of devotion, the ball you will gain.
When will you to lantern-like burning attain ?
Like a water-filled lamp, only self, you contain.
A body imparts a bright light to the rest,
Which burns like a candle within its own breast.

Story

(ON THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF THE CONCEITED).

Of Astrology some one a smattering had,
But his head was because of his vanity mad.
From a far distant land he reached *Koshiyar's*[2] side,
With a heart full of longing and head full of pride.
On his face the philosopher shut both his eyes,
Nor taught him an atom regarding the skies.
When portionless, back he determined to go,
The eminent sage gave advice to him, so :
"You thought yourself full of Astrologer's lore !
Can a jug that is brimful contain any more ?
Come free from pretensions, that full you may be !
You are full of yourself and go empty from me."

---

[1] *Tuba*, name of a tree in Paradise, bearing delicious fruit.

[2] *Koshiyar*, *Abu-al-Hasan-Koshiyar*, celebrated astronomer and tutor of Avicenna.

In this world, as does *Sádi*, all self-love resign!
And return again full of the knowledge divine.

Story

(ON GRATITUDE FOR SAFETY).

From a monarch a slave ran in anger away;
He ordered a search, none could find where he lay.
When again he returned, free from anger and strife,
The king bade the swordsman deprive him of life.
The blood-thirsty headsman, by pity unwrung,
Like the thirsty put forward the dagger's sharp tongue.
I have heard that the man, sad and wounded, thus said:
"Oh God, I forgive him my blood he's to shed!
For always, in comfort, caresses and fame,
I happy have been 'neath his prosperous name.
God forbid that hereafter, because of this blow,
They should seize him and give much delight to his foe."
When the ears of the king heard this generous speech,
Not again did the pot of his wrath boiling reach.
He frequently kissed both his head and his eyes;
In the monarch his banner[1] and kettle-drum rise.
With kindness, from such a terrific abyss,
Time brought him to such a good station as this.
The design of this tale is—that soft speaking can
Quench like water the fire of a hot-tempered man.
Where the arrow and sword are employed, don't you know
They wear silken vests of five score folds, or so?
Be civil! oh friend, to a hot-tempered foe,
For by softness the edge of the sabre will go!

[1] He becomes prosperous through the favour of the monarch.

Story

(ON THE HUMILITY AND SUPPLICATION OF UPRIGHT MEN).

From the hut of a saint, dressed in clothes patched and torn,
To the ear of a man a dog's barking was borne.
He said to himself, "What! a dog barking here?"
And to where the good Dervish was living, came near.
He no sign of a dog saw, before or behind;
Except the recluse, no one else did he find.
Quite taken aback, he began to retire;
For about this strange case he felt shame to inquire.
Within, the good man heard a footstep outside,
And shouted, "Come in! at the door, why abide?
Oh light of my eyes! you must never suppose
That you heard a dog bark; no! from me it arose.
When I saw that by Him self-abasement was bought,
I removed from my head pride and wisdom and thought.
Like a dog I have barked very much at His gate,
For I've seen naught to equal the dog's abject state."
When a dignified rank you desire to obtain,
At humility's foot you will excellence gain.
The chief seat in this Presence those persons will get,
Who lower than others their value have set.
When a torrent bounds on, with a force that appals,
From the top to the bottom it speedily falls.
Since dew falls in atoms, most humble in size,
Observe how the sun bears it up to the skies!

Story

(ON THE DEAFNESS OF HATIM AND THE HUMILITY OF HIS NATURE).

A number of eloquent men hold this view :
" That *Hatim* is deaf, don't believe to be true ! "
One morning a buzzing arose from a fly,
That had stuck to the web of a spider near by.
His weakness and silence were only a *ruse ;*
The fly thought him candy and fell to his noose.
In order to profit, the chief took a view,
Saying, " Captive through avarice, patience pursue !
Sugar, honey and candy are not ev'rywhere ;
For in corners lie hidden the hunter and snare."
Of that circle of people of wisdom, one said :
" Oh man of the road of the Lord ! I'm misled.
How came you the fly's gentle buzzing to hear,
That only quite faintly arrived at our ear ?
Since the buz of a fly was detected by you,
Henceforth, to be calling you deaf, will not do ! "
He replied to him, smiling ; " Oh thou with mind clear !
To be deaf is far better than nonsense to hear.
The men who around me as confidants stay,
Conceal all my faults and my merits display.
Since over my vices a curtain they stretch,
It debases my life, and pride makes me a wretch.
That my hearing is faulty, I state as a blind,
In the hope that from worry release I may find.
When those seated around me consider me mad,
They tell what exists of my good and my bad.
If hearing of sin brings no pleasure to me,
From deeds that are evil, I keep my skirt free."

With flattery's rope, down a well do not go!
Like *Hatim* be deaf, and your shortcomings know!
He for happiness searched not, nor safety acquired,
Who from treasuring *Sádi's* discourses, retired.
To a better adviser than he you must go!
What may happen you after he dies, I don't know!

Story

(OF THE PIOUS MAN AND THE THIEF).

In *Tibrīz*[1] dwelt a man who was dear in God's sight;
He was always awake, and a riser at night.
One night he observed where a robber, his noose
Had twisted and on to a roof had cast loose.
He informed all the neighbours; a tumult arose;
Men with sticks, from each quarter sprang up from repose.
When the noise of the crowd reached the base robber's ear,
'Midst danger, he saw that no refuge was near.
On hearing the tumult, fear mastered him quite;
He bethought him in time to take refuge in flight.
Pity softened, like wax, the religious man's heart,
For the luckless night-thief had to, bootless, depart.
By a path in the darkness he left him and then
Returned by another before him, again.
Saying, "Friend! I'm your chum! do not go, I entreat!
By bravery, I swear! I'm the dust of your feet.
I have never beheld one so pow'rful as you;
In warfare the modes of proceeding are two:—

[1] *Tibrīz*, the capital of *Media*.

One facing your foe like a valorous man;
One running from battle with life, while you can.
In both of these modes I'm your servant the same;
Which say you? for I am the slave of your name!
If such is your pleasure, the order convey!
To a place I know well I will show you the way;
A cottage it is, with the door fixed secure,
And the owner will not be at home, I am sure.
Two clods, one on top of the other, let's put;
And I'll place upon each of your shoulders a foot.
Whatever arrives at your hand do not spurn!
It is better than empty of hand to return."
By condoling, cajoling and art's cunning grace,
He drew him along to his own dwelling place.
When the night-robber downwards his shoulders had
bent,
The possessor of mind on the top of them went.
His chattels, including a turban and cap,
From above he passed down to the night-robber's lap.
Raised a clamour of, "Thieves!" from the place where
he was,
"Reward! oh young men! and, your help in this cause!"
The base thief made a bound to the door in alarm,
And escaped with the pious man's clothes 'neath his arm.
Heart soothed was the person of excellent creed,
For the poor, luckless wretch in his aim did succeed.
The thief who had never to man mercy shown,
By the good-hearted pauper was pitied, alone.
It's not rare, in the nature of those who are wise,
Out of pity, to favour the bad they despise.
In good men's prosperity bad men have grown,
Although wicked men have no goodness their own.

Story

(ON AN ENEMY OPPRESSING A FRIEND.

A person like *Sádi* who owned a pure heart,
A captive became to a smooth-faced one's art.
Oppression he bore from the harsh spoken foe;
From Tyranny's club like a ball he would go.
He turned not from any one frowning away;
Nor practised rebellion in pref'rence to play.
Some one said, "You at least have no honour to show!
Of these buffets and load, not an atom you know!"
The ignoble, alone, of their bodies take care;
The weak, the affronts of the enemy bear.
To wink at the fault of a fool is not right,
For they'll say, "You possess neither manhood nor might."
How well the demented enthusiast gave
A reply, that in gold it were well to engrave:
"My heart's but the house of the love of my friend,
And cannot for others, then, hate comprehend."

Story

(OF BAHLŪL AND THE GRUMBLER).

How well spoke *Bahlūl*,[1] ever happy in mood,
When he passed by a grumbler who thought himself good:
"If this claimant had known aught concerning the '*Friend*,
He would not have dared with the foe to contend.
If regarding the presence of God he knew aught,
He'd have reckoned the whole of the creatures as naught.

[1] *Bahlūl*, a saint who pretended to be insane.

Story

(OF LUKMĀN,[1] THE DOCTOR, AND THE NATIVE OF BAGHDĀD).

I have heard that *Lukmān* in complexion was black,
And in tending his ill-favoured body was slack.
Some one thought him a runaway slave he once had,
And employed him in working 'mong clay at *Baghdād.*
In a year, for his master a mansion he reared;
No one thought he was else than the slave he appeared.
When before him arrived, then, the slave who had fled,
The sight of *Lukmān* filled the master with dread.
He fell at his feet and advanced pleas profuse;
Lukmān smiled and said, "Are your pleadings of use?
From your harshness my liver turned to blood for a year;
Can that in an hour from my heart disappear?
And yet, oh good man! I'll forgive even thee,
For the profit to you caused no damage to me.
For yourself you constructed a statelier place;
I have gained greater skill and increase of God's grace.
Oh fortunate man! I've a slave of my own,
On whom heavy labour I often have thrown;
Not again will I trouble his heart in that way,
When I think of the hardship of working 'mong clay."
The man who has never been wronged by the great,
Does not burn in his heart at the poor's wretched state.
In this manner *Bihram* his vizier once addressed:
"Let your subjects not be by hard labour oppressed!
If the words of a Ruler seem harsh unto you,
Do not you towards subjects oppression pursue!"

---

[1] *Lukmān*, supposed to be the author of Æsop's fables.

Story

(OF JUNAID OF BAGHDĀD, AND THE HUMILITY OF HIS NATURE).

I have heard that *Junaid*,[1] in the plain of *Sănā*,
Saw a dog that had lost ev'ry tooth in his jaw.
His claws, lion-seizing, of strength were bereft;
Like a feeble, decrepit, old fox he was left.
After catching the deer and wild ram, in the chase,
He was butted and spurned by the sheep of the place.
When he saw the poor brute weak and wounded and sad,
He gave him the half of the viands he had.
I have heard he was saying, while shedding red tears:
"Who knows which of us two the better appears?
I am better to look at than this one, to-day,
But how long on my head will this good fortune stay?
If my foot of belief does not slip from its place,
With the crown of God's pardon my head I will grace.
If the robe of God's knowledge I do not possess,
Than this brute I am certainly very much less.
For the dog with a name vile as any can tell,
They will never convey, like a man, unto Hell."
The way is this, *Sádi*:—The men of the road
Never have on themselves a sublime look bestowed.
Than the angels a higher position they held,
For they did not conceive that the dog they excelled.

---

[1] *Junaid*, name of a saint.

Story

(OF THE HOLY MAN AND THE HARPER).

A tipsy bard held 'neath his arm a harp tight;
On a pious man's head he destroyed it at night.
The gentle, good soul when the morning began,
Brought a handful of coins to the hard-hearted man.
"Last night you were haughty and tipsy," he said,
"And broke while excited your harp and my head.
My wound has recovered; my terror has flown;
But you cannot get well until money you own."
For this reason the friends of the Lord are more pure,
That they much on their heads from the people endure.

Story

(ON THE PATIENCE OF MEN UNDER THE OPPRESSION OF COWARDS).

I have heard that in *Wakhsh* one of noble estate,
Concealed in the nook of retirement did wait.
In heart a recluse, not a saint in rags dressed,
Who stretches to people the hand of request.
Felicity's door was for him opened wide;
In his face, closed the doors of all others beside.
An ignorant sycophant tried all he could
To revile, out of rudeness, the man who was good.
"Beware of those subtle deceivers!" he said,
"Who are seated, like demons, in Solomon's stead.
At all times, like cats, they are washing their face,
Yet eager to hunt all the mice in the place.

For Pride and Repute's sake, abstemious they are;
For a drum being empty is heard from afar."
While speaking, the people a multitude grew;
Men and women amusing themselves at the two.
I have heard that the learned man of *Wakhsh* wept a deal,
Saying, "Lord! cause this person repentance to feel!
And if he speak truly, Oh God, the most pure!
Vouchsafe me repentance, lest death I endure!
If I ferreted out my own faults, it were well,
For my bad disposition can all of them tell."
If you're all that your enemy says, do not grieve!
And if you are not, say, "Oh wind weigher, leave!"
That fœtid is musk if a blockhead should say,
Be at ease! for he speaks in a meaningless way.
And although this condition in onions may grow,
'Tis their nature, say, "Do not a fœtid brain show!"
It accords not with wisdom and reason and thought,
That the learned by a juggler's deceit should be caught.
He who wisely employed at his own work is found,
Has the backbiting tongue of his enemy bound.
Let your conduct be good, and consistent your walk,
That your foe of your faults may be pow'rless to talk!
Since severe to your heart comes the word of a foe,
Do not harshness to those who are under you show!
I know of no person who speaks in my praise,
Save the man who exposes my culpable ways.

Story of Ali, the Commander of the Faithful.

(MAY GOD REWARD HIM AND THE HUMILITY OF HIS NATURE!)

To *Ali*[1] a man brought a subject abstruse,
In the hope that the difficult knot he would loose.

[1] *Ali*, son-in-law of the Prophet.

The conquering, foe-subjugating Ameer,
Full of wisdom and sense, his reply stated clear.
I have heard that a man at the conference said:
"Oh perfection of goodness! you've erred on this head!"
The magnanimous lion raged not at the man,
But replied, "State it better than this, if you can!"
He explained what he knew in an elegant way—
It becomes not to hide the sun's splendour with clay—
The monarch of men liked his lucid reply,
Saying, "He is correct, and in error was I.
He better explained; and the Maker is one!
And knowledge more noble than His there is none."
Had you been a person of rank in those days,
From *hauteur* you would not have deigned him a gaze.
Your slaves would have quickly expelled him the hall,
And beaten him down, for no reason at all;
Saying, "Do not hereafter disgracefully walk!
It is rude in the presence of nobles to talk!"
If in any one's head self-conceit should appear,
Do not fancy that always the truth he will hear.
From his learning comes grief; at advice shame is shown—
Rain cannot cause tulips to spring from a stone—
Don't you see that from Earth, which humility shows,
The spring season comes and the rose blossom blows.
Oh, philosopher, scatter your pearls not too free,
When the buyer stuffed full of himself you can see!
A person seems little in other men's eyes,
Who to publish his greatness continually tries.
Do not lecture that thousands of thanks you may gain!
When you've eulogized self, hope in others is vain!

Story of Omar, Commander of the Faithful.

(MAY GOD REWARD HIM !)

Saint *Omar*,[1] I've heard, in a rough, narrow road,
On a poor beggar's instep by accident trode.
Who he was, the poor beggar distressed did not know,
For a sufferer knows not a friend from a foe.
"You surely are blind !" in a passion, he cried.
Saint *Omar*, the chief of the just, thus replied :
"I'm not blind ; yet a fault I've committed to-day,
Without my intending ; forgive me ! I pray."
What judges the chiefs of religion were then,
Since they acted like this towards poor, subject men.
In the man choosing wisdom, humility's found ;
The branch bearing fruit bends its head to the ground.
Those who practise abasement are happy at last ;
The heads of the haughty from shame are downcast.
If concerning the day of account you have fear,
Overlook the defects of those dreading you here !
By oppression, oh Brave ! make not subjects repine !
For a hand, too, exists that is higher than thine.

Story

(OF THE GOOD MAN SEEN IN A DREAM).

A beneficent man who a good nature had,
Spoke kindly of people whose natures were bad.
After death, by a man in a dream he was seen,
Who said, "Kindly tell what your trials have been ?"

---

[1] *Omar*, a descendant of the Prophet.

A mouth like a rose, smiling sweetly, ope'd wide;
In a voice like the nightingale's notes, he replied:
"They did not address me with harshness of tone,
For harshness to any I never had shown."

Story of Zunūn of Egypt.

(ON HIM BE MERCY!)

I thus recollect that the clouds did not deign
For the space of a year upon Egypt to rain.
To the mountainous regions a multitude fled;
Lamenting and praying for showers they sped.
They wept, and from weeping the tears, flood-like, fell,
In the hope that the sky would perchance weep, as well.
One of these, to *Zunūn* [1] the intelligence bore,
That the people were grieved and distressed very sore.
"For those in affliction, do thou intercede,
Since the words of the righteous avail when there's need."
I have heard that *Zunūn* to *Medain* [2] quickly ran,
And very soon after the raining began.
The news to *Medaina* in twenty days crept,
That the black-hearted clouds on the people had wept.
The old man soon resolved to return back again,
For the pools were all filled by the torrents of rain.
A pious man, privately, asked on this head:
"In your going, what virtue existed?" He said:
"I had heard that on birds, ants and animals, all,
Through the deeds of the wicked, great hardships would fall.

[1] *Zunūn*, *Zu-al-nun*, *Abul-Fazl*, an Egyptian saint.
[2] *Medain*, *Medaina*, where *Mohămed* died.

In this land, I have thought of it well in my mind,
And a man more distressed than myself, could not find.
I hurried away, lest through my sinful state,
On the face of the crowd had been shut welfare's gate."
By your own fellow men you'll be highly esteemed,
When yourself as of little account you have deemed.
To the great man who reckoned his merits as small,
In this world and the next will supremacy fall.
From this Earth went the Slave[1] in a sanctified state,
Who before his inferiors was humble in gait.
Oh thou wandering over my ashes, take care!
By the dust of the holy, in memory bear!
That if changed into dust why should *Sádi* be sad,
Since in life he abundant humility had?
Unresisting his body to dust he resigned,
Although he had circled the world, like the wind.
In a very short time, Earth will make him its own,
And then by the wind through the world he'll be blown.
Observe: Since the garden of meaning upsprung,
So sweetly as this, not a *Bulbul*[2] has sung!
'Twould be strange were a nightingale such to take wing,
And a rose from the bones of his corpse not to spring.

---

[1] *Slave* here means a servant of God.
[2] *Bulbul*, a nightingale.

CHAPTER V.

ON RESIGNATION.

I WAS burning the oil of reflection one night,
And Rhetoric's lamp I had kindled up bright.
To my sayings a frivolous talker gave ear;
Save expressing approval, no way he saw clear.
From a word, too, detracting, he could not refrain,
For groaning unconsciously rises from pain:
"His thoughts are mature and his judgment is nice,
On the topics of piety, mystics, advice;
Not on spears, iron maces, and truncheons of weight,
For these are fit subjects for others to state."
He knows not that I have no liking for fight,
Else to speak on these matters my pow'r is not slight.
The sword of the tongue I can draw from its case,
And a world of grandiloquence quickly efface.
Come, let us this topic of war undertake!
For the head of the foe a stone-pillow I'll make.

On Patience, Resignation, and Submission to the Decrees of Fate.

Felicity dwells in God's favour alone;
In war and the arm of the strong, it's unknown.

If the high sphere of Heav'n give not wealth, be aware
That it will not by manliness come to your snare!
The ant although weak does not hardship sustain;
By their pow'rfulness, lions their food do not gain.
Since the hand is unable to reach to the skies,
One is bound to submit to the changes that rise.
If Fate has inscribed that your life will be long,
The snake, sword and tiger can do you no wrong.
And if of your life not a part should remain,
The antidote kills you, the same as the bane.
When *Rustam* his last daily morsel had gnawed,
Was dust from his body not brought by *Shighād?*[1]

Story

(OF A BOLD SOLDIER).

In great *Isphahān*, a companion had I,
Who was warlike and bold and uncommonly sly.
His hand and his sword were with blood always dyed;
Like flesh on the fire, hearts of foes through him fried.
Not a day did I see him with quiver unlashed;
From his steel arrow-heads ev'ry day the fire flashed.
He was brave, and his strength was exceedingly great;
From dread of him, tigers were restless in state.
Such reliance in shooting his shafts he would show,
That he failed not to smite with each arrow a foe.
I have not seen a thorn pierce a flower so quick,
As the heads of his arrows pierced shields that were thick.
He smote not an enemy's head with his spear,
That he did not cause helmet and head to adhere.

[1] *Shighād*, a bastard brother of *Rustam*, who treacherously killed *Rustam* by throwing him down a well.

In battle, like sparrows 'mong locusts in flight;
Men and sparrows, for slaughter, were one in his sight.
If upon *Faridūn* an attack he had made,
No time he'd have left him to flourish his blade.
By the strength of his fingers were leopards subdued;
He his nails in the brains of fierce tigers imbrued.
He would seize by the girdle one used to the fray,
And were he a mountain, would dash him away.
On a man clad in mail when his battle-axe fell,
He passed through the man and smote saddle as well.
In valour and generous qualities shown,
His equal on earth, no one ever had known.
For a moment he let me not out of his sight,
For with men of good nature he gathered delight.
From that country a journey soon called me away,
For it had not been fated that there I should stay.
From *Irāk* into *Sham* [1] I was carried by Fate;
In that sanctified land I was happy in state.
In *Sham*, then, I finished my measure of toil,
And a longing I felt for my own native soil.
By chance, it occurred that while journeying back,
I again had to pass through the land of *Irāk*.
One night, with my head hanging down in deep thought,
To my mind was that skilful one's memory brought.
The salt of remembrance renewed my old sore,
For oft had I eaten his salt, long before.
To great *Isphahān* to behold him I went;
Out of friendship, on searching and asking intent.
I saw that Time's changes had made the youth old;
His straight figure bent and his red hue, like gold;
His snowy-haired head like a white-crested hill;
From the snow of old age down his face the tears rill.

---

[1] *Sham*, Syria.

The sky having mastery over him found,
Soon twisted the hand of his manliness round.
The world from his head having ostracised pride,
Infirmity's head, on his knees must abide.
I exclaimed, "Oh great chief! who with lions engaged,
What has polished you down like a fox that is aged?"
"Since the Tartar invasion," he smilingly said,
"I have driven strife-seeking away from my head.
The ground filled with spears, like a cane-break, I watched,
With their banners of scarlet, like fire-brands attached.
Like smoke, I excited the dust-clouds of war;
But what 'vantage gives bravery when Fortune's afar?
I am he, who, whenever an onset I made,
A ring from the palm with my spear I conveyed.
But because in my 'star' no assistance I found,
Like a ring, they immediately circled me round!
The path of retreat I esteemed as a friend;
For the foolish alone will with Fortune contend.
What succour do helmet and armour bestow,
When my planet refuses assistance to show?
When you hold not possession of Victory's key,
Conquest's door by your arm cannot broken up be.
A host came, leopard-felling, of elephant might;
Iron-clad the horse-hoofs and the head of each wight.
As soon as the dust of this army we spied,
To put on our armour and helmets we hied.
Like clouds, we urged forward our Arabs, amain,
And brought our swords down, like a torrent of rain.
Both armies together from ambushment crashed;
You'd have said that the sky on the earth they had dashed.
From the raining of arrows, like hail, 'mong the foes,
The whirlwind of death, in each corner arose.
In hunting the lions accustomed to war,
The mouth of the dragon like noose was ajar.

From the dust, azure coloured, the earth became sky,
And the helmets and swords flashed like stars twinkling high.
As soon as the enemy's horse came in sight,
With our shields knit together, dismounted we fight.
What strength can the hand of man's labouring show,
If the arm of God's grace does not succour bestow?
Not blunt were the swords of these brave men of war;
But fierce was the spite of their rancorous star.
Not a man of our army came out from the fray,
With doublet unmoistened with blood, on that day.
The shafts of those men into silk did not go,
Who, I've said, with their arrows an anvil could sew.
Like a hundred grains, joined in one cluster, we start;
We were scattered, each grain in a corner apart.
We through cowardice further resistance forsook;
Like the fish clothed in mail which succumbs to the hook.
When Fortune averted her face from our field,
'Gainst the arrows of Fate, of what use was a shield?"

Story

(OF THE ARCHER AND THE YOUTH CLOTHED IN FELT).

There dwelt in *Ardbīl*,[1] once, a man of strong thew,
Who could pierce with his arrows a spade through and through.
To fight him a man clothed in felt came from far—
A strife-raising youth and promoter of war—
He was like *Bihram-Ghor*, in his search for a fray;
On his shoulder a noose of wild ass's skin lay.

[1] *Ardbīl*, a city in Media.

Fifty arrows of poplar he shot at this foe;
Through the armour of felt not an arrow would go.
Like the hero *Dastān*[1] the brave youth joined the fight;
In the coil of his noose snared his enemy tight.
To the door of his tent, in the camp-pitching ground,
His hands to his neck, like a robber's, he bound.
He slept not, from pride and from shame, all the night;
A slave shouted out from a tent, at daylight:
"As the felt-clad one's prisoner, why are you here,
Who can penetrate iron with arrows and spear?"
I have heard he wept blood, and thus said in reply:
"Don't you know you can't live when the Fates bid you die?
I am he who in using the sword and the dart,
Could the tactics of war unto *Rustam* impart.
When the arm of my fortune was strong in degree,
A thick iron spade seemed like felt unto me.
But now that good luck from my fingers has strayed,
Felt in front of my shafts, is as good as a spade."
When Death comes, a spear will pierce armour, indeed,
But will not pierce a shirt, if it is not decreed.
He who has the fell sabre of death at his rear,
Will be nude, though his armour should triple appear.
And should Fortune befriend and Time's aid he obtain,
Though naked, he cannot by dagger be slain.
The sage by his striving escaped not from fate,
And the fool did not die from the rubbish he ate.

[1] *Dastān*, another name for *Zāl*, father of *Rustam*.

Story

(OF THE PHYSICIAN AND THE PEASANT).

A peasant one night could not sleep from an ache
In his side. A physician who practised there spake :
"From his habit of eating vine leaves this ache springs ;
'Twill be strange, if the night to a finish he brings !
For a Tartar's hard arrow-head, stuck in the chest,
Is better than eating what will not digest.
In a twist of the gut should a morsel be caught,
The whole of the life of the fool comes to naught."
It occurred that the doctor expired that same night ;
Forty years have elapsed and the swain is all right.

Story

(OF THE ASS'S SKULL).

The unfortunate ass of a villager died ;
He its skull as a charm to a vine sapling tied.
An experienced old man chanced to pass near the head ;
To the vineyard protector he, smiling, thus said :
"Oh life of your father ! don't think this ass' bone,
Can the evil eye drive from the field you have sown !
For the stick from his own head and ears, though he tried,
He repelled not, and helpless and wounded he died.
What knows the physician of people diseased,
Since he himself, helpless, by Death will be seized."

Story

(OF THE LOST DINĀR).

A *Dinār*, I have heard, from a needy man fell,
And the poor fellow searched all around for it well.
His head in despair he averted at last;
It was found by another, unsought for, who passed.
With good and bad fortune the pen travelled round,
And we in the womb of the mother still bound.
Mankind by their strength daily food do not eat,
For the strong, the most needy, you often will meet!

Story

(OF THE FATHER CHASTISING HIS SON).

With a stick an old man beat his son on the head;
"I am guiltless, oh father! don't beat me!" he said;
At the harshness of men I can weep before you;
But if you treat me harshly what then can I do?"
The possessor of wisdom to God sends his cry,
But does not complain of the Maker on high.

Story

(OF THE BEGGAR AND HIS WIFE).

A fortunate person, whose name was *Bakhtyār*,[1]
Was exalted in rank and had wealth on a *par*.

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[1] *Bakhtyār*, a man's name. It means *fortunate*.

He alone possessed money and stores in the place ;
All the others were poor and showed grief in their face.
A woman presumed with her husband to fight,
Because he came home empty-handed at night.
"Like you," she exclaimed, "there's no poor, blighted thing!
Like the wasp, you are only possessed of a sting !
From your neighbours some manliness try to acquire !
For at any rate, I'm not a wife without hire.
Gold and silver and property others possess ;
Why don't you, like them, smiling Fortune caress ?"
The pure-hearted man in a woollen robe dressed,
Like a drum, brought a cry from his desolate breast :
"No power have I over things that exist ;
With your fingers, the strong hand of Fate do not twist !
On my hand of selecting, the Fates placed a bar,
Else I'd have created myself a *Bakhtyār*."

Story

(OF THE POOR MAN AND HIS UGLY WIFE).

A man who in *Kīsh*[1] suffered poverty's yoke,
To his vile-visaged wife, thus, with truthfulness spoke :
"Since ugly is writ by Fate's hand on your face,
On your cheeks void of beauty, rose-pink do not place !"
Who is able to master good fortune by might ?
To the eyes of the blind, who with salve can give sight ?
Good works the malevolent never have shown,
And union 'mong dogs is a thing quite unknown.
The whole of the Sages of Greece and of Rome,
Could not honey extract from the thorny *Zakom*.[2]

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[1] *Kīsh*, an island at the mouth of the Persian Gulf, shaped like a quiver. *Kīsh* means a *quiver*.
[2] *Zakom*, a thorny tree, from the fruit of which an oil is extracted.

A wild beast is not likely to change into man ;
Instruction is lost on it, strive as you can.
One can polish a mirror that rusty has grown,
But a mirror can never be made out of stone.
Effort makes not a rose from a willow to grow ;
A warm-bath will not whiten a negro like snow.
Since nought can the arrow of destiny brave,
Resignation's the shield that is left to God's slave.

Story

(OF THE VULTURE AND THE KITE).

In this manner a vulture conversed with a kite :
"No bird has like me such a far-reaching sight."
"We must settle this point!" said the kite, in reply.
"On the desert's expanse, tell me what you can spy?"
I have heard that a day's journey distant, or so,
He looked from above on the desert below ;
And said, "I can see, if you credit the feat,
That on yonder vast plain there is one grain of wheat!"
The kite was of patience bereft, from surprise ;
They directed their heads to the plains from the skies.
When the vulture arrived at the grain on the ground,
In a long, stretching snare he was twisted and bound.
From eating that grain he was little aware,
That Fate would entangle his neck in a snare.
Not always in pearl shells are pearls found to lie ;
An archer can't always transfix the bull's eye.
Said the kite, "What acquire you from seeing that grain,
When no sight of the snare of your foe you obtain?"
I have heard that he said, with his neck in the noose,
"Against Fate's decrees, caution proves of no use."

When Death caused his hand for his murder to rise,
Fate instantly darkened his clear seeing eyes.
In a sea where the opposite coast is concealed,
The swimmer's proud boast will no benefit yield.

Story

(OF THE GOLD-CLOTH WEAVER'S APPRENTICE).

How nicely a weaver's apprentice did state—
While sketching giraffes, birds and elephants great—
"A single design does not come from my hand,
That the '*Teacher above*' has not previously planned."
If your outward appearance be hideous, or fine,
Has it not been portrayed by the Artist Divine?
In this person some hid infidelity see,
Who declares, "*Zaid*[1] afflicted and *Omar* smote me."
If the Lord of command will vouchsafe to you eyes,
Not again will you see *Zaid* and *Omar* arise.
If a man remain silent, I do not suppose
That his means of subsistence the Maker will close.
May the Maker of Earth keep it open for thee!
If He closes food's portal it cannot ope'd be.

Story

(OF THE CAMEL AND HER COLT).

The colt of a camel its mother addressed
After trav'lling, "Oh, come! for a time let us rest!"

[1] *Zaid* and *Omar* are fictitious persons who figure in *Mohămedan* literature, and refer to creatures in contradistinction to the Creator.

She replied, "If the halter had been in my sway,
In the train 'neath a load none had seen me to-day."
Wherever Fate wills she the vessel can bear,
Though the Captain should tear all his clothes in despair.
Oh *Sádi!* on others' hands cast not your eyes!
For God is the giver and He should suffice.
If you worship the Lord you need no other door;
If He drive you away none will bid you come more.
If He give you good luck, raise your head in the air!
Go! scratch, if He does not, the head of despair!

Remarks

(ON SINCERITY AND ITS BLESSING, AND ON HYPOCRISY AND ITS CALAMITY).

Devotion is good when its object is plain,
What good, else, can come from a skin without brain?
What's the belt of the gueber? the tattered, old cloak?
When you wear them to tickle the fancies of folk!
Do not publish your bravery, I've told you, at least:
When you've shown you're a man, do not act like a beast!
One should merit display, in accordance with facts;
He is never ashamed who in this manner acts.
For when from one's head the lent turban they tear,
On his breast there remains an old garment to wear.
Do not use wooden stilts if your stature be small,
That in juvenile eyes you may seem to be tall!
If a coating of silver on copper you pass,
You may foist it with ease on an ignorant ass.
On coppers, my life, liquid gold do not place!
For the wise bankers treat them as worthless and base.
The coins that are gilt, in the furnace they throw;
Which is copper; which gold, they immediately know.

Story

(OF THE MOUNTAIN MONK).

Don't you know what a chief of the mountain monks spake
To the man, who for fame ev'ry night kept awake?
"Oh soul of your father, in purity strive!
For you cannot from people advantage derive.
Those men who in love with your actions have been,
Have only your outward appearance yet seen.
What price will a *Houri*[1]-like maiden bring in,
Who beneath her fine dress has a foul, leprous skin?
You cannot in Heav'n by deceit get a place,
For the veil will retire from your sinister face."

Story

(OF A CHILD WHO KEPT A FAST).

I have heard that a tender aged child kept a fast;
With toil he held out till the morning repast.
The teacher removed him from school the same day,
For it seemed to him grand that an infant should pray.
His papa kissed his eyes and his mother his head;
And over him, almonds and money they shed.
When half of the day in this manner had passed,
In his stomach the hot hunger pangs raised a blast.
He said in his heart, "If some morsels I chew,
My parents won't know what in secret I do."
As the boy for his father and tribe conscience showed,
He feasted in private and fasted abroad.

[1] *Houri*, a nymph of Paradise.

Who knows that communion with God you don't share,
When without an ablution you stand to say pray'r?
The old man is more foolish than that child can be,
Who engages in worship, for people to see.
That pray'r is the key of the portal of hell,
Over which in men's presence a long time you dwell.
If your path does not lead to the Maker alone,
Your carpet for pray'r into Hell will be thrown!
One of good disposition in coarse garments clad,
Surpasses the pietist inwardly bad.
A prowling night-robber is better, I vote,
Than the profligate dressed in a pious man's coat.
To the man who seeks payment for trouble below,
What wages will God at the Judgment bestow?
Do not hope to get wages from *Umar*, oh son!
When your work, in the mansion of *Zaid* has been done.
I say that one cannot arrive at the Friend,
Unless, as a searcher, this way he should wend.
Pursue the right road that the goal you may find!
You are not on the road, so you're fallen behind!
You resemble the wine-presser's ox with eyes bound;
In the same place from morning to night going round.
Were a person to turn from the *Kiblah*[1] his sight,
His neighbours would vouch for his infidel plight.
You, too, have your back to the *Kiblah* in pray'r,
If to God you a suppliant face do not bear.
Take care of the tree with a permanent root,
For some day it will yield you abundance of fruit!
If you have not sincerity's root in your ground,
One like you is not baulked though this fruit is not found.
Whoever sows seed on the face of a stone,
Not a grain at the season of reaping will own.

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[1] *Kiblah*, the place towards which *Mohămedans* turn their faces when praying; usually the *Kába* at Mecca.

To hypocrisy give not the honour of place !
For this water has mud lying under its face.
When in heart I am thoroughly wicked and mean,
What's the gain from fame's splendour in works that are seen ?
By hypocrisy's aid a patched garb's eas'ly sewed ;
But will you be able to sell it to God ?
What mortal can tell who is inside a coat ?
A writer can tell what is writ in a note !
What weight has a large, leather bag, full of wind,
When Justice and Equity's balance we find ?
The hypocrite showing how much he abstained,
Was unmasked and his leather bag "nothing" contained.
The outside they make than the lining more clean,
For the latter is covered the former is seen.
The wise for the purpose of show were not dressed,
So linings of rich, painted silk they possessed.
If you wish that your fame through the country should go,
Your outside adorn ! stuff the inside with tow !
Bayizīd did not jest when he uttered this speech :
"I'm with scoffers more safe than with those whom I teach."
All those who are sultans and kingly in line,
Are beggars entirely at this holy shrine.
A religious man's hope in the beggar's not bound ;
It is wrong to assist up the vile from the ground.
If you're pregnant with pearls, act like this ! and 'tis well ;
Keep your head in yourself, like the pearl bearing shell.
When in worship your face to the Lord is inclined,
If Gabriel should fail to observe you, don't mind !
Oh son, *Sádi's* counsel for you is as clear
As a father's advice, if you only give ear !
If you do not attend to our sayings to-day,
God forbid, lest to-morrow you penitent stay !

CHAPTER VI.

ON CONTENTMENT.

He knew not the Lord and from worship abstained,
Who repined at the portion in life he obtained.
By contentment a man becomes wealthy and great;
This news to the greedy world-wanderer state!
Oh rover! acquire an established abode,
For a rolling stone gathers no moss on the road!
Do not pamper your body, if wary and wise!
For when you indulge it you cause its demise.
Philosophers nurture the virtues with care;
Those who pamper the body, of virtues are bare.
With a character human the person was filled,
Who, to start with, the dog of concupiscence stilled.
Beasts of prey care for eating and sleeping, alone,
And to follow this habit the foolish are prone.
Oh happy is he, who, in corner retired,
Has supplies for the road, from God's knowledge, acquired!
Those whom God has informed of the secret of grace,
Have not chosen the follies of life in its place.
And yet, when one knows not the darkness from light,
Fiend and cheek of a *Houri* are one in his sight.
You could not the road from the pit again tell,
And, therefore, you cast yourself into a well.

Can the male falcon fly to the sky's highest height,
When with greed's heavy weight you have pinioned him tight?
If his skirt from the talons of lust you set free,
His flight to the mansion of Gabriel will be.
If th' amount you're accustomed to eat you curtail,
You'll the nature of angels acquire without fail.
When will a wild beast to the angels come nigh,
Since from Earth unto Heav'n it is helpless to fly?
First, the qualities special to man exercise!
Let your thoughts to the nature of angels then rise.
You are up on the back of a spirited colt;
Take care! lest away from your hand it should bolt!
If it parted the reins from your palm, without doubt
It would kill its own body, and pour your blood out.
Be mod'rate in eating! if human you are;
With your stomach so full, are you man, or a jar?
Your inside's for thinking of God, breath and food;
You suppose that for viands alone, it is good.
Where's his room for reflection? from sordid desire,
He can only, with very great effort, respire!
Those who cherish the body, the fact do not know,
That the men with stuffed stomach no wisdom can show.
The eye and the stomach can never be cloyed;
Far better, indeed, were the twisted gut void.
When Hell's yawning furnace with fuel they fill,
It reiterates loud, "*Is there any more still?*"
Your Jesus is dying of weakness, alas!
You are occupied solely in feeding His ass.
From buying the world with the Faith, wretch, refrain!
With the Gospel of Jesus don't buy the ass grain!
The wild beasts of prey, you may not be aware,
From their love of devouring are drawn to the snare.
The leopard that stretches his neck after beasts,
Is entrapped like a mouse, from his liking for feasts.

When of one's bread and cheese, like a mouse, you eat
  part,
You fall to his snare and are hit by his dart.

Story

(OF THE HĀJI'S IVORY COMB).

A *Hāji*[1] once gave me an ivory comb;
(Mercy rest on the virtues of *Hājis*, who roam !)
I had heard that he dared once to call me a dog;
For at something I said, was his mind set agog.
"This bone," I said—casting the comb on the ground—
"Does not suit me ! henceforth do not call me a hound !
If I drink my own vinegar, do not suppose,
That I care to endure the confectioner's blows !"
Let a little, oh spirit, your wish satisfy !
That the Sultan and beggar as one, you may spy !
In front of a monarch, your wishes, why bring?
When you've set aside greed, you yourself are a king!
If you worship yourself, make your stomach a gong!
And pray at each door, as you travel along.

Story

(OF THE COVETOUS MAN AND HIS SON).

I have heard that a person of covetous sight,
Went to *Khārăzăm's*[2] king at the first dawn of light.
When his son had observed that in paying respect,
He bowed, kissed the ground and again stood erect;

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[1] *Hāji*, a *Mohămedan* who has made a pilgrimage to Mecca.
[2] *Khārăzăm*, a town to the east of the Caspian Sea near the Oxus.

He said, "Oh magnanimous father, give ear!
I've a difficult question for you to make clear.
You have stated that Mecca's your worshipping place;
Why in praying, to-day, turned you elsewhere your face?"
Your spirit, lust-worshipping, do not obey!
For each hour, at a different shrine it will pray.
On its order, oh brother, extend not a hand!
He was rescued, who did not obey its command.
Oh wise man! by contentment the head is raised high;
The head, full of greed, on the shoulder must lie!
The fair fame of honour is scattered by greed;
A skirtful of pearls strewn for two grains of seed!
When you wish your thirst quenched at a rivulet nice,
Why squander your fame for the sake of some ice?
Perhaps you are pleased with your comforts in store!
If not, you must travel from door unto door!
Go, sir! make the base hand of avarice short!
What occasion have you in long sleeves to disport?
He whose record of av'rice is folded from sight,
To no one, "Your slave!" or "Your servant!" should write.
Out of ev'ry assembly by greed you are turned;
Drive it out of yourself, that you may not be spurned!

Story

(OF THE PIOUS SICK MAN).

In one of the pious an ague began;
Some one said, "Ask conserve from a certain rich man!"
He answered, "The harshness of dying, oh son!
Is better than scowls from a sour-visaged one."
Of that person's conserve, the wise man did not eat,

Who had shown him a vinegar face from conceit.
Do not follow whatever your heart may desire!
For tending the body abates your soul's fire.
Inordinate appetite makes a man low;
Do not show it affection, if wisdom you know!
If whatever may be its desire, you should eat,
From the changes of Time, disappointment you'll meet.
If the store of the stomach is always kept hot,
Misfortune arises when nought can be got.
The hue of your face disappears in distress,
When in plentiful times you your stomach oppress.
The man always eating, the stomach's load bears;
If he eats not, he carries a burden of cares.
The stomach's slave, greatly abashed you will find;
A void stomach is better, I think, than void mind.

Story

(ON THE DEPRAVITY OF GLUTTONS).

Do you know of the wonders from *Băsră*[1] I brought?
Far sweeter than dates, some remarks I have got.
A few of us, decked in the garb of the true,
Passed a district where dates in luxuriance grew.
The stomach of one of our number was great;
A glutton he was, from the 'bushels' he ate.
The poor creature got ready and climbed up a tree,
And down again heavily, headlong, fell he.
One cannot eat dates, aye, and bear them away;
The glutton, ill-starred, ate and lifeless he lay.
The village chief coming, "Who killed him?" he cried;
"Do not shout at us harshly like that!" I replied;

[1] *Băsră*, a city on the Persian Gulf.

"His stomach neath's skirt dragged him down from a
branch;
Narrow-minded is he who is spacious in paunch."
The hand's bonds, is the stomach, and chain of the feet;
A stomach's slave pious, you rarely will meet.
The locust's all stomach and therefore, no doubt,
The small-bellied ant, by the leg pulls it out.
Depart and an inside of pureness acquire!
The stomach can never be filled, but with mire.

Story

(OF THE SŪFI AND HIS DINĀRS).

By his belly and lust, was a *Sūfi*[1] subdued,
For he foolishly spent two *Dinārs* on their food.
One among his companions addressed him aside,
Saying, "How did you spend the *Dinārs?*" He replied:
"From my back, I with one of them pleasure released;
With the other, I spread for my stomach a feast.
With baseness and foolishness, now, I am stained;
For the latter's not full and the former is drained."
If a food is nice-flavoured, or coarse and ill-dressed,
When it reaches you late, you will eat it with zest.
The sage his tired head on the pillow will lay,
When sleep in its noose bears him fiercely away.
While you cannot speak fluently, speak not at all!
Till you see a clear plain, take good care of the ball!
Let your talk and your walk, while to choose you are free,
Be neither above nor below your degree!

[1] *Sūfi.* The *Sufis* are a sect of *Mohămedans* credited with being free-thinkers.

Story

(OF THE HOLY MAN AND THE SUGAR-CANE).

One had pieces of sugar-cane heaped on a plate,
And went hither and thither, on buyers to wait.
In the village he said to a God-fearing man:
"Take a little and pay me the price when you can!"
The sage of good origin gave, on his part,
An answer that ought to be graved on the heart:
"Perhaps you might fail to have patience with me;
But without sugar-cane I can very well be.
The sugar in cane can no sweetness possess,
When bitter exacting must after it press."

Story

(OF THE WISE MAN AND THE AMEER'S GIFT).

The Cathay Ameer sent a rich, silken dress
To a sage, who a luminous mind did possess.
He donn'd it and kissing the ground and his hands,[1]
Said, "A thousand '*Well dones*' on the king of all lands!
How fine is this dress, from the Tartar Ameer!
Yet my own ragged garment to me is more dear!"
If you're free; on the ground you should slumber, and then,
Do not kiss for a carpet the ground before men!

[1] He kissed the hands of the messenger who brought the present.

Story

(OF THE MAN AT THE KING'S TABLE).

One had only an onion to eat with his bread ;
With life's dainties he was not, like other men, fed.
A lunatic shouted, "Oh indigent wretch !
Go and ready-cooked meat from the public tray fetch !
Demand thou, oh sir ! and for no one show dread !
For cut off is the timid petitioner's bread."
He put on his cloak and with hands ready, stood ;
They fractured his fingers and tore up his hood.
I have heard he was saying and shedding red tears :
"Oh my spirit ! what help for what's self-done appears ?
The Captive of Avarice, evil pursues ;
Henceforth my own house, bread and onions, I'll use.
The barley loaf I by my own arm can eat,
Is better than charity loaves made of wheat."
How distressed was the sleep of that base one, last night,
Who on other men's tables had fastened his sight !

Story

(OF THE OLD WOMAN'S CAT).

A cat in the house of an old woman dwelt,
Who changes of time and condition had felt.
To the banqueting hall of a ruler it went ;
Through its body the slaves of the chief arrows sent.
It was running, with blood from its bones dripping rife ;
It was saying, and running from fear of its life :

"If I from the hand of this archer can flee,
With the mouse of the old woman's hut I'll agree."
The honey repays not the wound of the sting;
With contentment, date-juice more enjoyment will bring.
The Lord with that servant is not satisfied,
Who sulks at the share which the Lord has supplied.

Story

(OF THE SHORT-SIGHTED MAN AND THE WOMAN OF NOBLE SPIRIT).

An infant the whole of his milk-teeth had got;
The father hung down his sad head in deep thought.
Saying, "Where can I get food and clothes for my son?
It would not be manly to leave him and run!"
When the wretch made this statement in front of his wife,
Hear how bravely replied the help-meet of his life:
"Do not fear for the Devil! for while the child lives,
He who gave him the teeth also food to him gives!
The Omnipotent God has the pow'r, after all,
To give us our food; in this way, do not bawl!
He Who sketches the child in the uterine cell,
Is the Writer of life and subsistence, as well.
When a lord buys a slave he will food to him give;
How much more will He, then, Who bade the slave live?
Your reliance upon the Creator is less,
Than that which a slave on his lord should possess."
Have you heard that in ages, a long time ago,
In the hands of the saints, stone to silver would grow?
You cannot suppose that the saying's unwise:
"When content, stone and silver are one in your eyes."

When the heart of a child knows no envy or lust,
In his eyes, what's a handful of gold, or of dust?
Make the Dervish who worships the monarch aware,
That the king than the pauper more sorrow must bear!
With one paltry *Direm* the beggar is pleased;
Faridūn was half-glad when all Persia he seized.
Guarding kingdom and wealth is a dangerous game;
The beggar's a king, although beggar's his name.
The beggar without any care on his heart,
Is better than kings who in joy have no part.
The peasant slept happy along with his spouse,
With a joy that no king in a palace could rouse.
When sleep's flood arrives and bears man in its train,
What's the king on the throne? what's the *Kurd*[1] on the plain?
If one is a king,[2] and should one cotton sew,
When they sleep, both their nights into daylight will go.
When you see a rich man who is crazy in head,
Depart and thank God that you barely have bread!
Praised be God! that in you no ability lies,
That affliction on one, from your hand should arise!

Story

(OF THE USURER AND HIS SON).

From a staircase a usurer tumbled, one day;
I have heard that his soul at the time passed away.
His son for a little lamented him sore,
And then joined his frolicsome friends, as before.

---

[1] *Kurd*, a native of *Kurdistān*.
[2] When sleep arrives it treats rich and poor alike.

He saw him one night in a dream and thus said:
"At the judgment and questioning, how have you sped?"
"The story, oh son! do not ask me to tell!
From the staircase I tumbled, at once, into Hell."

Story

(OF THE GOOD MAN AND HIS HOUSE).

I have heard that a man who was good and upright,
For himself built a dwelling becoming his height.
Some one said, "I'm aware that with means you're supplied
To build a house statelier." "Stop!" he replied;
"What desire for arched ceilings comes into my mind?
This same is sufficient, for leaving behind."
In the way of a flood, oh youth, build not a seat!
For to no one was such a house ever complete.
It's against sense and reason and knowledge of God,
That a trav'ller should build up an inn on the road.

Story

(OF THE HOLY MAN WHO BECAME KING).

There once was a monarch of pomp and renown,
Whose "*sun*"[1] to the mountain desired to go down.
He abandoned his realm to a saint of that place,
For no living successor was left of his race.
When the holy recluse heard the big drum of state,
He cared not again in retirement to wait.
He began to manœuvre his troops left and right;
The hearts of brave men were alarmed at the sight.

---

[1] He felt that he was dying.

So strong grew his arm and so brave had he got,
That with war-seeking people encounter he sought.
Of the foe, disunited, a number he killed;
The remainder assembled, with one spirit filled.
They circled him round in a fortress so tight,
That the raining of arrows and stones cowed him quite.
To an eminent saint he made some one repair;
Saying, "I am distressed! oh reliever of care,
With your prayers assist! for the arrow and sword,
Do not always, in battle, assistance afford."
When the worshipper heard this, he smiled, and then said:
"Why did he not sleep on a half loaf of bread?
Karūn, the wealth-worshipper, was not aware,
That the treasure of peace hugs the corner of pray'r."

Remarks

(ON PATIENCE IN WEAKNESS AND HOPE OF BETTER DAYS).

In a gen'rous man's spirit perfection is bred;
If no money he owns, what's the harm or the dread?
Were a miser with *Crœsus* in riches to range,
Do not think that his miserly spirit would change!
If a liberal person obtains not his bread,
His spirit is rich, just as if he were fed.
The giving's the ground and the means, the sown field;
Bestow! that the root fertile branches may yield.
I would wonder where God, who makes man out of clay,
To make his humanity vanish away.
In hoarding up wealth, do not strive to excel!
For water when stagnant emits a bad smell.
In munificence labour! for water that flows,
By the favour of Heav'n to a mighty flood grows!

If a miser should fall from his wealth and estate,
Very rarely again will his riches be great.
If you are a jewel of worth, do not fret!
For Time will not cause your existence to set.
A clod may be lying exposed on the way;
Yet I do not see any one heed to it pay.
If a clipping of gold should escape from the shears,
With a candle they search for it, till it appears.
From the heart of a stone they can crystal obtain;
Where under the rust does a mirror remain?
The manners must please and exhibit much grace,
For coming and going are Fortune and Place.

Story

(ON REPOSE AFTER DIFFICULTY).

By the vet'rans of affable speech, I've been told,
That there dwelt in this city a man very old.
He had seen many monarchs and times and decrees,
And had lived since the days of the great *Amralīs.*
The withered, old tree had a fruit, fresh and sweet,
With the fame of whose beauty the town was replete.
In the chin of that charmer a wonder was shown,
For an apple has never on cypress-tree grown.
On account of his mirth and the torture he spread,
His father found pleasure in shaving his head.
The old life of short hope, with a razor's keen blade,
The head of his son like the sun's surface made.
From its sharpness, the steel that from stone, once, had
sprung,
On the fault of the fairy-cheek fastened its tongue.
The razor that 'gainst his rare beauty transgressed,
Had its head, then, within its own belly depressed.

Like a harp, very bashful, the pretty-faced head
Hung down, and the fall'n hair around it was spread.
To a person, whose heart had inclined to the child,
When his heart-fettered eyes grew distracted and wild,
Some one said, "You have suffered oppression and pain;
Do not flit round this fanciful passion again!
Turn your back, like the moth, from his love that appears,
For his candle of beauty's extinguished with shears."
The lover astute gave a harrowing yell;
Saying, "Fickle engagements with profligates dwell.
It is right that the son be good-natured and fair;
Let the father in ignorance cut off his hair!
My soul with his friendship is thoroughly mixed;
My heart to his hair's not suspended or fixed."
When you own a good face, let not sorrow remain!
For although the hair falls it will grow in again.
The vine will not always a ripe cluster show;
It may either throw leaves or to fruit it may go.
Great men drop 'neath a veil, like the sun's brilliant ball;
Like a live coal in water the envious fall.
The sun by degrees from the cloud will arise,
And under the water the live ember dies.
Oh agreeable friend, for the darkness don't care!
Who knows but the water of life may be there?
Did not Earth, after trembling, composure acquire?
Did not *Sádi* make journeys to gain his desire?
At defeated desires, burn your head not with thought!
Night pregnant with daylight, oh brother, you've got!

CHAPTER VII.

ON TRAINING AND INSTRUCTION.

OF rectitude, counsels and manners I tell;
Not on battle-fields, polo and studs do I dwell.
With the foe, lustful passion, why housed are you found?
To a stranger's forced labour, how can you be bound?
From unlawful affairs those who twist passion's reins,
In bravery, pass *Rustam* and *Sam*,[1] for their pains.
No one cherishes fear for a foeman like you;
For you have not the strength your own self to subdue.
Like a boy, teach respect to yourself with the cane!
A man, with a ponderous mace, do not brain!
Your body's a town, full of good and bad gear;
You're the sultan, and wisdom's the polished vizier.
In this city, resembling the arrogant mean,
Are haughtiness, passion and avarice seen.
Contentment and chasteness are good men and true;
In envy and lust, thieves and cut-purses view!
When the Sultan to vile-minded men favour shows,
In people of wisdom, where lodges repose?
Lust and avarice, malice and envy, full rife,
Are like blood in your veins, in your body, the life.
If foes of this stamp have indulgence obtained,
By your order and counsel they will not be reined.

---

[1] *Sam*, grandfather of *Rustam*.

From passion and lust flees the courage to fight,
When intellect's fingers are sharp in their sight.
Don't you see that the night-thief, the rake and the mean,
Do not loiter about where the night-watch is seen?
The chief who to punish his enemy failed,
Was unable to rule, for his foe's hand prevailed.
This subject I care not to further pursue,
For if one is observant, a letter will do.

On the Excellence of Silence and the Sweetness of Self-denial.

If you draw in your feet 'neath your skirt, mountain-wise,[1]
Past the heavens in grandeur your head will arise.
Oh man of great knowledge, have little to say!
For the dumb will be saved on the Last Judgment Day!
Those knowing the gems of God's mystery well,
Do not open their mouths, but for pearls, like the shell.
The garrulous man has so plugged up his ears,
That excepting in silence no counsel he hears.
When your wish is perpetual talking, of course,
No relish you'll get from another's discourse.
To make unconsidered remarks is not meet;
It is wrong to reply till the speech is complete!
Those reflecting on error and rectitude, rise
Superior to prattlers, with ready replies.
Since speech is a perfect attainment in man,
Do not make yourself faulty by talk! if you can.
Him ashamed you won't see who has little to say;
Better one grain of musk than a hillock of clay.

---

[1] By restraining all passions you will be secure as a mountain, and your dignity will be raised.

Beware of the fool with the talk of ten men!
Like a wise man speak once and effectively, then!
You have shot five-score arrows and errant they flew;
Shoot one if you're wary and let it be true!
Why mentions a man as a secret, the tale
Which if publicly uttered would make his cheeks pale?
Do not slander too freely in front of a wall!
For it may be that some one behind it hears all!
Your mind's a town wall, all your secrets around,
Take care that the door, opened wide, is not found!
The sage sewed his mouth up because he assumed,
That the candle by means of its tongue[1] is consumed.

On Keeping Secrets.

Tăgăsh[2] told his attendants a secret and said:
"Do not mention a word to a soul on this head!"
It reached not the mouth from the heart for a year;
Through the world in a day it became very clear.
Tăgăsh, pitiless, ordered the headsman to go,
And sever their heads with the sword, at a blow.
Of the number, one said and protection desired:
"Do not murder your slaves! for their fault you inspired.
You stopped it not, first, as a fountain concealed,
Why uselessly stem, now, the torrent revealed?"
Do not show to a man what lies hid in your mind!
For he, surely, will tell it to all he can find.
Trust your gems to the keepers of treasure and pelf!
But, take very good care of a secret yourself!
While the word is not spoken you have it in hand;
When spoken, it brings you within its command.

---

1 زبان *Zabān*, means a tongue and a flame.

2 *Tăgăsh*, a king of Persia.

Is not speech a fiend, chained in the well of the mind?
On the palate and tongue, do not leave it entwined!
For the nude, filthy fiend you can open the way,
But again, cannot seize him with hocussing play.
You know when a fiend from his cage gets away,
He will never return, though "*la-houl*" [1] you should say.
A child may a roan-coloured charger unloose;
Not for *Rustams*, five-score, will it come to the noose.
Do not mention that, which, if revealed unto all,
Into bitter misfortune a person would fall!
How well said a wife to her ignorant swain:
"With knowledge discourse! or else, silence maintain!"

On the Impunity of the Ignorant under the Screen of Silence.

A good-natured man who in tatters was dressed,
For a season in Egypt strict silence professed.
Men of wisdom from near and from far, at the sight,
Gathered round him like moths seeking after the light.
One night he communed with himself in this way:
"Beneath the tongue's surface the man hidden lay;
If I carry my head for myself, in this plan,
How can people discover in me a wise man?"
He spoke, and his friends and his foes all could see,
That the greatest of blockheads in Egypt was he!
His admirers dispersed, and his trade lost its note;
He journeyed, and over a mosque's arch he wrote:
"Could I have myself in a looking-glass seen,
Not in ignorance would I have riven my screen.

[1] *La houl wa la kuwata illa billah*, "There is no strength nor power but in God." An expression used in case of sudden misfortune and to exorcise evil spirits, etc.

So ugly, the veil from my features I drew,
For I thought that my face was most charming to view!"
  The fame of the man talking little is high;
When you talk, and your glory has fled; you, too, fly!
Oh sensible person! in silence serene
You have honour, and people unworthy, a screen.
If you've learning, you should not your dignity lose!
If you're ignorant, tear not the curtain you use!
The thoughts of your heart do not quickly display!
For you're able to show them whenever you may.
But when once a man's secret to all is revealed,
By exertion it cannot again be concealed.
How well did the pen the king's secret maintain!
For it said not a word till the knife reached its brain.
The beasts are all dumb and man's tongue is released;
A nonsensical talker is worse than a beast!
A speaker should talk in a sensible strain;
If he can't; like the brutes, he should silence maintain!
By reason of speech Adam's children are known;
Do not grow like the parrot, a prater, alone!

Story

(ON THE EFFECTS OF IMPERTINENCE).

A man spoke impertinent words in a fray;
They tore with their fingers his collar away.
Well-beaten and naked he, weeping, sat down;
Said a man of experience, "Oh self-loving clown!
If your mouth like a rose-bud unopened had been,
Your shirt, rose-like, riven you would not have seen."
The madman speaks words that in boasting abound;
Like the drum that is empty, he makes a great sound.

A burning is only a flame, don't you see !
That at once with some water extinguished can be.
If a person be blessed, through the merit he bears,
Not the man but the merit its presence declares.
If the musk you possess be not real, do not tell !
If it is, it will make itself known by the smell.
What need to swear gold is the purest of gold ?
For the touch-stone will, surely, its nature unfold !
There are critics a thousand who, after this plan,
Say that *Sádi's* a worthless and reticent man.
It is meet that to tear my *poshteen*[1] they should strain !
But I cannot endure them to harry my brain.

Story

(OF KING AZD AND HIS SICK SON).

The son of King *Azd*[2] lay afflicted in bed ;
From the mind of the father all patience had fled.
A pious man giving advice said, that he
Should all the wild birds from their cages set free.
He released all the warblers of sweet, morning strain ;
When the prison is ope'd who would captive remain ?
He preserved in the arch of the garden retreat,
A wonderful *Bulbul*,[3] that piped very sweet.
In the morning, the son to the summer-house hied,
And that bird, all alone, in the cupola spied.
He smiled, saying, "*Bulbul!* your notes are so choice,
In the cage you remain on account of your voice."
With your words while unspoken no man has to do ;
When spoken, be ready to prove they are true !

---

[1] *Poshteen*, a coat of dressed sheepskin. [2] *Azd*, a king of *Shirāz*.
[3] *Bulbul*, a nightingale.

As *Sádi* for some time in silence remained,
From the taunts of his critics he freedom obtained.
That man to his bosom takes comfort of heart,
Who lives from communion with people apart.
Exposing men's failings, oh wise man! avoid!
Be with faults of your own, not of others, employed!
When they sing out of harmony, do not give ear!
Shut your eyes when you see an unveiled one appear!

Story

(OF THE SCHOLAR AND THE MINSTREL'S HARP).

I have heard that, in comp'ny with tipsy young folk,
A scholar a minstrel's small drum and harp broke.
Like a harp, he was dragged by the hair through the place
By the slaves, and was tambour-like thumped on the face.
He was sleepless all night, from the pain of the blows;
His tutor rebuked him next day when he rose:
"If you wish not to be, tambourine-like, face sore,
Oh brother; hold, harp-like, your face down before!"

An Example.

Two people saw dust and confusion and strife;
Shoes ev'rywhere scattered and stones flying rife.
One viewed the disturbance and broke from the way;
One joined and his head became smashed in the fray.
Than the abstinent, none can more happiness share,
For one's good or one's evil is not his affair!

Your eyes and your ears to the head are consigned;
For speech, there's the mouth, and for reason, the mind.
If you, haply, the downs from the ups recognize,
Do not say this is short, or that long, in your eyes!

On the Comfort of Silence and the Misfortune of Garrulity.

Thus spoke an old man of agreeable mind:
(To the ear the remarks of the agèd come kind)
"To a corner of India I went from the throng;
What saw I? A black like a wintry night, long.
A moon-visaged maiden was in his embrace;
In her lips he had buried his teeth to their base.
He hugged to his bosom the damsel so tight,
You'd have said that the day was concealed by the night.
My 'evident duty'[1] took hold of my skirt;
His excess became fire and forthwith me begirt.
I searched all around for a stick or a stone,
Saying, 'Godless, base wretch, to whom shame is unknown!'
With shouts and reproaches, with threats and abuse,
The 'light' from the 'dark,' like the dawn, I produce.
From over the garden that demon cloud flew;
From under the raven the egg came in view.
By my saying '*la-houla*' that ogre-shape fled;
The fairy-faced maid clung to me, in his stead.
'Oh canter!' she said, 'in hypocrisy clad!
You world-buying, faith-selling sinner, so bad!
For ages, my heart has escaped from my clutch
To this man, and my soul is in love with him much.

[1] "*Evident duty*," dissuading from evil.

And now that my raw morsel, cooked, by me lay,
Steaming hot, from my palate you drove it away.'
She complained of oppression and harshness and said:
'Compassion has fallen and mercy has fled.
Among the young men no protectors remain,
Who might my revenge from this dotard obtain;
For in his old age, shame has failed to appear,
Since he pulls off one's veil, whom he should not go near.'
With my skirt in her grasp she her grievance proclaimed;
My head hanging down on my bosom, ashamed.
From my garment, at once, like a garlic I sprung;
For I dreaded the threats of the old and the young.
Away from the woman, quite naked, I fly—
For better my skirt in her fingers, than I.
When a time had elapsed, to my dwelling she came,
And said, 'Do you know me?' I answered, 'For shame!
On account of your conduct repentant I've grown,
And in future will leave foolish meddling alone.'
To no one will such an adventure appear,
Who sits wisely at work in his own proper sphere.
On account of this baseness the lesson I glean,
That, henceforth, what I see I shall reckon unseen."
Have you wisdom and reason and judgment and sense?
Like *Sádi* instruct, or maintain silence, hence!

On the Advantage of Screening.

A certain one sat before *David* of *Tai*,[1]
Saying, "So and so *Sufi* I saw tipsy lie;
His turban and shirt stained with vomited food,
A number of dogs in a ring round him stood."

[1] *Daud-Tai*, a celebrated saint who lived in the ninth century.

When the good-natured man heard this tale to a close,
On his face angry frowns at the speaker arose.
He was wroth for a little and said, "Oh my friend !
To-day a kind comrade will prove a Godsend.
Go ! and bring him away from that horrible place !
For by law it's forbid ; to our sect, it's disgrace !
On your back, man-like, bring him, for drunkards they say,
Do not hold in their fingers the reins of the way !"
These words made the hearer look wretchedly blank ;
Like an ass in the mire, in reflection he sank.
He could not evade the injunction he got ;
And he loathed to convey on his shoulders a sot.
He writhed for a time but no remedy saw,
Nor means from the order his head to withdraw.
He got ready and carried him off, without choice,
On his shoulders ; the city roughs making a noise.
One cursing them shouted, "These Dervishes heed !
How good are their piety, chasteness and creed !"
"See the wine-drinking *Sufis !*" another one cried,
"Who have pawned their patched garments for wine, fortified!"
People pointed their fingers as onwards they slunk,
Saying, "This one's top-heavy and that one half drunk !"
A sword on the neck, struck by tyrannous foe,
Is more just than town jeers and the rage of the "low."
Misfortune he bore ; passed a troublesome day ;
Without choice, he conveyed him to where his home lay.
From reflection and shame, he was sleepless that night ;
Next morning *Tai* smiling remarked, at his plight :
"In the street, you should never a brother defame !
For Time, in the city will treat you the same !"

Story

(ABOUT EVIL SPEAKING).

Regarding a man who is good or is bad,
Do not speak any evil! oh sensible lad!
For you make a bad man your own foe, to begin,
And if he be good, you commit a great sin!
Whoever informs you that so and so's vile,
You may safely infer is himself bad, the while.
For, so and so's acts he feels bound to disclose,
And from this wicked action his backbiting shows.
When you speak ill of men, in expressing your view,
You do wrong! even if you should state what is true!
The sayings of men, through their manliness, hear!
To *Sádi* or *Saharward*,[1] do not give ear!

Story

(OF SAHĀB'S ADVÍCE TO SÁDI).

My enlightened old tutor, *Sahāb*, to me gave
Two bits of advice, on the face of the wave!
The first was, "Conceited of self do not be!"
The second was, "Evil in others, don't see!"

Story

(ON BACKBITING).

In sland'ring, a man let his tongue freely go;
A distinguished philosopher spoke to him, so:

[1] *Saharward*, *Sádi's* religious and moral preceptor.

"Those you mention to me, don't with vileness connect!
Regarding yourself, do not make me suspect!
That his dignity suffered abatement, I own;
Thereby, to your honour no increase is shown."

Story

(ON BACKBITING AND ROBBERY).

A person remarked, and I thought it was good,
That better than backbiting, robbery stood.
I replied, "Oh companion, with intellect crazed!
At hearing you talk, I am greatly amazed!
What good do you see in a criminal case,
That you higher than backbiting give it a place?"
"Very well!" he replied, "thieves show rashness, enough;
By the strength of their manhood their stomachs they stuff.
But not, so, the backbiting, meritless wight;
Who blackened his book and secured no delight!"

Story

(OF SÁDI AND HIS TUTOR).

I once a *Nizāmiah*[1] scholarship gained;
Day and night were debates and instruction maintained.
To the tutor I said, "Oh thou, wise in our days!
My friend, so and so, for me envy displays.
When I give the true meaning of any nice text,
The heart of that wicked companion is vexed."

[1] *Nizāmiah*, name of a college in *Baghdād*.

To this tale the promoter of learning gave heed ;
He grew angry and said, "What a wonder, indeed !
An envious friend's not approved in your sight ;
I know not who taught you that sland'ring was right !
If he chooses, through baseness, the pathway to hell,
By a different road you will reach there, as well."

Story

(OF THE TYRANT HAJĀJ)

"*Hajāj*,"[1] some one said, "is a tyrant well known ;
His heart is as hard as a piece of black stone ;
Of the sighs and complaints of mankind, without dread ;
Oh God, bring the people's revenge on his head !"
An experienced person of very great age,
To the youth gave a bit of advice, very sage :
"They'll seek justice from him, for the poor he oppressed,
And from them, for the hatred of him they expressed.
From him and his service, withhold you your hand !
For Time will itself bring him under command.
Do not fancy that I sympathize with his ways !
Or bestow upon you, for your backbiting, praise."
Sin bears the unfortunate person to Hell,
Who has made his cup full and his book black, as well.
Another, by backbiting, runs at his rear,
Lest to Hell, by himself, his lone course he should steer.

---

[1] *Hajāj*, a notorious tyrant who ruled Arabian *Irāk* in the seventh century.

Story

(OF THE HOLY MAN AND THE YOUTH).

I have heard that among the religious, one had
In pleasantry joked with a good-looking lad.
The other good men, who in solitude dwell,
Discussed in his absence his shortcomings well.
This story at length with rapidity spread;
To the man who was pious they told it; he said:
"Do not rend a friend's cover, love-stricken in plight;
Good humour's not wrong, nor is backbiting right!"

Story

(ON PURIFICATION BEFORE PRAYER).

In my childhood, a longing to fast filled me quite;
I could not distinguish the left from the right.
An adorer among the good men of the place,
Taught me all about washing the hands and the face.
First, repeat, "*In God's name*," as the prophet commands!
Next determine a vow! wash the palms of your hands!
After that, wash your mouth and nose thrice, with despatch!
The nostrils with both little fingers, then, scratch!
With the forefinger, afterwards, rub the front teeth;
For a tooth-brush is wrong when the sun sinks beneath.
Dash a handful of water, then, thrice in your face!
From the hair of the head to the chin, is the place.
After that, wash your arms to the elbows in height!
In worshipping God, all you know, then, recite!

You should next rub your head! wash, thereafter, your feet;
"*In the name of the Lord*," the ablution's complete.
No person knows better than I the good rule;
The village old man is a doting, old fool.
This remark reached the ear of the old, village lord;
He was angry and said, "Oh thou sinner, abhorred!
It was wrong to brush teeth, you said, during a fast;
Is eating dead men, then, a lawful repast?
Of unspeakable words, first, your mouth you should scour!
Then, wash it of things you're forbid to devour!"
When, in talking, the name of a person you state,
His name and his fame in the best way relate!
If you say, "Men are asses," whenever you can,
Do not think they will give you the name of a man!
So speak of my character inside the street,
That the words you can state to myself, when we meet.
If you blush when you see the inspector appear,
Oh thou, sightless! is God, the Omniscient not here?
No shame on account of yourself comes to thee;
For you're careless of God and ashamed before me.

Story

(OF THE SLANDERER'S REPROOF).

Some resolute men, knowing God in their heart,
Were seated, conversing together, apart.
One among them began to revile and deride;
And in sland'ring a helpless one, ope'd the door wide.
Another addressed him, "Oh prejudiced friend!
Did you ever in war with crusaders contend?"
He replied, "From behind the four walls that I own;
In my lifetime, a foot to the front I've not shown."

The pure-hearted Dervish his answer thus gave:
"I have never beheld such an infamous knave!
For while infidels sit from his warring secure,
Musalmāns must his tongue's fiery venom endure!"

Story

(OF THE MADMAN AND BACKBITING).

How well did a madman of *Mărghăz*[1] recite
A truth, that should make one his under lip bite!
"If I mention in enmity any one's name
When speaking, I only my mother defame;
For philosophers, cherishing wisdom, agree
That a mother's devotion's the best that can be."
Oh thou of good name! should a friend pass from view,
Two things all his friends are forbidden to do:
One is, foolishly wasting his money, and then,
Reviling his name in the presence of men.
Whoever advances men's names with disgrace,
On his speaking with fairness, no hope you need place.
When you turn your own back, about you he relates,
What in other men's absence, before you he states.
In this world he, in my estimation, is wise,
Who can mind his own business and earth's joys despise.

[1] *Mărghăz*, name of a village in Persia.

Story

(ON PERSONS YOU MAY BACKBITE).

Three persons, I've heard, you may justly backbite ;
When these you've exceeded, the fourth is not right.
The first is a king, to oppression inclined,
Through whom you see ruin on ev'ry one's mind ;
It is lawful to mention the news ev'rywhere,
That respecting him, people may exercise care.
Next ; a veil on a wretch, void of shame, do not weave !
For with his own fingers his screen he will reave !
In reviling him, brother, you sin not one whit !
For headlong he tumbles, down into a pit !
Third ; the teller of falsehoods who deals in false weight ;
Whatever you know of his wrong doings, state !

Story

(OF THE ROBBER AND THE GROCER).

A robber came out of the desert one day,
And passed by the gate of *Sīstān*,[1] on his way.
From a grocer, who tended a stall in the street,
He purchased some victuals and dainties, to eat.
The grocer purloined from him half of a "*Dang*" ;
The thief, of dark deeds, thus commenced to harangue :
"Consume Thou ! oh God ! the night-robber, I pray !
For the *Sīstāni* robs in the broad light of day."

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[1] *Sīstān*, *Nīmrōz*, a city in Persia where *Rustam* lived.

Story

(OF THE SŪFI AND THE SLANDERER).

Said a man to a *Sūfi*, with sanctity blest,
You know not what some one behind you expressed?
He said, "Silence! oh brother! and sleep it away!
It is best not to know what your enemies say!
Those people who carry the words of a foe,
Than enemies, truly, more enmity show.
The remarks of a foe, to a friend no one bears,
Excepting the man who his enmity shares.
A foe cannot speak with such harshness to me,
That from hearing, my body should shivering be!
You are worse than a foe! with your lips you unfold
The same that the foe to you privately told!"
A talebearer gives to old war a fresh life,
And urges a good, gentle person to strife.
Fly away from that comrade, while strength in you lies!
Who says unto sleeping sedition, "Arise!"
A man in a pit, with his feet firmly bound,
Is better than spreading disturbance around.
Between two, an encounter resembles a fire,
And the ill-omened tell-tale's the fuel supplier.

Story

(OF FARIDŪN'S VIZIER).

Faridūn had a praiseworthy man as vizier;
His mind was enlightened, his foresight was clear.
First, the will of the Maker, his study he made,
And, next, the commands of the king he obeyed.

A ruler debased, who racks subjects with pain,
Thinks it ruling the land and the treasury's gain.
If you fix not your look towards God in each thing,
He brings you to grief at the hand of the king.

In the morning, a person the king's presence sought,
Saying, "Peace and success, ev'ry day, be your lot!
Do not listen to envy! to warning, give ear!
In secret your foe is your trusted vizier!
'Mong the high and the low in the army, none's known,
Who has not obtained from him money, on loan;
On condition that when the great king is no more,
All the gold and the silver, forthwith, they'll restore.
He, selfish, desires not to see you alive,
Lest your living, should him of his money deprive!"

The king, at the empire-protecting vizier,
Gave a look, in which punishment showed very clear,
And said, "Like a friend, in my presence thou art!
Why art thou my enemy, then, in thy heart?"

The ground near the throne he saluted and spoke:
"Since you've asked me the question, 'tis needless to cloak!
Oh monarch, renowned! this design I've in view,
That your subjects may all be well-wishers of you.
Since to pay back my coin on your death, they agree,
They wish you long life, from their terror of me.
Don't you wish that in pray'r and sincereness, each one
Should desire your head fresh, for your life a long run?
Men look upon pray'r as a boon in their hearts;
It is armour that shields from Calamity's darts."
At all he had mentioned, the king pleasure showed,
The rose of his face out of cheerfulness blowed.
Great pow'r and high rank the vizier held before;
He augmented his rank and his power much more.
More perplexed than a slanderer, none have I met,
More hapless, with fortune so greatly upset!

By means of the folly and malice he shows,
Between two companions he enmity sows;
When the two again meet, they their friendship renew,
And he is ashamed and abashed 'twixt the two.
Between two cordial friends to cause fire to arise,
And you in betwixt them to burn, is not wise.
Like *Sádi*, the man tastes retirement's delight,
Who, respecting both worlds, draws his tongue in from sight.
Declare what you know, that may useful appear,
Though it may not fall sweet on a certain one's ear!
For to-morrow, repentant, a cry he will raise,
Saying: "Why was I deaf to the Truth, in my days?"

Story

ON THE QUALITIES OF A GOOD WIFE).

A wife who is charming, obedient, and chaste,
Makes a king of the man knowing poverty's taste.
Go! and boast by the beat of five drums at your gate,
That you have by your side an agreeable mate!
If, by day, sorrow trouble you, be not distressed!
When, by night, a grief-soother reclines on your breast!
When a man's house is thriving, his wife friendly too,
Towards him is directed God's merciful view.
When a lovely-faced woman is modest and nice,
Her husband on seeing her tastes Paradise.
The man in this world his heart's longing has found,
Whose wife and himself are in harmony bound.
If choice in her language and chaste in her ways,
On her beauty or ugliness fix not your gaze!

For the heart by an amiable wife's more impressed,
Than by one of great personal beauty possessed;
A sociable nature is hostile to strife,
And covers a number of faults in a wife.
She vinegar sips like *liqueur* from her spouse,
And eats not her sweetmeats with vinegar brows.
A demon-faced wife, if good-natured withal,
From a bad-tempered, pretty one bears off the ball.
An agreeable wife is a joy to the heart,
But, oh God! from a wicked one keep me apart!
As a parrot shut up with a crow shows its rage,
And deems it a boon to escape from the cage;
So, to wander about on the Earth, turn your face!
If you do not, your heart upon helplessness place!
In the magistrate's jail better captive to be,
Than a face, full of frowns, in your dwelling to see.
A journey is *'Eed*[1] to the head of the house,
Who has in his home a malevolent spouse.
The door of delight on that mansion shut to!
Whence issues with shrillness the voice of a shrew!
The woman addicted to gadding, chastise!
If you don't; sit at home like a wife! I advise.
If a wife disregard what her husband should say,
In her breeches[2] of stibial hue, him, array!
When a woman is foolish and false to your bed,
To misfortune, and not to a wife, you are wed.
When a man in a measure of barley will cheat,
You may wash your hands clear of the store of his wheat.
The Lord had the good of that servant in view,
When he made his wife's heart and her hands to him true.
When a woman has smiled in the face of strange men,
Bid her husband not boast of his manhood again!

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[1] *'Eed*, a *Mohămedan* festival after *Ramazān*.
[2] Trousers dyed with black antimony, worn by women.

When an impudent wife dips her hand in disgrace,
Go ! and tell her to scratch her lord's cuckoldy face !
May the eyes of a wife, to all strangers be blind !
When she strays from her home—to the grave be consigned !
When you find that a wife is on fickleness bent,
With wisdom and reasoning, rest not content !
Fly away from her bosom ! much better to face
A crocodile's mouth, than to live in disgrace.
To conceal a wife's face from a stranger, you need ;
What are husband and wife, if she fails to give heed ?
A fine, buxom wife is a trouble and charge ;
A wife who is ugly and cross, set at large !

How well this one saying two people expressed,
Whose minds at the hands of their wives were distressed !
One remarked, " May no man to a vixen be bound ! "
Said the other, " On Earth may no women be found ! "
Oh friend ! take a bride ev'ry spring that ensues !
For a past season's almanac no one will use.
Better bare-footed walk than in tight-shoes to roam ;
Better travel's misfortune than fighting at home.
Some wives are tyrannical, head-strong and bold,
But are pleased when they share your embrace, I am told.
Oh *Sádi !* go to ! do not jeer at his life !
When you see that a man is henpecked by his wife.
You, too, are oppressed and her load you abide,
If once you invite her to come to your side !

Story

(OF THE HUSBAND AND WIFE).

A youth on account of the shrew he had wed,
In an agèd man's presence lamented and said :
" A load at the hand of this impudent foe
I bear, like the mill-stone fixed, helpless, below."
" Put up with her harshness, oh sir ! " he replied ;
" No man is ashamed if his patience be tried !
Oh scapegrace ! at night you as upper stone sway,
Why not serve as the under one, during the day ?
When you've culled from a rose-bush of pleasure a deal,
It is right that the pain of its thorns you should feel.
When you're always partaking of fruit from a tree ;
When you taste of the prickles, long-suffering be !"

On the Instruction of Children.

Bid a boy, when ten years shall have passed o'er his head,
Live apart from the maids he may lawfully wed !
'Tis improper, a fire upon cotton to light,
For the house, in a twink, is consumed in its might.
When you wish that your name may be permanent here,
In knowledge and wisdom, your son you should rear !
For should he be wanting in wisdom and mind,
You die, and you leave no relation behind !
The son often suffers a deal of mishap,
When reared by the father in luxury's lap.
As a prudent and abstinent person, him, train !
And from petting him much, if you love him, refrain !

Chastise and instruct him, while still he's a lad;
Use favours and threats, in his good and his bad!
For a learner, much better commending and praise,
Than the threats and reproaches a tutor displays!
Teach the son you have nurtured to work with his hand!
Even should you a treasure, like *Kôrah's*, command!
In the wealth you possess you ought not to confide!
For the wealth you may have may not with you abide.
A purse, full of money, may empty become;
The purse of the artisan always shows some.
And how do you know that the changes of time,
May not force him to wander in many a clime?
If a useful profession he has at command,
When to men will he stretch a necessitous hand?
You know not how *Sádi* obtained high degree?
He crossed not the desert, he ploughed not the sea;
When young, he had cuffs from his elders to brave;
When older the Lord to him piety gave!
Whoever his neck in obedience will place,
Will himself give command, in a very short space.
The stripling who feels not the teacher's rebuff,
Will endure at Time's hand bitter hardships enough.
Your son, then, in goodness and comfort maintain!
That in others, his hope may not have to remain.
In rearing your son, if no trouble you take,
Some one else takes the trouble and makes him a rake.
From a wicked companion, protect him with care!
For his vice and bad fortune he with him will share.
Do not wish him more vile than the "*paederast*" base,
Who is infamous ere the down shows on his face!
Away from that wretch, it behoves one to haste,
Whose poltroon'ry has man's reputation effaced.
If a son has in comp'ny with vagabonds been,
Of his welfare, the father may wash his hands clean!

At his ruin and death, from lamenting refrain !
Better die ! 'fore his father, than wicked remain !

Story

(OF A CONVIVIAL PARTY).

In my quarter one night an invitement was made ;
Men assembled of ev'ry description and shade.
When the voice of the minstrel arose from the street,
With shouts of approval the sky was replete.
To a fairy-faced maiden—a sweetheart of mine—
I said, "Oh my beautiful idol, divine !
Why do you not join the young men here to-night,
And, candle-like, give to our gathering light ?"
I heard the erect, silver-bodied one say
In sweet tones to herself, as she glided away :
"I'm not graced, like a man, with a beard and moustache,
So, for me to carouse with young men would be rash."

Remarks

(ON AVOIDING IMPROPER ATTACHMENTS).

A beautiful mistress will ruin your life ;
Go and make your home thriving by wedding a wife !
It's improper to squander your love on a rose
To whom, ev'ry morning, a nightingale goes.
Since, candle-like, ev'ry assembly she lit,
Do not you, like a moth, round her flame further flit !
Does the beautiful, affable woman adorned,
Resemble the ignorant youth who is scorned?

As a rosebud, fidelity breathe in her ear!
And rose-like, all smiles, she will fall at your rear.
But not so the stripling, wrapped up in his pride,
Who resembles hard fruit that a stone can't divide.
As a virgin of Paradise, view not his charms!
He, too, has an aspect that ghoul-like alarms!
If you kiss both his feet, he no care for you shows;
If you kiss, too, his dust,[1] he no thankfulness knows.
With your brains and your money you foolishly part,
When to any man's child you surrender your heart.
On another man's son, a bad look do not cast!
For your own may return to you ruined, at last.

Story

(OF THE MERCHANT AND HIS SLAVE).

In this city, one time, to my hearing it got
That a slave by an opulent merchant was bought.
Perhaps, in the night, with the slave he made free;
For silvery chinned and heart-charming was he.
Whatsoever the fairy-cheeked youth could obtain,
He broke, in revenge, on the fool's face and brain.
He called God and the prophet, as witnesses true,
Saying, "Never again will I folly pursue."
Face wounded, head bandaged and broken in heart,
He was forced the same week on a journey to start.
When two or three miles out of *Gāzar*[2] he rode,
A wild, rocky mountain in front of him showed.
He inquired, "What's the name of this hill, rising high,
That appears so prodigious to ev'ry one's eye?"
Thus, answered a friend in his own caravan:

[1] The dust on which he is standing. [2] *Gāzar*, name of a city.

"Perhaps, you don't know of the *Tăngi Turkān?*"[1]
At his servant the man gave a bellow severe,
Saying, "Wherefore proceed? let us pitch our tents here!
Of wisdom and knowledge I'd not have a grain,
If the rage of the Turk I encountered again!"
Shut the door of the passion of lust, so ingrate!
If a lover, bear kicks and then bandage your pate!
When you make it your duty a slave boy to train,
Be strict! so that fruit from his work you may gain.
If the master should fasten his teeth[2] in his lips,
The desire of becoming the master, he sips.
Make a slave carry water and work among bricks!
A slave who is pampered learns pugilists' tricks.
Not always on seeing a heart-charming line,
Can your longing secure it for that book of thine.

Story

(OF THE YOUTH AND HIS SAINTLY ADMIRERS).

Some admirers are seated around a fair lad,
Saying, "Saintly are we and in holiness clad."
Ask[3] me!—from the wearing of time in decay—
For a "faster" regrets, when he sees the stored tray.
The goat, with the date-stones his appetite sates,
For a lock and a chain guard the sack, full of dates.
The oil-presser's ox, upon straw has to feed,
For a tether prevents him from touching the seed.

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[1] *Tăngi Turkān*, a Turk's rage. The slave was a Turk. *Tang* means a difficult pass or defile.
[2] If the master should take liberties with him.
[3] Ask me about their character!

Story

(OF THE SAINT IN LOVE).

A certain one saw a most beautiful face;
A change in his state, from love's tumult, took place.
Out as much perspiration the helpless one threw,
As leaves in the spring season carry, of dew.
Hippocrates, riding, passed by him and said:
"What trouble has fallen on this person's head?"
Some one answered, "This man is a pietist chaste,
Who never before by a sin was disgraced;
Among deserts and mountains he walks day and night,
From society flying and loathing men's sight.
His heart has been borne by a charmer, away,
And the foot of his vision has sunk in the clay.
When the censure of people arrives at his ear,
He weeps, saying, 'Cease for a little, to jeer!
If I weep, do not say that excuseless I stand!—
That my wailing has some wicked motive at hand—
It is not the picture that robs me of mind;
It is He steals my heart Who this picture designed.'"
These remarks reached the ear of the veteran sage—
In wisdom mature, showing culture and age—
He replied, "Though the fame of well-doing will spread,
Ev'ry man does not credit whatever is said.
To the painter himself that same portrait pertained,
That ravished the heart of the man, crazy-brained.
Why did not an infant, whose age is one day,
Allure him and carry his senses away?
For in viewing the forms that created have been,
Between child and adult, what distinction is seen?

R

A philosopher looks on a camel, the same
As on beauties of Chinese and *Chigilan* fame!"
In this volume, a veil is my every line,
Hanging down over cheeks, heart-alluring and fine.
There are meanings that under the black letters crowd,
Like beloved beauties veiled or the moon in a cloud.
In the lifetime of *Sádi* no sadness he knows,
Who, in rear of the veil, so much loveliness shows.
In this banquet-illumining language of mine,
Like fire is the light of the fervour divine.
If my foes shake from envy, they anger me not!
For by this "Persian fire"[1] they become very hot.

On the Ill-natured Remarks of Worldly People.

If on Earth to escape from the world one's allowed,
It is he who has fastened his door on the crowd.
From the tyrannous hand of the times, none is free,
Whether boaster or servant of God he may be.
If you come from the sky, like an angel, on wings,
To the skirt of your garment your enemy clings.
You can stem by exertion the Tigris' swift flow,
But you cannot make silent the tongue of a foe.
Vile profligates seated together declare:
"This devotion is dry, that a bread-getting snare!"
From God's holy worship avert not your face!
Let the people alone! lest they count you as base.
When the pure, holy God with His servant is pleased,
What matter though men should remain unappeased?
No knowledge of God has the people's vile foe;
From the din of the world he God's path cannot know.

[1] "Persian fire," refers to *Sádi's* eloquence.

For this reason those reached not the goal they essayed,
That the first step they travelled, a false step they made!
To the words of the Prophet two persons give ear;
They as diff'rent as angels from devils appear;
One accepts the advice and the other declines;
He heeds not the text, from decrying the lines.
Dejected and in a dark corner shut up,
What can he obtain from the *world-seeing cup?*[1]
And were you a tiger or fox, don't suppose,
That by courage or tricks you'd escape from these foes!
If a person the nook of retirement should choose—
Because with small favour he company views—
They defame him and call it mere canting and lies;
That from people, as if from the Devil, he flies.
And if he be friendly and jovial-faced,
They do not consider him temp'rate and chaste.
The skin of the rich they by backbiting flay;
If a Pharaoh's on Earth, "This is he!" they will say.
If an indigent man is in poverty stuck,
They say it's from sinning and badness of luck.
If a prosperous man tumbles down from his place,
A boon they account it and God's proving grace:
"By this grandeur how long will he stretch his neck out?
After pleasure, the torture of pain comes, no doubt!"
And should a distressed one, without stock in hand,
Be raised up by Fortune to wealth and command,
Their poisonous teeth they snap at him from rage,
Saying, "Cherish but wretches does this sordid age!"
When they see that affairs in your hands are all right,
You are greedy and worship the world, in their sight.
If from active employment your hand you withhold,
They call you a beggar and parasite bold.

[1] The Cup of *Jamshed*, in which he saw everything he desired.

If you talk, you're a drum, full of whimsical din;
And if mute, you're to portraits on bath walls akin.
They don't call him a man who some patience displays;
Saying, "Wretched! from terror his head he can't raise!"
If manliness' awe in his head should appear,
They fly from him, saying, "What madness is here?"
If he sparingly eats, they malign him, and say:
"His income, perhaps, is another man's pay."
And if he has good and luxurious fare,
They say he's a glutton, whose body's his care!
If a man who is rich does not cultivate style—
Self-adornment in men of discretion is vile—
With their tongues, like a sword, to his damage, they whack,
Saying, "Luckless! his gold from himself he keeps back."
And should he adorn his apartments and halls,
And wrap himself up in magnificent shawls,
He is worried to death, on account of their taunts,
Saying, "Decked in the raiment of women he flaunts!"
If a pious man has not a journey essayed,
Those say, "He's no man!" who have pilgrimage made.
"He has never," they say, "left his sweetheart's embrace;
Where for merit and wisdom and skill has he place?"
They tear the man's skin who has many climes seen,
Saying, "Wretched and luckless this person has been!
Had his lines in prosperity's shadow been cast,
Him, from city to city, the Fates had not passed!"
The caviller slanders the bachelor swain,
Saying, "Earth at his sleeping and waking's in pain."
If he marry, he says, "From the heart's strong desire,
He headlong falls down, like an ass, in the mire."
The ugly from tyrannous man cannot go,
Nor the fair from the cowardly, filthy-tongued foe.

Story

(OF THE SLAVE BOY AND HIS REMARKS).

In Egypt a little slave boy I possessed,
Whose eyes, out of shame, were cast down on his breast.
Some one said, "Void of wisdom and sense he appears,
You should give him instruction, by boxing his ears!"
In accents severe, I one night at him cried;
The poor fellow, killed by my harshness, replied:
"If anger should cast you from station, one day!
You are crazed and demented, the people will say.
And if from a person oppression you bear,
A high sense of honour you lack, they'll declare."
They, advising a liberal man, say, "Give o'er!
Or, to-morrow, you'll stretch out your hands, hind and
fore."
If content and denying of self you have grown,
'Midst the taunts of the people, a captive you're thrown.
For they'll say, "Like his father, the wretch will depart;
He abandoned the world and regret filled his heart."
In the corner of peace, who is able to sit,
Since the prophet from villainous hands had to flit?
Have you heard what the Christian believer did state
To God—without equal and partner and mate?
"From the hands of his fellows, no man gets away,
And patience alone is the prisoner's stay."

Story

(ON FAULT-FINDING).

There lived an accomplished, intelligent youth;
A skilful and manly expounder of Truth;
God worshipping, pious and good among men;
His cheek lines more choice than the lines from his pen.
In rhetoric strong and in argument bright;
He pronounced not his Alphabet letters aright.
To one of the pious the view I expressed,
That such a one none of his front teeth possessed.
In a rage at my boldness, his face became red;
"Again do not utter such nonsense!" he said;
"The one single fault in his speech you descry,
To his numerous merits, you close wisdom's eye."
From me hear the truth! that upon the Last Day,
The man sees no ill who has looked the right way!
If a man be instructed, far-seeing and wise,
And his virtuous feet from their place should arise,
For his one little fault, to oppression don't lean!
What have the wise spoken? "Accept what is clean!"
The thorn and the rose grow together, oh sage!
Why cling to the thorns? With a nosegay engage!
The man in whose nature ill-will has its seat,
In the peacock, sees only his big, ugly feet.
Oh, thou void of discretion! make pureness thine own!
For a mirror reflects not that dirty has grown.
To escape future punishment, seek for a way!
Not a letter, on which you your finger may lay!
Oh wretch! do not faults of the people expose!
If you do; your own eyes to your faults it will close.

Why should I reprove one whose skirt may be vile,
When I know that I'm sinful myself, all the while?
With harshness to treat any man, is not nice,
When by falsely construing, you back your own vice!
Since you deprecate evil, from evil, abstain!
Bid your neighbour, thereafter, from evil refrain!
If I recognize truth, or if cant is my *rôle!*
My outside's with you and with God is my soul.
Since in Chastity neatly adorned I appear,
With my error or rectitude don't interfere!
If I'm good or I'm bad you must silence maintain!
For I'm bearer myself of my loss and my gain!
If my nature be pure or depraved through and through,
God knows all my secrets much better than you.
I expect no reward for my virtues from thee,
That for sinning such torture from you I should see.
For a good done by one of the pure-minded men,
The Lord in His kindness accredits him ten!
Oh strange! to ten faults in a person be blind,
In whom you should happen one virtue to find!
Do not twist round your finger his one little blot!
And bring his unlimited merits to nought!
When a foe upon *Sádi's* poetical lines,
Looks with hate and a heart full of evil designs;
To a hundred rare sayings he does not give ear,
And on finding one fault, does not scruple to jeer.
He has no higher object, for envy has torn
The just-seeing eyes from that object of scorn!
Has God not created his creatures with care?
There are ugly and handsome and coloured and fair!
Not comely's each eyebrow and eye you perceive;
Eat pistachio kernels! the shells you can leave!

CHAPTER VIII.

ON THANKS.

I CANNOT find words to give thanks to the Friend!
For to suitably thank Him, I do not pretend.
Ev'ry hair on my body's a gift from Him, free;
How can I give thanks for each hair that may be?
All praise to the bountiful Maker, I sing!
Who caused, out of nothing, His servant to spring!
Who with power to praise His great kindness is graced?
For His praises are all in His splendour embraced!
The Creator who fashioned from clay all mankind,
Gives spirit and wisdom and reason and mind;
From the loins of your father as far as the grave,
See what presents He from the Unseen to you gave!
Since clean He created you, wise and pure stay!
For a shame it would be to return foul to clay!
Incessantly wipe from a mirror the dust;
For it takes not a polish when eaten by rust!
Were you not liquid *semen*[1] when first you began?
From your head cast *conceit*, if you claim to be man!
When you earn by your labour your daily supply,
On the strength of your arm do not, therefore, rely!

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[1] منی *Măni*, means the seminal fluid and egotism, conceit, etc.

The Lord, oh self-server! why do you not see?
Who can bring into motion your hand, except He?
When good by your energy comes into view,
To the favour of God, not your efforts, 'tis due.
No person has carried the ball off by force;
Give thanks unto God! of all favour the source.
On foot, you are pow'rless to stand up alone;
Invisible aid ev'ry moment is shown.
Was your tongue not from speaking in infancy tied?
Through the navel your inside with food was supplied;
When they stopped the supply and divided the string,
To the breast of the mother your hand had to cling.
To a stranger afflicted with sickness by time,
They give water to cure from his own native clime.
Hence the babe in the belly got nourishment good,
And obtained, through the tube of the stomach, his food.
The mother's two breasts which to-day he adores,
Are likewise two fountains from God's endless stores.
A Heav'n are a good mother's bosom and lap;
In the bosom a fountain of milk is the pap.
Her life-rearing stature resembles a tree,
And the son a choice fruit on her breast, you can see.
Do the veins of the nipples not reach to the heart?
Of the heart's blood, observe how the milk is a part!
His teeth in her blood, like a lancet, he sunk;
Him, the Lord made her love, who her life's blood had drunk.
When his arm becomes strong and his teeth stout appear,
On her nipples the nurse bitter *aloes*[1] must smear.
To this aloes and milk he is so disinclined,
That desire for the sweet nipple fades from his mind.
Oh you, too, a penitent child of the way!
By *Patience* your sins in oblivion you lay.

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[1] صبر *Săbr*, means aloes and patience.

Story

(OF THE MOTHER AND HER SON).

A youth from his mother's wise counsels had turned;
Her sorrowing heart, like the demon-fire, burned.
In despair, she his cradle in front of him brought;
Saying, "Oh weak of love, who have compacts forgot!
Were you, one time, not weeping and helpless and small;
And for nights, at your hands I had no sleep at all?
Did you have in the cradle the strength you have now?
You could not repel a weak fly from your brow!
Are you not the same, whom a fly troubled then,
Who to-day are a powerful leader of men?
Again, yours will be such a state 'neath the clay,
That you can't from yourself drive the ant swarms away.
Will your eyes ever kindle their lustre again,
When the worms of the tomb eat the pith of your brain?"
Don't you see that a man who is blind of both eyes,
When he walks, can't the pit from the road recognize!
If God you have thanked for your eyes, it is right!
If you have not, your eyes also see not the light!
Neither reason nor sense did your tutor impart;
The Maker created these gifts in your heart.
If a truth-hearing mind God had kept back from you,
As downright absurd, you'd have heard what was true!

On Praising God for the Creation of Mankind.

To the number of joints in a finger, give thought!
Which with Euclid's precision together He brought.

'Twould therefore be folly and madness in one,
A finger to place on a work He has done.
On the gait of a man, let your thoughts be profound!
How together some bones He has jointed and bound!
Without moving the ankle, the knee and the toe,
A step from the spot one's unable to go!
A man without trouble can make himself prone,
For his back is not fashioned from one piece of bone.
He has two hundred bones on each other so laid,
That a tall, clayey structure, like you, He has made!
The veins of your body, oh you, of sweet looks!
Form a mead with three hundred and sixty rich brooks.
In the head are established reflection and sight;
There, too, are discretion and thinking aright.
The body is dear, on account of the mind;
And the mind, too, for knowledge most precious you find.
The brutes, being mean, have a down-hanging face;
You're erect on your feet like an "*Alif*" [1] in grace.
He has placed their mouths downwards, to help them to feed;
The food to your mouth, you with dignity lead.
It does not look well, when such pref'rence is shown,
That you bow your head down save to worship alone.
And yet with this form, that can pleasure inspire,
Be not of dazzled! a good disposition acquire!
You require the straight road, not a stature that's straight;
For the scoffer is like us in figure and gait.
Do not seek to contend against Him, if you're wise,
Who gave you your ears and your mouth and your eyes!
I admit you don't batter your foe with a stone;
Do not fight with the Friend, out of rudeness alone!
Those of wise disposition who gratitude know,
Their wealth with the needle of thanksgiving sew.

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[1] ا *Alif*, the first letter of the alphabet.

Story

(OF THE KING AND THE GREEK PHYSICIAN).

From a dark-coloured horse fell a king, used to war,
Displacing a bone of his neck by the jar.
On his body his head like an elephant's shrunk;
He could not look round without turning his trunk.
The physicians perplexed could not give him release;
But a doctor who came from the country of Greece,
Re-twisted his head, and his body grew straight;
Had the doctor not come, sad had been the king's state!
When again he came near to the king with his train,
A look from the creature he did not obtain.
The doctor, ashamed at the slight, hung his head;
I have heard, that when leaving, in whispers he said:
"If his neck I had yesterday failed to replace,
He would not, to-day, have averted his face."
He sent him a seed by the hand of a slave;
On a censer to roast it, directions he gave.
The king gave a sneeze, from the vapour it bore,
And his head and his neck turned the same as before!
With excuses, they followed the man all around,
And searched for him much, but no trace of him found.
Turn your neck not from thanking the Bountiful One!
Or your head will appear at the judgment undone.

Remarks on Viewing the Works of God, the Most High.

For your comfort, the night and the day were begun,
The moon shining bright and the world-warming sun.

Like a spreader of carpets, the sky over head,
Commands Beauty's carpet for you to be spread.
If you've clouds and the rain and the wind and the snow
The roaring of thunder and lightning's bright glow;
To be workers obedient to orders they're found,
For they bring up the seed that you sow in the ground.
At the hardship don't burn, should you thirsty remain!
For the pluvial cloud on its shoulder brings rain.
Food, perfume, and colour He brought from the Earth,—
The palate, the brain, and the eye's source of mirth.
From the bee you have honey, and manna from wind,
Ripe dates from the palms, palms from seeds of their kind.
All the gardeners gnaw at their hands in surprise,
For a date-tree like this none has caused to arise.
Sun and moon are for you, and the Pleiades, far,
The lamps of the roof of your residence are.
From thorns He brought roses and musk from the pod;
Pure gold from the mine, and moist leaves from a rod.
Your eyebrows and eyes with His own hand He penned;
For to strangers he could not relinquish his friend.
So pow'rful! he nurtures that delicate one;
With various bounties the work is thus done.
From the soul ev'ry morning let praises be shown!
For to render Him thanks is not tongue-work alone.
Oh God! my heart bleeds, and my eyes become sore,
For I find that Thy gifts than my praises are more.
Not beasts, ants and fishes alone, I can tell,
But the army of angels in Heaven, as well,
As yet but a part of Thy praises have told;
But one, they have stated, in one hundredfold.
Go! oh *Sádi*, your hand and your record wash clean!
Do not run on a road where no ending is seen!

Story

(ON MAKING A GOOD USE OF THE TONGUE).

A man rubbed the ears of a boy very hard,
Saying, "Frivolous talker ! with fortune ill-starred !
I gave you an axe to cut firewood up fine ;
I said not, 'The wall of the mosque undermine !'"
The tongue to give thanks and to praise with you got ;
For to backbite, the grateful man uses it not.
The *Korān* and advice have their way through the ear ;
False accusing and falsehood, take care not to hear !
Two eyes, for beholding God's wonders, are well,
Not on faults of a friend or a brother to dwell.

On Inquiring into the State of the Weak, and Thanking God for His Favours.

No one knows of the worth of the days of delight,
Unless he has, once, been in desperate plight.
Before a rich person, how easy appear
Cold, winter and want, in a famine-struck year ?
He who snake-bitten slept, after being distressed,
For curing him, thanks to the Master expressed.
Since in foot you are rapid, and manly in gait,
With slow moving trav'llers in thankfulness wait !
Do the young on the old many favours bestow ?
Do the strong for the weak any sympathy show ?
Of water's worth, what do *Jihoonians* [1] know ?
Ask of those left behind in the sun's parching glow !

[1] *Jihoonians*, people living on the banks of the river *Jihoon*, situated between *Khurāsān* and *Balkh*.

What grief for the parch'd, in *Zarood's* desert wide,
Has the Arab who sits by the Tigris' green side?
The man knows the value of health, in his case,
Who, helpless, has melted in fever a space.
When will the dark night appear long to your mind,
Since, from side unto side, you can turn when inclined?
On the falling and rising of ague, reflect!
For the man who is ill the long night can detect.
The master awoke by the drum's sound at last;
Does he know how the night of the sentinel passed?

Story

(OF SULTAN TOGHRÁL AND THE SLAVE GUARD).

I have heard that *Toghrál*,[1] on a cold, wintry night,
Passed a slave-guard on duty and saw his sad plight.
From the falling of snow and the torrents of rain,
Like *Canópus*, he could not from trembling refrain.
For the watchman, his heart out of pity grew hot,
And he said, "Take this mantle of sheepskin, I've got!
Near the roof for a moment, expecting it, stand!
And I'll send it without, by a slave stripling's hand."
The wind in the meantime a hurricane blew,
As inside his palace the king slipped from view.
He possessed in his household a fairy-faced slave,
To whose charms a good share of attention he gave.
On beholding the maiden, such joy did he find,
That the wretched slave sentry escaped from his mind.
The mantle of sheepskin went through the slave's ear;
From bad luck, on his shoulders it did not appear.

[1] *Toghrál*, a king of the *Siljūkian* dynasty.

With the pain of the cold, was it little to cope,
That the tyrannous sky should have bidden him hope?
Observe, when the king heedless slept on his bed,
What the drummer, when daylight appeared, to him said:
"Very likely *Nek-Bakht* on your thoughts did not rest,
When you carried your hand to the fair maiden's breast!
In enjoyment and pleasure, your night slips away,
How know you how our night dissolves into day?"
When the head of the trav'ller is over the pot,
What cares he concerning the sand-stayed one's lot?
To your ships on the water, oh master, hold fast!
For the water has over the pauper's head passed!
Oh active, young man! you should practise delay!
For feeble old men in the caravan stay.
In the caravan litter, you sleep without qualm,
While the halter is held in the camel-man's palm.
What are deserts and hills, rocks and sand to your mind?
Find the truth out from those on the road left behind!
A beast, like a mountain in form, bears you well,
Of the footman who eats his own blood, can you tell?
Those in comfort, asleep 'mong the baggage, who wait,
Do not know of the famishing stomach's sad state.

Story

(OF THE TWO PRISONERS).

By the night-watch the hands of a person were bound;
All the night he showed grief and affliction profound.
It arrived at his ear, in that dark, dismal night,
That a man was bemoaning his famishing plight.
The fettered thief heard the lamenting, and said:
"How long will you blubber from grief? Go to bed!

Go thank the Almighty! oh destitute wight!
" That the night-watch with thongs have not tied your hands tight."
Do not weep much, although you have Poverty's plea,
When a person more poor than yourself you can see!

Story

(OF THE POOR MAN AND HIS SKIN COAT).

One, naked, a *direm* by borrowing got,
And a coat of raw hide, as a cov'ring, he bought.
Shedding tears, he exclaimed, "Headstrong fortune, self-willed!
Beneath this raw hide in a warm bath I'm grilled!"
While the fool, under torture, was fuming away,
From a dungeon one said to him, "Silence, I pray!
You ought to give thanks to the Giver divine,
That your limbs are not fastened with thongs, like to mine!"

Story

(OF A SAINT MISTAKEN FOR A JEW).

A man passed a person possessing God's grace,
And thought him a Jew, by the cut of his face.
On the back of his neck, he inflicted a whack;
The holy man gave him the shirt from his back!
Ashamed, he exclaimed, "What I've done is amiss!
Forgive me! what time for a favour is this?"

"I brood not on evil," he, thankfully, said,
"But I am not the man who came into your head."
A nature refined and a form free from pride,
Surpass a good name and a wicked inside.
The prowling night-robber seems better to me,
Than the profligate wretch you in pious garb see.

Story

(OF THE WRETCHED MAN AND THE ASS).

A man left behind on the road, weeping, cried :
"Who more wretched than I in this plain can be spied?"
"Oh void of discretion !" a burdened ass spoke,
"How long will you Heaven's oppression provoke?
Go tender your thanks, since you ride not a beast,
That you are not an ass under people, at least!"

Story

(OF THE PHARISEE AND THE DRUNKARD).

A divine passed a man lying drunk on the plain,
And, because of his sanctity, waxed very vain.
He did not, from pride, the man's circumstance scan ;
The youth raised his head, saying, "Oh aged man !
Go and thankfulness show, that in favour you are !
For when pride is at hand, disappointment's not far !
Do not laugh, when you see one in manacles bound !
Lest, suddenly, you may in fetters be found.
It may be, at least, in the ruling of Fate,
That, soon, you may fall into my drunken state !

The sky has inscribed the word 'Mosque' to your name;
Some one else, in a 'Fire-Temple,' do not defame!"
In thanksgiving, oh *Musulmān*, clasp your hands!
That your loins are not girt by the *Guebre's* false bands.
The searcher for Him, of himself does not move;
The Friend's favour pulls him by force, in the groove.
Observe to what length Fate has managed to fly!
It is blindness on any but God to rely!

On the Pious Looking to God, not to Reasons.

The Lord has created in plants means of cure,
Should life in the person afflicted endure.
The health of the living by honey's made sound;
For the torture of dying no cure can be found.
In the mouth of the person is honey of worth,
Who has reached his last gasp and whose soul has gone forth?
Some one's brain felt the weight of a steel-headed mace,
Said another, "Rub sandal-wood oil on the place!"
When in presence of danger, endeavour to run!
And the thought of contending with Fate you should shun!
While the stomach is fit to digest drink and food,
The face remains fresh and the figure keeps good.
The house in a ruinous pickle will be,
When the system and food don't together agree.
Moist and dry, hot and cold, are your nature's rich store,
And man's constitution consists of these four.
When one of them over another prevails,
The scale of your nature's equality fails.
If you do not inspire the cool air at each breath,
By the heat of the chest life is harassed to death.

If the food by the pot of the stomach's not boiled,
The delicate body is speedily spoiled.
The hearts of the knowing to these are not bound,
For in harmony always, they may not be found.
Do not think that the food gives the body its pow'r !
For God by His favour supports you each hour.
By His truth ! if your eyes you on sword and knife lay,
The thanks to Him due, you're unable to pay !
When your face in devotion you rest on the dust,
Give praise to the Lord ! on yourself do not trust !
With beggary, duty to God is allied ;
It becomes not the beggar to show any pride !
I admit that you've rendered some service to God ;
Have you not always eaten the part He bestowed ?

Discourse on the Pre-eminence of God's Orders and Providence.

First, God to the heart the intention conveyed,
And then, on the threshold this slave his head laid.
If the means to do good, from the Lord you don't gain,
When will other men good, through your efforts, obtain ?
In the tongue that acknowledged him, what do you see ?
On the Giver of speech, let your scrutiny be !
The doors of God's knowledge are man's seeing eyes,
Which are open so wide to the earth and the skies.
When would you the low and the lofty have known,
If He had not this door in your face open thrown ?
He the head and the hand from nonentity brought,
And to them, adoration and almsgiving taught.
Had He not, would the hand have munificence spread ?
Adoration would never have come from the head !

He gave, in His wisdom, a tongue, made the ear ;
As the key of the chest of the mind these appear !
Had the tongue not for speaking an aptitude shown,
Would a person the heart's hidden secrets have known ?
Had the spy of the ear not to effort inclined,
When would news have been brought to the monarch the
mind ?
The pronouncer of sweet sounding words He gave me ;
The acute and intelligent ear He gave thee.
Like porters, these two always stand at the gate,
And from monarch to monarch the news they relate.
Why trouble yourself ? saying, " Good, is my deed ! "
From the other side look, for by Him 'tis decreed !
To the halls of the monarch the gard'ner repairs,
And a present of fruit from the king's garden bears !

Story

(OF SÁDI'S JOURNEY TO HINDŪSTĀN AND THE DEPRAVITY OF IDOLATRY).

An ivory idol I saw at *Somnāt*,[1]
Begemmed, as in paganish times was *Monāt*.[2]
So well had the sculptor its features designed,
That an image more perfect no mortal could find.
Caravans from each district were moving along ;
To look at that spiritless image they throng.
Kings of *China* and *Chighil*, like *Sádi*, forsooth !
From that hard-hearted idol were longing for truth.
Men of eloquence, gathered from every place,
Were beseeching in front of that dumb idol's face.

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[1] *Somnāt*, a famous Hindu temple in *Guzerat*, destroyed by *Mahmūd* of *Guzni*.

[2] *Monāt*, one of the chief idols of pagan Arabia.

I was helpless to clear up the circumstance, how
The Animate should to th' inanimate bow?
To a pagan with whom I had something to do—
A companion well spoken, a chum of mine, too—
I remarked in a whisper, "Oh Brahmin, so wise!
At the scenes in this place I experience surprise!
About this helpless form they are crazed in their mind,
And in error's deep pit are as captives confined.
Its hands have no strength, and its feet have no pace;
And if thrown to the ground 'twould not rise from its place.
Don't you see that its eyes are but amber, let in?
To seek for good faith in the blind is a sin!"
That friend at my speech to an enemy turned;
He seized me and, fire-like, from anger he burned.
He told all the pagans and temple old men;
I saw not my welfare in that meeting, then.
Since the crookèd road seemed unto them to be right,
The straight road very crookéd appeared, in their sight;
For although a good man may be pious and wise,
He's an ignorant fool in the ignorant's eyes.
I was helpless to aid, like a man being drowned;
Except in abasement no method I found.
When you see that a fool has malevolence shown,
Resignation and meekness give safety alone.

The chief of the Brahmins I praised to the skies:
"Of the *Zind* and *Astā*,[1] oh expounder, most wise!
With this idol's appearance I'm satisfied, too;
For the face and the features are charming to view.
Its figure appears very choice in my sight;
But regarding the truth, I am ignorant, quite.
I am here as a trav'ller a very short while,
And a stranger knows seldom the good from the vile.

[1] *Zind* and *Astā*, religious books of the Magi.

You're the queen of the chess-board and therefore aware;
And the monarch's adviser of this temple fair.
To worship by mimicking, doubtless, is wrong;
Oh happy the pilgrim whose knowledge is strong!
What truths in the figure of this idol lie?
For the chief of its worshippers, truly, am I!"
The face of the old Brahmin glowed with delight;
He was pleased and said, "Oh thou whose statements
are right!
Your question is proper, your action is wise—
Whoever seeks truth will to happiness rise.
Like yourself, too, on many a journey I've been,
And idols not knowing themselves I have seen,
Save this, which each morning, just where it now stands,
To the great God of Justice upraises its hands!
And if you are willing, remain the night here!
And to-morrow, the secret to you will be clear."

At the chief Brahmin's bidding I tarried all night;
In the well of misfortune, like *Bīzhan's*[1] my plight.
The night seemed as long as the last Judgment Day;
The pagans unwashed, round me feigning to pray.
The priests very carefully water did shun;
Their armpits like carrion exposed in the sun!
Perhaps a great sin I had done, long before,
That I on that night so much punishment bore.
All the night I was racked in this prison of grief,
With one hand on my heart, one in pray'r for relief;
When the drummer, with suddenness, beat his loud drum,
And the cock crowed the fate of the Brahmin, to come.
Unresisted, the black-coated preacher, the Night,
Drew forth from its scabbard, the sword of daylight.

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[1] *Bīzhan*, grandson of *Rustam*, confined in a well by *Afrasiāb* for being caught in his palace in company with his daughter.

On this tinder, the morning fire happened to fall,
And the world in a moment was brilliant to all.
You'd have said that all over the country of *Zang*,[1]
From a corner, the Tartars had suddenly sprung !
The pagans depraved, with unpurified face,
Came from door, street and plain to the worshipping place.
The city and lanes were of people bereft ;
In the temple, no room for a needle was left.
I was troubled from rage and from sleeplessness dazed,
When the idol its hands upwards, suddenly, raised.
All at once, from the people there rose such a shout,
You'd have said that the sea in a rage had boiled out.
When the temple became from the multitude free,
The Brahmin all smiles gazed intently at me :
" I am sure that your scruples have vanished," he said,
" Truth has made itself manifest, falsehood has fled."
When I saw he was slave to an ignorant whim,
And that fancies absurd were established in him,
Respecting the truth, I no more could reveal,
For from scoffers, 'tis proper the truth to conceal.
When you find yourself under a tyrant's command,
It would scarcely be manly to break your own hand.
I wept for a time, that he might be deceived,
And said, "At the statement I made, I am grieved !"
At my weeping, the pagans' hearts merciful proved—
Is it strange that a stone by the torrent is moved ?
In attendance, they ran to me, very much pleased ;
And in doing me honour my hands they all seized.
Asking pardon, I went to the image of bone—
In a chair made of gold, on a teak-timber throne—
A kiss to the hand of the idol I gave,
Saying, "Curse it and ev'ry idolatrous slave !"

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[1] *Zang*, Zanzibar, in Africa.

A pagan I was for a little, in name;
In discussing the *Zind*, I a Brahmin became!
When myself, "*one of trust*," in the temple I found,
I could scarcely from joy keep myself on the ground.
I fastened the door of the temple one night,
And, scorpion-like, ran to the left and the right.
All under and over the throne I then pried,
And a curtain embroidered with gold I espied;
A fire-temple prelate in rear of the screen,
With the end of a rope in his hand, could be seen!
The state of affairs I at once saw aright—
Like David[1] when steel grew like wax in his sight.
For, of course, he has only the rope to depress,
When the idol up-raises its hand for redress!
Ashamed was the Brahmin at seeing my face—
For to have any secret exposed's a disgrace.
He bolted and I in pursuit of him fell,
And speedily tumbled him into a well;
For I knew that the Brahmin escaping alive,
To compass my death would incessantly strive.
And were I despatched he would happiness feel,
Lest, living, I might his base secret reveal.
When you know of the business a villain has planned,
Put it out of his pow'r! when he falls to your hand.
For if to that blackguard reprieve you should give,
He will not desire that you longer should live.
When in service he places his head at your gate,
If he can, he will surely your head amputate!
Your feet, in the track of a cheat, do not place!
If you do, and discover him, show him no grace!
I despatched the impostor with stones, without dread,
For tales are not told by a man when he's dead.

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[1] David was supposed to be able to make iron as soft as wax by his touch!

When I found that I caused a disturbance to spread,
I abandoned that country and hastily fled.
If a fire in a cane-brake you cause to arise,
Look out for the tigers therein, if you're wise!
The young of a man-biting snake do not slay!
If you do, in the same dwelling-place do not stay!
When you've managed a hive, full of bees, to excite,
Run away from the spot! or you'll suffer their spite.
At one sharper than you, don't an arrow despatch!
When you've done it, your skirt[1] in your teeth you should catch!
No better advice *Sádi's* pages contain:
"When a wall's undermined, do not near it remain!"
I travelled to *Sind*, after that Judgment Day;
By *Yemen* and *Mecca* I, thence, took my way.
From the whole of the bitterness, Fate made me meet,
My mouth till to-day has not shown itself sweet.
By the aiding of *Bu-Bakar-Sad's* fortune fair—
Whose like not a mother has borne nor will bear—
From the sky's cruel harshness, for justice I sought;
In this shadow diffuser, a refuge I got.
Like a slave, for the Empire I fervently pray:
"Oh God, cause this shadow for ever to stay!"
He applied not the salve to my wound's need alone,
But becoming the bounty and favour his own.
Meet thanks for his favours, when could I repeat?
Even if in his service my head changed to feet!
When these miseries passed I experienced joy;
Yet some of the subjects my conscience annoy.
One is—when the hand of petition and praise,
To the shrine of the Knower of Secrets I raise,

[1] To be better able to run away by catching up the skirt in the teeth. It is a common custom to tuck up the skirt and fasten it in the girdle round the loins.

The thoughts of that puppet of China arise,
And cover with dust my self-valuing eyes;
I know that the hand I stretched forth to the shrine,
Was not lifted by any exertion of mine!
Men of sanctity do not their hands upward bring,
But the Powers unseen pull the end of the string.
Ope's the door of devotion and well-doing, still,
Ev'ry man has not pow'r a good work to fulfil.
This same is a bar; for to Court to repair,
Is improper, except the king's order you bear.
No man can the great key of destiny own,
For absolute pow'r is the Maker's alone.
Hence, oh travelling man on the straight path Divine!
The favour is God, the Creator's, not thine.
Since, unseen, He created your mind pure and wise,
From your nature no action depraved can arise.
The same Who has poison produced in the snake,
The sweetness produced by the bee, too, did make.
When He wishes to change to a desert your land,
He first makes the people distressed at your hand;
And should His compassion upon you descend,
To the people through you He will comfort extend.
That you walk the right road, do not boast, I advise!
For the Fates took your hand and you managed to rise.
By these words you will benefit if you attend;
You will reach pious men if their pathway you wend.
You will get a good place if the Fates are your guide;
On the table of honour, rich fare they'll provide.
And yet 'tis not right that you eat all alone,
For the poor, helpless Dervish some thought should be shown.
Perhaps, you'll ask mercy for me when I die,
For upon my own efforts I do not rely.

CHAPTER IX.

ON PENITENCE.

OH come thou, whose age has to seventy crept!
Perhaps, since it went to the winds, you have slept.
With provision for living your time you employed;
Not a thought about dying your conscience annoyed.
At the Judgment, when Paradise' Market proceeds,
They will stations assign in accordance with deeds.
As much stock as you bring you will bear from this place,
And if you have naught you will carry disgrace.
For the better the market is stocked, you will see
That the heart of the pauper more wretched will be.
If two score and ten *dírems* by five are reduced,
A wound in your heart by Grief's nails is produced.
When two score and ten years shall have over you passed,
Consider a boon the "*five days*" that still last!
If a tongue had been left to the poor, helpless dead,
Lamenting and weeping he thus would have said:
"Oh living! since power of speech in you shows,
Like the dead on God's mention your lips do not close!
Since our opportunity passed in neglect,
You should look upon this as your time to reflect!"

Story

(OF THE OLD MAN REGRETTING THE TIME OF HIS YOUTH).

In the time of our youth and in pleasant delight,
A few of us gathered together one night;
Like nightingales singing, fresh-faced, like the rose;
Our boisterous mirth broke the street's still repose.
An experienced old man sat aloof from our play;
From the sky's change, the night of his hair was bright
day.
Like a filbert, his tongue from discoursing was tied;
Not like us with our lips smiling, *pista*-like, wide.
A youth who approached him said, "Vet'ran, explain!
In the nook of repentance why sit you, in pain?
For once, raise your head from the collar of woe!
And with youths, in composure of heart, gaily go!"
From retirement, the man of old age raised his head;
Observe his reply! how old man like, he said:
"Should the cool morning breeze through the rose-garden
blow,
It becomes the young bushes to wave to and fro.
The corn waves majestic while growing and green;
It will break when a yellow appearance is seen.
In the Spring when the wind wafts the musk-willow smell,
The trees that are young shed their dry leaves, as well.
It does not become me with youth to keep pace,
For the breeze of old age has blown over my face.
The famous male falcon, once under my pow'r,
Now severs the end of the cord, ev'ry hour.
It is your turn to sit at the tray piled with fare,
For our hands we have washed, after eating our share.

When on your head has settled the dust of old age,
Do not hope you'll again in youth's pleasures engage!
The snow has come down on my raven's dark wing;
Garden sporting, like *Bulbuls*, is not now the thing.
The peacock has beauty and proudly may walk;
What can you expect from a broken-wing'd hawk?
My grain has been reaped and collected to thresh;
Your verdure is growing up still, soft and fresh.
My rose garden's freshness has all disappeared;
Who would fashion a nose-gay from flow'rs that are seared?
Oh soul of your father! a staff is my stay;
To rely more on self would be out of the way!
It is safe for a stripling to spring to his feet,
But the agèd, the help of their hands must entreat.
The rose of my face, see! like yellow gold shines;
When the sun becomes yellow it quickly declines.
The nursing of lust by an ignorant youth,
Is less wicked than by an old lecher, forsooth!
It behoves me to weep, out of shame, for each crime,
Like a child, but not, child-like, to idle my time.
Lukmān said correctly, 'Much better be dead,
Than let years of transgressing pass over your head!'
Better close the shop-door, from the dawning of day,
Than to cast both the stock and the profit away!
Before the young man bears his *darkness* to light,
The poor agèd man bears his *sin* out of sight."[1]

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[1] A play on the word *Siāhi*, which means sin and blackness or darkness.

Story

(ON ADVANCING AGE).

A man, full of years, to a doctor came nigh,
From his weeping he looked as if ready to die.
He said, "Feel my pulse! oh intelligent man!
For to step from this spot is much more than I can.
My motionless body just looks, you would say,
As if I had mingled again with the clay."
He answered, "Your hands from the World you should tear,
For your feet from the clay resurrection will bear."
If you used hands and feet in your juvenile years,
Be wise and discreet when your old age appears!
When your life has exceeded two score years in length,
Do not dance and clap hands! for impaired is your strength.
When my hair black as night, first began to get grey,
My enjoyment of pleasure departed away.
It is proper that lust from your heart you should send,
When the time to enjoy it has come to an end.
When will greenness refresh my old heart, become sear,
For verdure will soon from my ashes appear?
Amusing ourselves with excesses and lust,
We have passed over many a dead person's dust;
Those who still in the womb of Futurity lie,
Will arrive and pass over our dust, when we die.
Alas! that the season of youth slipped away!
And that life has been squandered in amorous play!
Alas! that the soul-nursing time did not last!
Like the lightning of *Yemen* it over us passed.
In desire to eat "*this*" and in love "*that*" to wear,
I so lived that the Faith did not give me a care.

Alas! that with falsehood our life has been spent;
From the Truth we stood far, and in negligence went!
How well to a stripling the schoolmaster said:
"Our work is not done and the season has fled."

On Esteeming as a Boon the Strength of Youth previous to the Weakness of Old Age.

To-day, oh young man, in devotion engage!
For to-morrow, fresh youth will not come from old age.
You have leisure of mind and your body has force;
Hit straight at the ball when you have a wide course!
I did not perceive the great worth of *to-day*;
I'm aware of it now, for I've played it away.
Fate deprived me of time, in a sorrowful hour,
Of which ev'ry day was the great "*night of Pow'r.*"[1]
What toil has an ass, become old, 'neath his load?
Astride a good steed, you continue your road.
Though a cup that is smashed you may neatly restore;
Not again will it bring the same price as before.
As it fell from your hand out of negligence, then,
No course can you follow but patch it again.
Yourself in the Oxus, who told you to cast?
If you do, with your hands and your feet strike out fast!
The water of cleansing you gave from your hand;
What resource have you left, but to utilize sand?[2]
When you took not the prize from the swift in the race,
Even stumbling and rising, continue your pace!
If those of swift foot are remarkably fleet;
Get up! you are palsied in hands and in feet.

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[1] *Night of Pow'r*, the night on which the *Kurān* descended from heaven.

[2] In purifying before prayer, sand may be used when water cannot be obtained.

Story

(ON MAKING THE MOST OF TIME).

One night fickle sleep, in the desert of *Faid*,[1]
My feet from progressing with fetters had tied.
A camel-man came, showing angry surprise,
And battered my head with his rope, saying, "Rise!
Left behind, you perhaps are determined to die,
Since you do not get up when the bell sounds so high?
Like you, I desire very much to sleep more;
But, alas! the lone desert lies stretched out before."
Since to rise from sweet slumber, no liking you showed
At the starting's loud noise; can you get to the road?
The camel-man sounded his drum as he ran,
And first reached the stage, of the whole caravan.
Oh happy the sensible, fortunate folk!
Who packed their effects ere the drummer awoke!
Those upon the road sleeping, their heads do not raise,
Till no trace of those travelling reaches their gaze.
The trav'ller first rising, pre-eminence won;
What avails it to wake when the march has begun?
When your features of youth are o'ershadowed with grey,
Cast sleep from your eyes! for your night now is day.
All hope from my life I was forced to expel
On that day when my darkness to hoariness fell.
Alas! my dear life is, at last, on the wane,
And soon will depart, too, the days that remain.
The time that has gone has in sinfulness passed;
And of this, too, you have not a moment to last.
Now's the time for the seed, if to tend it you care,
Or if you expect in the harvest to share!

---

[1] *Faid* is the name of a village on the way to *Mecca*, after which the desert is named.

To the town "Resurrection" you must not go poor!
For to sit and regret would not favour procure.
If you've got Wisdom's eyes, make arrangements to-day
For the grave; ere the ants eat your eyeballs away.
From stock, oh young man! you can profit obtain;
What profit can he who has wasted it gain?
Strive, now, that the water has reached to your waist!
And not when the flood o'er your head flows in haste.
Shed a shower of tears, now that eyes you have got!
There's a tongue in your mouth, let excuses be brought!
To the body, the soul will not always be bound;
The tongue in the mouth will not always go round.
To the sayings of sages, to-day, lend your ear!
For to-morrow, you'll find yourself tried by *Nakīr*.[1]
You should count as a treasure this spirit, so dear;
For a cage that is birdless will worthless appear.
To waste life in regretting, one cannot afford;
Opportunity's precious and Time is a sword!

Story

(ON PREPARING FOR DEATH).

Fate the reins of a mortal's existence had shorn;
On his dying, another his collar had torn.
Thus said a beholder, with intellect clear,
When the weeping and wailing arrived at his ear:
"At your tyrannous hands, had the dead been allowed,
He'd have riven away from his body the shroud;
Saying, 'Writhe not so much out of sorrow for me,
That provision I've made a few days before thee!

[1] *Nakīr*, name of an angel who interrogates people after death.

Perhaps you've forgotten your own dying day,
Since my death makes you wounded and weak in this way!'"
An observer who earth on a dead body strews,
Not for it, but himself, his heart fervency shows.
At the child's disappearance, which went back to clay,
Why weep? he came pure, and he pure went away!
Be careful and pure! you in purity came;
For returning polluted to dust, is a shame.
To the leg of this bird you must now tie a band;
Not when it has wrested the string from your hand.
In the place of another, a long time you've sat;
Another will sit in your place, for all that!
Whether famed as a wrestler or swordsman complete,
You can take with you only your white winding-sheet.
If an ass of the desert should fracture the noose,
And he sticks in the sand, why, his feet are not loose!
So long, too, a powerful hand you can wave,
As your feet do not sink in the dust of the grave.
Do not fasten your heart on this world for a home!
For a walnut remains not, when thrown on a dome.
Since yesterday went, and to-morrow's not yours;
Make the most of the moment that life still ensures!

Story

(OF JAMSHÉD AND HIS DECEASED MISTRESS).

Jamshéd had a favourite mistress who died;
A shroud, like the silkworm's, of silk he supplied.
To her tomb, in a little time after, he went,
With fervour to weep o'er her corpse and lament.
When he saw that decay through her silk shroud had spread,
Absorbed in deep thought, to himself he thus said:

"I removed from the silkworm this substance by force;
The worms of the grave take it back from her corse.
In this garden the cypress attains no great height,
Ere the fierce wind of Fate roots it up from its site.
Fate no picture with Joseph like beauty has hatched,
That, like Jonah, the fish of the grave has not snatched."

Story

(ON THE WORLD GOING ON WITHOUT US).

Two couplets quite roasted my liver one day,
That a minstrel with *Rebeck*[1] sang sweet, in this way:
"Alas! that without us for many a year,
The roses will grow and the tulips appear!
Many Junes and Decembers and Aprils will pass,
While still we remain bricks and ashes, alas!
The garden will still yield its rose after us,
And friends will, together, sit down and discuss."

Story

(OF THE PIOUS MAN AND HIS BRICK OF GOLD).

An ingot of gold to the hand of one fell,
Who was pious in nature and worshipped God well.
It so greatly distracted his sensible head,
That his madness of heart o'er his face darkness spread.
In the thought of his treasure and wealth, the night passed;
He said, "While I'm living it surely will last:

[1] *Rebeck*, a musical instrument.

Again my weak body, for mere begging's sake,
Bent and straight, before people, I ought not to make.
I'll a palace, with basement of marble, erect;
And the roof will with aloes-wood rafters be decked.
For my friends, I'll a private apartment complete,
Whose door will be inside a garden retreat.
From sewing on patch upon patch, I am tired;
While my eyes and my brain, others' burning has fired.
Henceforward will menials my victuals prepare;
I will cherish my soul by removing all care.
This hard, felten blanket has murdered me quite;
I will go and arrange a rich bed from to-night."
Fancy caused him to dote, and look frenzied and wan;
The crab sunk its claws in the brains of the man.
No leisure for prayer or God's study had he—
From sleeping and eating and worshipping free—
Head drunk from delusions, he came to a plain;
For nor rest nor composure with him did remain.
At the head of a grave one was mixing up mire,
Some bricks from the dust of that grave to acquire.
In deep thought with himself the old man hung his head;
"Oh short-sighted soul! take a lesson!" he said;
"Your heart on this brick, of pure gold, wherefore lay?
For soon they will model a brick from your clay."
The vast mouth of greed is not opened thus wide,
That its appetite should by one morsel be tied.
Withhold from this brick, oh, debased one, your hand!
For with one brick you cannot the Oxus withstand.
Absorbed in your profit and goods, you don't mind
That the stock of your life has been cast to the wind!
Such breezes will over this dust of ours play,
That each atom of us will be wafted away.
Your eyes were stitched up by the dust of desire;
Lust's scorching *Simoom* set your life's field on fire.

The black dust of neglect from your eyelids set free !
For, to-morrow, black dust underground you will be.

Story

(ON ENMITY BETWEEN TWO PERSONS).

Two persons, in hatred and fighting engaged,
And looked on each other, like leopards enraged.
To avoid one another, so far did they fly,
That the Earth was too small for them, under the sky.
At the head of one, Fate with his army arrived,
And him of enjoying more pleasure deprived.
This, delight to the heart of his enemy gave ;
A short time thereafter, he passed by his grave.
The cell of his tomb, he saw plastered with clay ;
He had seen his gilt house on the previous day.
By the strength of his arm, with malicious intent,
He a slab from the face of the sepulchre rent.
He saw his crowned head lying inside the pit,
And his world-seeing eyes filled entirely with grit.
His body confined in the tomb-prison lay ;
His corpse food for worms and the greedy ant's prey.
From the sky's revolutions his full-moon-like face,
To a sharp-pointed crescent had now given place ;
And towards him, time had such tyranny shown,
That his cypress-like form, like a toothpick had grown.
The palms of his hands and his fingers of strength,
By time had their pieces disjointed, at length.
His heart for him sympathy showed, in such way,
That the tears from his eyes wrought his dust into clay.
He regretted the manner he served him from spite ;
On the slab of his grave he desired them to write :

"At any one's death, from rejoicing refrain!
For after he dies you a moment remain."
Some one heard the remark who with wisdom was stored,
And wept, saying, "Oh, Thou Omnipotent Lord!
It were strange did Thy mercy to him not extend,
Whose foe for him bitterly wept, like a friend."
One day will our bodies in like manner turn
That our enemies' hearts, too, will over them burn.
Perhaps the Friend's heart will to me mercy show,
When He sees me forgiven, at last, by my foe!
Such a state of the skull will immediately rise,
That you'd say, it had never contained any eyes.
I struck an earth mound with a pick-axe, one day;
A cry of distress, in my ears seemed to say:
"Take a little more care, if you're manly, I pray!
There are ear-tips and eyes; face and head in this clay."

Story

(OF A FATHER AND DAUGHTER).

In the thought of a journey, I slumbered one night,
And followed a large caravan at daylight.
A horrible dust-storm arose with the wind,
And darkened the Earth in the eyes of mankind.
A maiden, who had on the way her abode,
From her father, with veil, wiped the dust of the road.
"Oh my lovely-faced daughter!" the father expressed,
"Whose heart out of love for me's greatly distressed!
Will not dust in these eyes soon so plenteous appear,
That you cannot again with your veil wipe them clear?
Your affectionate soul, like an obstinate steed,
To the grave is conveying you onwards, with speed.

Fate will suddenly shatter your stirrups, at last,
And the reins you can't seize, when the grave holds you fast."

Admonition and Advice.

Have you knowledge regarding your cage made of bone?
For your life is a bird; as the spirit, 'tis known.
When a bird leaves its cage and confinement alive,
It will not be captive again, though you strive.
For a moment's the world, opportunity prize!
A moment's preferred to the world by the wise.
Alexander, who held the whole world in his sway,
At the moment he died could not bear it away;
It was not allowed that his world they should seize,
And grant him instead one short moment of ease.
They have gone! What each sowed he will reap just the same;
Nought remains now, excepting a good and bad name.
Why should I set my heart on this traveller's home?
For our comrades have gone; on the road we still roam.
The garden will yield that same rose after us,
And friends will, together, sit down and discuss.
By this sweetheart, the world, let your heart not be buoyed!
For whoever she favoured his heart she destroyed.
When the tomb's niche becomes a poor man's sleeping place,
Resurrection will wipe all the dust from his face.
Raise your head up, this moment, from Apathy's breast!
Lest, to-morrow, regret makes it greatly distressed.
Don't you, ent'ring *Shirāz* to take up your abode,
Wash your body and head from the dust of the road?

Hence, oh thou depraved habitation of sin !
To a strange city, soon, you'll your journey begin.
From the founts of your eyes, cause a current to flow !
And wash from yourself any filth you may show !

Story

(ON THE TIME OF CHILDHOOD).

From the time of my father I mem'ry retain,
(May mercy in show'rs on him constantly rain !)
That a tablet, a book and a ring, golden-wrought,
For my use, in the days of my childhood, he bought.
A purchaser, suddenly, came and conveyed
The ring from my hand, and a date for it paid.
When the worth of a ring to a child is unknown,
With a sweetmeat a person can make it his own.
You, too, failed to reckon your life as a boon,
Since you've cast it away in sweet pleasures, so soon.
When the good at the last Judgment Day mount on high,
And from under the earth to the Pleiades fly,
Your own head will remain hanging forward from shame,
For round you will press all the sins to your name.
Oh brother ! feel shame at the work of the bad !
For in front of the good, you'll be humbled and sad.
When the Fates ask of actions and what has been said,
The bodies of heroes will tremble from dread.
To the place where the prophets in terror remain,
Come ! and all your excuses for sinning explain !
The woman who worships the Lord with delight,
Is better than man who is godless in plight.
Respecting your manliness, rises no shame
That woman should over you preference claim ?

The women because of a general law,
At seasons, their hands from devotions withdraw.
You sit like a woman, no plea have you got,
Go! oh lower than woman! of manhood boast not!
"What measure of eloquence centres in me?"
Thus said the most eloquent man, *Ansarī*,[1]
"Oh strange! do not me with amazement behold!
Observe what my great predecessors have told!
When you straightness exceed you to crookedness lean;
In a man less than woman, what manhood is seen?"
In indulgence and mirth lustful appetite train,
And the enemy, shortly, more strength will obtain!

Story

(OF THE MAN AND THE WOLF).

A man reared the cub of a wolf at his door;
When reared, its protector in pieces it tore.
On resigning his spirit he laid down his head;
A man of experience passed him and said:
"If you nurture a foe with such delicate care,
Don't you know that, defenceless, his wounds you must bear?
Has not Satan regarding us vented his spite?
Saying, 'Wickedness only in these comes to light!'
Alas! for the evils that in us unite;
I'm afraid the opinion of Satan is right!"
When our chastisement pleased the accursed one, then,
The Lord, for our sakes, overthrew him again.
When shall I my head from this baseness release?
For with God I'm at war and with Satan at peace!

[1] *Ansarī*, name of a poet contemporary of *Fardūsi.*

The friend rarely looks the direction of you,
When yourself and the foe entertain the same view.
If a friend you require who will friendship repay,
You should not an enemy's order obey!
How long with base coin will you buy at the mart,
And cut from the friendship of Joseph your heart?
The person approves of estrangement from friends,
Who to share the same house with the foe condescends.
A friend rarely places his foot, don't you know?
In the house where he sees that there dwelleth a foe.

Story

(OF THE REBELLIOUS SUBJECT).

A subject engaged with a monarch in strife;
To the foe he consigned him and said, "Take his life!"
Held fast in that harsh executioner's clutch,
To himself he was saying, with warmth weeping much,
"Had I brought not the wrath of the friend on my head,
By the enemy, when would my blood have been shed?"
Do not turn from the friend, if you claim to be wise,
That the foe may not view you with sinister eyes.
The comrade incurring the Friend's wrath, let slide!
The foe's ruthless harshness will tear off his hide.
With the friend be united in word and in heart,
That the enemy's root from its base may depart!
This hideous aspersion I cannot commend:
"In pleasing a foe to cause hurt to a friend!"

Story

(OF THE FRAUDULENT MAN AND THE DEVIL).

A person, by fraud, people's property used;
And on giving it up, he the Devil abused!
On a highway, the Devil harangued him, one day:
"I never have seen such a fool, I must say;
In secret, between you and me there is peace;
Why, in public, the sabre of warfare release?"
What a pity it is the vile demon's command,
Will against you be writ by an angel's pure hand!
You from foulness and ignorance seem to delight,
That the holy the sins you've committed should write.
Secure a good road and for peace seek with care!
A Saviour obtain and excuses declare!
One moment of respite for no one will stay,
When the measure is full, as time passes away.
If a strong hand in business you do not possess,
Like the helpless, put forward the hand of distress!
And if beyond measure your wickedness went,
You'll be good when you say it has gone, and repent.
When the portal of peace you see open, advance!
For the door of repentance is shut at a glance!
Oh son! do not walk under Sin's heavy load!
For a porter gets weary and weak on the road.
It behoves one in rear of the pious to run;
For whoever enquired for this happiness, won.
But as you in pursuit of the vile demon strive,
I know not when you 'mong the good will arrive.
That man's intercessor the Prophet will be,
Whom, walking the road of the Prophet, you see.

Pursue the straight road, till the wished stage you find!
You have strayed from the road and are therefore behind.
Like the ox, that, with eyes by the oil-presser bound,
Through the whole of the night in the same place goes
round.

Story

(OF THE POLLUTED MAN AND THE MOSQUE).

To a mosque, one polluted with mud took the road,
Who because of misfortune bewilderment showed.
Some one checking him said, "May your hands ruined be!
Skirt soiled, do not enter a place from filth free!"
Some sympathy entered my heart upon this,
For the Paradise lofty has pureness and bliss.
In that place of the pure, who keep hope in their view,
Has a man, skirt-polluted from sin, aught to do?
He who honestly worships will Paradise gain;
He who money possesses, choice goods will obtain.
You must wash your skirt clean from the rubbish of vice,
For they'll shut off the stream, from above, in a trice.
Do not say, "Fortune's bird from my keeping has flown;"
For the end of the string in your hand is still shown.
Be quick-paced, and smart! if you've practised delay;
And coming late, right, need not cause you dismay.
Your hand of beseeching Death cared not to tie;
Raise your hands to the shrine of the great God on high!
Do not slumber! oh, negligent sinner, arise!
In excuse for your sins, shed the tears from your eyes!
When to scatter your fame comes the fated decree,
At least on the dust of this street let it be!

And if without name, let a pleader be shown,
Whose honour is higher esteemed than your own!
If the Lord should expel me, in wrath, from His gate,
I'll bring as my pleaders the souls of the great!

Story

(ON THE DEPENDENCE OF CHILDREN).

I still recollect that in childhood I went,
One '*Eed*,[1] with my father, on sight-seeing bent.
My attention was fixed on the people who played;
And, because of the crowd, from my father I strayed.
I uttered a cry, full of terror and fear,
When my father immediately tugged at my ear;
Saying, "Oh, forward child! I oft told you, you know,
That your hand from my skirt, you were not to let go!"
A babe does not know how to travel alone,
For 'tis difficult walking a pathway unknown.
In your efforts, you, too, are a child of the road;
Go, and seize on the skirts of the people of God!
Do not sit and converse with a man who is mean!
If you do, of all dignity wash your hands clean!
To pious men's saddle-straps cling with your hands!
For a saint's not ashamed who soliciting stands.
A disciple's less strong than a child of few years;
The teacher as strong as a rampart, appears.
Take a lesson in walking from that infant small,
Who when trying to walk, seeks the aid of a wall!
He who sat in the circle of men who are chaste,
Free from profligates' fetters, enjoyed Freedom's taste.

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[1] '*Eed*, a *Mohămedan* festival.

If you have a requirement, this circle embrace !
For the sultan has no other way to get grace.
Like *Sádi*, go out ! and a gleaner become !
That you may, of the harvest of knowledge, glean some.

Story

(OF A DRUNKEN HARVEST-BURNER).

In the month of July, some one garnered his grain ;
And cast further care for it out of his brain.
He got drunk, and a fire he enkindled, one night ;
The unfortunate fool burned his harvest up quite.
Next day, as a gleaner, his time he employed ;
For a grain was not left of his harvest, destroyed.
When they saw the poor man much afflicted in head,
A man to the son of his bosom, thus, said :
" If you wish not, like him, to misfortune to turn,
Your harvest, through madness, take care not to burn ! "
If your life from your hand has in wickedness flown,
You are he who a light on his harvest has thrown.
To gather a harvest by gleaning's a shame,
After giving the harvest you reaped to the flame.
On the seed of the faith, oh, my life, do not trade !
Do not cast to the wind the good name you have made !
When a luckless man falls into bondage, through fate ;
The fortunate men take a hint from his state.
Ere Punishment reaches you, knock Pardon's door !
For under the rod it is useless to roar.
Raise your head from the collar of negligence ! lest,
To-morrow, some shame should remain in your breast.

Story

(ON FORGETFULNESS OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD).

A certain one joined in committing a crime,
A man of good countenance passed at the time;
There he sat, and from shame beads of sweat on his face;
He said, "Well! I'm ashamed 'fore the *Sheikh* of this place!"
The agèd philosopher heard this remark,
He was vexed, and exclaimed, "Oh, my youthful one, hark!
Respecting yourself, are you callous to shame?
For, God being present, you blushed when I came!
Do not hope that through any one rest you will get;
Depart, and your hope on the Lord, only, set!
In the presence of God, the same shame you should show,
As in presence of strangers and people you know."

Story

(OF JOSEPH AND ZULAIKHA).

When *Zulaikha*[1] became by the wine of love crazed,
Her hand to the skirt of poor Joseph she raised.
The demon of lust had encouraged so well,
That, wolf-like, on Joseph she wantonly fell.
Egypt's lady an idol of marble possessed,
Which to worship, both morning and night she professed;
That moment, she covered its head and its face,
To prevent it from seeing her act of disgrace!
Joseph sat in a corner, afflicted and grave,
With a hand raised, himself from her ardour to save.

[1] *Zulaikha*, Potiphar's wife.

Zulaikha kissed, fondly, his hands and his feet,
Saying, "Fickle, and proud one! oh, come! I entreat!
With an anvil-like heart, be not frowning and coy!
Do not think of distress, in the moment of joy!"
From his eyes, like a stream, the tears flowed down his face,
Saying, "Turn thou, and bid me not share thy disgrace!
In front of a stone you exhibited shame;
In presence of God should not I do the same?"
What good from repentance comes under your sway,
When Life's stock-in-trade you have squandered away?
There are some who drink wine as it makes them feel glad;
The after effect, is to make them feel sad!
With excuses, make known your requirements to-day
For, to-morrow, the power of speech will not stay.

Story

(OF THE CAT AND ITS FILTH).

A cat with its dirt a clean place will defile;
And conceal it with dust when it sees it is vile.
You are careless regarding your own evil ways;
Don't you fear lest they fall under other men's gaze?
From that villanous slave, take a warning you may,
Who oft from his master has broken away;
If he likes, he'll return, humbly begging, sincere;
But fetters and chains will not make him appear.
In revenge, with that person you safely can fight,
From whom you've a cure, or a refuge in flight.
It behoves you, at present, your deeds to recall;
And not when the book becomes public to all.

Though a person did evil, no evil was done,
If he grieved for himself, ere his last day had run.
If the breath on a mirror makes dimness arise,
The heart's mirror adds to its brightness by sighs.
At the sins you have done, let alarm now appear!
So that, on the last day, not a soul you may fear.

Story

(ON THE CONSEQUENCES OF EVIL-DOING).

As a stranger, at *Habsh*[1] I arrived, on my way,
With my heart free from pain and my joyous head gay.
By the side of the road I beheld a high mound,
And on it some men who with fetters were bound;
I instantly made preparations to fly;
Like a bird from its cage, to the desert I hie.
Some one said to me, "These are night-robbers, forsooth!
Who will neither take counsel nor listen to truth."
If a man has not been by your actions oppressed,
Should the world's guardian seize on you, don't be distressed!
A good man, as a prisoner, none has confined!
Be afraid of the Lord! the *Ameer* do not mind!
If an agent has been in his dealings correct,
He feels not alarmed when by auditors checked.
And if under his honesty cheating should lie,
His tongue in explaining accounts will be shy.
When a laudable service I'm able to show,
I am free from concern for the dark-minded foe.
Should a slave be industrious, and humble appear,
His master will certainly reckon him dear.

[1] *Habsh*, Abyssinia.

And if, while at work, he should laziness show,
From a man to a load-bearing ass he will go.
Advance, that in rank you may angels surpass !
If you tarry behind, you are worse than an ass.

Story

(ON PENITENCE AVERTING PUNISHMENT).

The King of *Damghān*,[1] with a club, hit one blows,
Till his cries, like the sound of a kettle-drum, rose.
In the night-time, from writhing, he could not get rest ;
A pious man passed him and, thus, him addressed :
" Had you brought the police an excuse over night,
Daylight had not looked on your infamous plight ! "
At the Judgment, the person in shame will not pine,
Who brings his heart burning, at night, to the shrine.
In the night of repentance ask God, if you're wise,
For forgiveness of sins that in day-time arise !
If you still think of peace, what's the fear for your state ?
On implorers the Lord does not shut Pardon's gate !
'Twould be strange, were the bounteous Creator of all,
Not to lend you a hand if you happened to fall.
If a slave of the Lord, raise your hands up in pray'r !
Shed tears of repentance, if shame you should bear !
None has come to this door asking pardon, as yet,
Whose sins were not washed by the flood of regret.
The Lord does not pour out the honour of one,
Whose sins cause the tears from his full eyes to run.

---

[1] *Damghān*, a town in Persia, the ancient *Hyrcania*.

Story

(ON THE DEATH OF SÁDI'S SON).

At *Sánā*,[1] a young child of mine melted away;
Of all that occurred to me, what shall I say?
A Joseph-like picture the Fates never gave,
But was, Jonah-like, gulped by the fish of the grave.
In this garden, a cypress ne'er reached any height,
But the tempests of fate pulled its roots from their site.
No wonder that roses will blow on the ground,
When, beneath it, so many rose-bodies sleep sound!
To my heart, I said, "Die, thou disgrace to mankind!
The child goes off pure, the old man, vile in mind!"
Out of love and distress, for his stature alone,
From his tomb I extracted a panel of stone.
On account of my dread, in that dark, narrow place,
My disconsolate state changed the hue of my face.
When I came to myself, from that horrible fear,
From my darling, loved child, this arrived at my ear:
"If this region of darkness produced in you fright,
Take care, when you enter, to carry a light!"
If you wish that the night of the tomb should appear
Bright as day, light the lamp of your actions while here!
Shakes the husbandman's body, from fever and care,
Peradventure the palms should not luscious dates bear.
Some covetous men the opinion maintain,
That, without sowing wheat, they'll a harvest obtain!
He who planted the root, *Sádi*, on the fruit feeds!
He will gather the harvest, who scattered the seeds!

[1] *Sánā*, the capital of Arabia Felix.

CHAPTER X.

ON PRAYER.

LET us raise up our hands from our hearts unto God ;
For, to-morrow, we can't raise them up from the sod !
When the season of autumn arrives, you behold,
That a tree remains leafless, because of the cold.
It raises its destitute hands to implore,
And does not retire without mercy in store.
From the door that has never been shut, don't suppose
That he who has stretched forth his hand, hopeless goes.
All practise devotion, the poor supplicate ;
At the shrine of the Kind-to-the-poor, come and wait !
So that like the nude branch we our hands may sustain,
For we can't without means any longer remain.
Oh, Lord ! let Thy liberal glance on us rest !
For the sins of Thy slaves have become manifest !
Sin comes from the slaves who humility show,
In the hope that the Lord will forgiveness bestow.
Oh, Kind One ! we're reared by Thy daily supplies !
To Thy favour and gifts we're accustomed likewise !
When a beggar meets favour and kindness of heart,
From the heels of the giver he will not depart.
Since we in this world are beloved in Thy view,
We have hope of the same in Futurity, too.
Esteem and disgrace Thou alone canst bestow !
From none will Thy dear one humility know.

By Thy honour, oh, God! do not make me defamed!
At the baseness of sin, do not make me ashamed!
Make not one like myself tyrannize over me!
If I am to be punished, by Thee, let it be!
No evil is greater on Earth, I am sure,
Than harshness from one, like one's self, to endure.
It suffices, that I in Thy presence feel shame,
Do not cause me to feel before others, the same!
If upon me should settle Thy shadow divine,
The rank of the sky would be lower than mine.
It will raise up my head should Thou grant me a crown;
Support me, that no one may tumble me down!

Story

(ON THE MADMAN'S PRAYER, WITH REMARKS).

My body still shakes, when I think of the pray'rs
Of a madman, in *Mecca's* most sacred of squares.
He was saying to God, midst much wailing and cries:
"Don't upset me! for no one will help me to rise!
If Thou call me with kindness, or drive me away;
On Thy threshold, alone, my weak head I will lay."
That we are embarrassed and weak, Thou canst tell,
And crushed by inordinate passions, as well!
This passion refractory gallops not, such,
That Wisdom can manage the reins in its clutch.
Who with devilish lust has the strength to contend?
Can an ant to encounter a leopard pretend?
By the men of Thy road, I swear, grant me a way!
And from all of those enemies, save me! I pray.
Oh, God! by the nature in Thee that's divine!
By the virtues unequalled, unmatched that are Thine!

By the *phrase* which the pilgrims to *Mecca* exclaim!
The entombed at *Medina* (peace be on his name!)
By *Allāh-Akhbar!* shouted by *Ghazies*[1] who strike;
Who estimate warriors and women alike!
By the fervent devotion of vet'rans arrayed!
By the truthfulness youths newly-risen displayed!
In that gulf of "*one*" breath,[2] to preserve me assist!
From the shame of declaring that "*two*" can exist!
Those who practise devotion the hope entertain,
That they're able to plead for the many profane.
By the holy! keep me from pollution away!
And if sin I've committed, forgive me, I pray!
By the vet'rans, whose backs are bent double from pray'r!
Who from shame for their sins at their insteps all stare,
From the face of Felicity, seal not my eyes!
Let me speak, when the time to confess shall arise!
Hold Certainty's lamp on the road before me!
In the practice of sin, let my hand shortened be!
Turn my eyes from whatever's unfit to be seen!
Do not give me control over things vile and mean!
That atom am I, on Thy love without claim;
My presence or absence, in darkness, the same.
From the sun of Thy favour, one ray suits my case;
For, except in Thy rays, none can look on my face.
Look the way of a knave, that he may better be!
Regard from a king fills the beggar with glee.
If for justice and equity, me, Thou shouldst seize,
I shall weep; for Thy pardon did not promise these.
Do not drive me, oh, God! from Thy door in disgrace!
For another, I cannot secure in its place.
If through ignorance absent some days from Thy grace,
I've returned, do not shut, now, the door in my face!

[1] *Ghazies* are religious fanatics.
[2] "Gulf of one breath," the time of dying.

From the shame of pollution, what plea shall I bring?
Better humbleness show, saying, "Absolute King!
I'm a pauper; my sins by their guilt, do not test!
The rich show their pity for people distressed."
To weep on account of my weakness is wrong;
If I suffer from weakness, my refuge is strong!
We have broken our promise, oh God! through neglect;
Who to battle against Thy decrees can expect?
From the hand of our counsels, what good can arise?
As a plea for our failings, this word will suffice:
"Whatever I've made, Thou hast cast from its site
How can Self ever cope with Divinity's might?
Away from Thy orders my head I've not led;
But Thy orders, like this, issue over my head!"

Story

(OF THE UGLY MAN'S ASTONISHING REPLY).

A man called a dark-coloured person a fright,
And received a reply that astonished him quite:
"No hand in portraying my features, I had,
That fault you should find, saying, 'I have done bad.'
What business have you with my beautiless face?
I'm at least not the painter of wildness and grace."
Than what on my head Thou hast written before,
Oh Protector of Slaves! I've not done less nor more.
Thou, at least, art aware that no strength shows in me;
Thy power is absolute, who may I be?
To safety I'll reach, if Thou show me the way;
On the road I'll be left, if Thou lead me astray.
Creator of Earth! if Thou do not befriend,
When will Thy poor servant to continence tend?

Story

(OF THE POOR DERVISH).

How aptly the indigent Dervish thus spoke—
Who did penance at night, which at daybreak he broke :
"If repentance to us He vouchsafe, it is right!
For unstable's our promise and wanting in might."
By Thy Godhead! from lies sew my eyelids up well!
By Thy light! do not burn me to-morrow in Hell!
My face from my poorness has gone to the ground;
The dust of my sins in the Heav'ns may be found.
For a little, oh cloud of compassion, rain some!
For in presence of rain, dust will, surely, not come.
From my sins, in this country no honour have I;
And yet, have no way to another to fly.
Of the state of the hearts of the dumb, Thou'rt aware;
Thou anointest the hearts of the wounded with care.

Story

(OF THE IDOLATER AND THE IDOL).

From the world an idolater shut off his face,
And to worship his idol was always in place.
Fate, after some years, to that reprobate wretch
A difficult matter did suddenly fetch.
At the idol's feet, hoping that good might be gained,
On the dust of the temple he, helpless, complained:
"Oh, idol! I'm helpless; assistance I claim!
I am greatly exhausted, oh, pity my frame!"

He many a time in its presence bewailed,
But in getting his matter adjusted, he failed.
Say, when will an idol one's business effect,
That to drive off a fly from itself can't elect?
"Oh thou, on whose foot error's fetter appears,
In folly, I've worshipped for several years!
The business that presses before me, complete!
If you don't, the All-cherishing God, I'll entreat!"
He was still with the idol, his face smeared with dust,
When his wish was fulfilled by the God we all trust.
A knower of truths at this work showed surprise;
The time of his clearness seemed dark in his eyes.
For a mean and bewildered one worshipping God,
Still drunk with the wine of the idol-abode—
Heart and head still with error and perfidy fraught,
Through God, had accomplished the object he sought!
To this difficult matter his heart he resigned,
When a message arrived at the ear of his mind:
"In front of this idol, this foolish one grieved,
And said many words that had not been received;
Were he forced from my shrine, also, hopeless to plod,
How far would it be from an idol to God?"
Your heart on the Lord, then, oh friend, you must bind!
All others, more feeble than idols, you'll find.
Place your head at this portal, and happen it can't,
That your hand should return to you empty, from want!
Oh God! we have come, of our failures to tell;
We have come to Thee sinners, and hopeful, as well.

Story

(OF THE DRUNKARD AT THE MOSQUE).

I have heard that, excited with liquor, a man
Within a Mosque's holiest sanctuary ran.
He wept at the threshold of mercy, and said:
"Oh God! into Paradise may I be led!"
The mosque-crier collared him, saying, "Take heed!
Dog and mosque! Oh thou wanting in wisdom and creed!
What have you done to ask for a Paradise place?
To ogle becomes not your beautiless face."
Thus spoke the old man; and the drunkard wept sore,
Saying, "Master! I'm drunk, do not worry me more!
You're amazed that the mercy of God has such scope,
That even a sinner may venture to hope!
Not to you do I say—my excuses receive!
Wide's the door of repentance, and God will relieve!"
At the kind Giver's favour I, too, suffer shame,
That before his forgiveness, great sins I can name.
When age robs a person of strength, without doubt,
If no one assists him, he can't move about.
I am that agéd man, who has fallen from place;
Assist me, oh God! by Thy favour and grace!
I do not say, "Greatness and rank give to me!"
But "From sorrow and sin, grant that I may be free!"
If a friend happen some of my failings to know,
From folly, he makes them in public to go.
Thou hast vision! Alarm at each other we feel!
Thou secrets concealest! we secrets reveal!

From the outside, the people have caused an uproar;
The slave's secrets Thou sharest and cover'st them o'er.
If through foolishness slaves become arrogant, then,
The masters will through their offence draw the pen.
If Thou pardon becoming Thy bounty's degree,
In existence a sinner there never will be.
If befitting our errors Thy anger prevails,
Despatch us to Hell, and don't ask for the scales!
I'll accomplish my wish, if Thou take my weak hand;
And if Thou cast me down, none will help me to stand.
Who will practise oppression, if Thou wilt befriend?
Who will seize me, if freedom to me Thou extend?
Two sects there will be on the last Judgment Day;
I know not to which they will show me the way.
'Twill be strange if my road to the right hand should be?
For crookedness only has risen from me.
This hope my heart gives me, again and again,
That God is ashamed of the grey hairs of men.
I wonder if He is ashamed about me?
As shame for myself, I'm unable to see.
Did not Joseph, who heavy misfortunes endured,
And for long in a prison was closely immured,
When his orders were current all over the land,
And his dignity also became very grand,
Forgive Jacob's sons for the sins they had wrought?
(For a face that is handsome with virtue is fraught)
He did not confine them for having transgressed,
And did not refuse the small stock they possessed.
This hope of Thy favour I too entertain;
Oh God! to forgive a poor stockless one deign!
None whose cry of distress is rejected on high,
Has a record more black nor eyes moister than I!

My hope in Thy aiding alone, do I place;
And my trust is that I shall be saved by Thy grace.
No capital, saving fond hope, do I bear;
Of Thy pardon, oh God! do not make me despair!

THE END.

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